Collier's

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MAY 25, 1946

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EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

WE GAMBLE ON GERMANY'S FUTURE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

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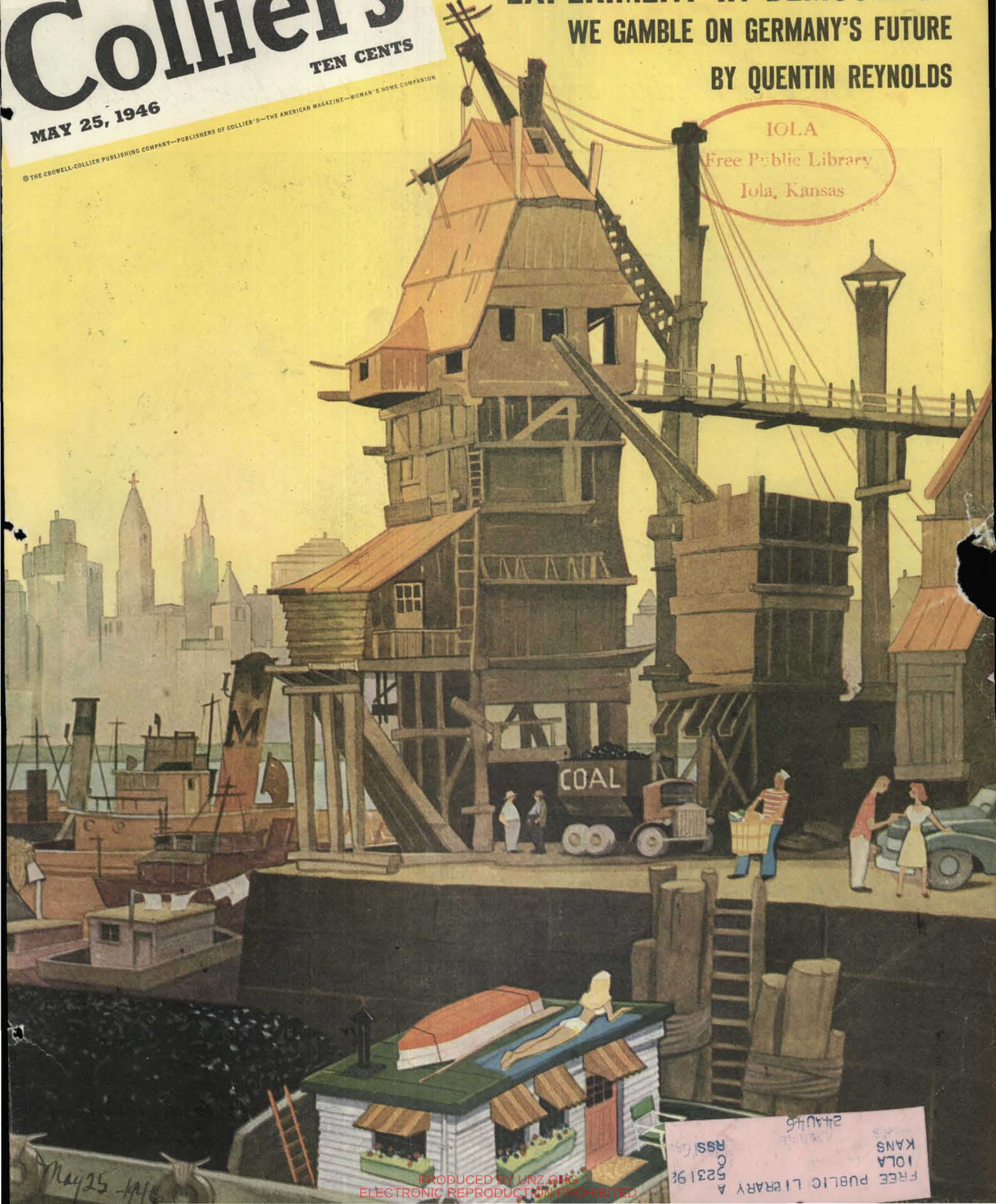

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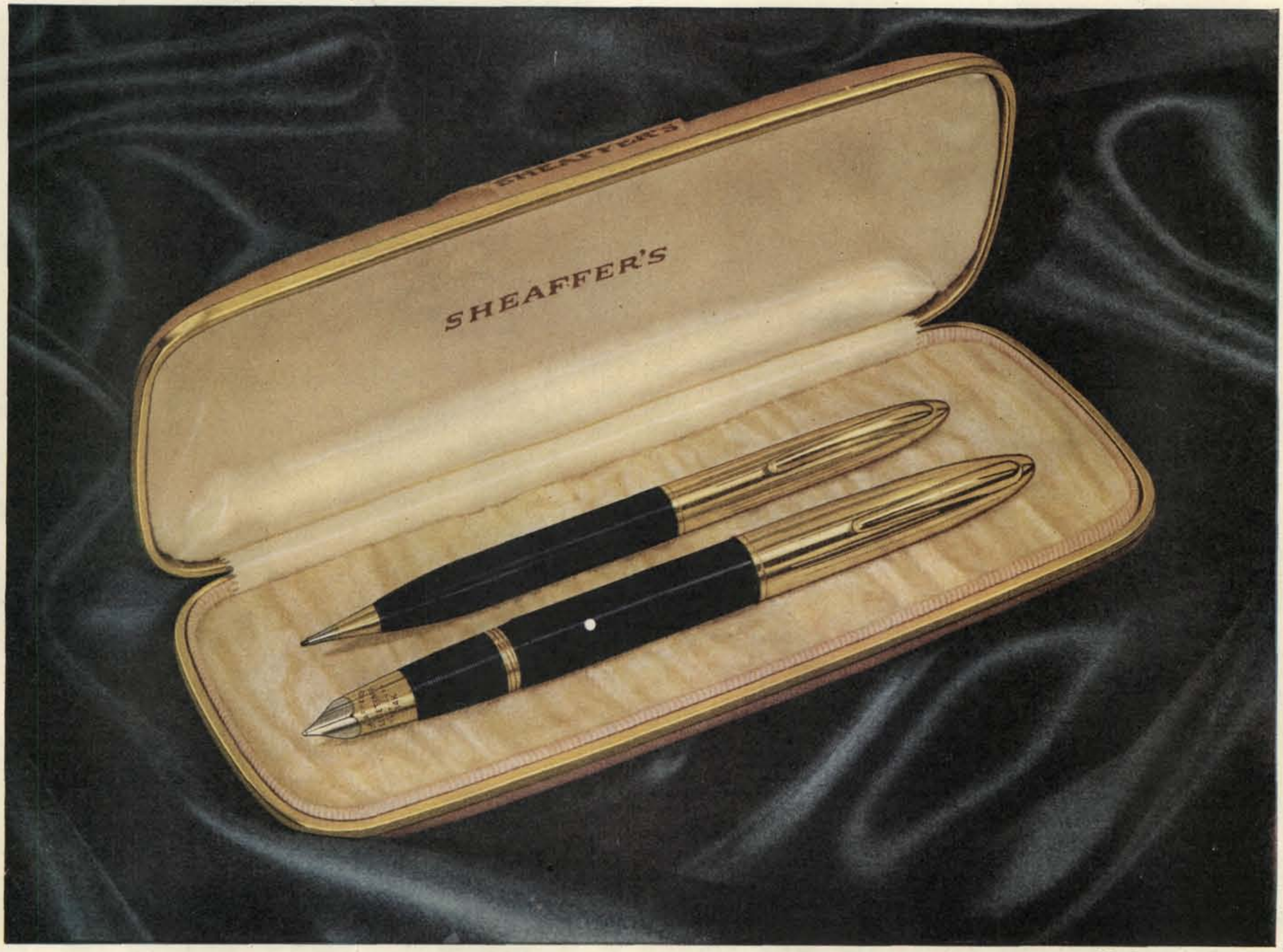

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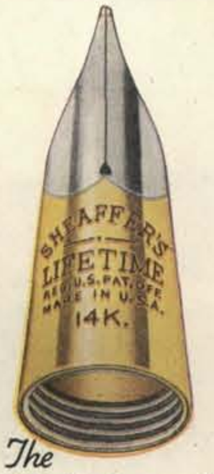

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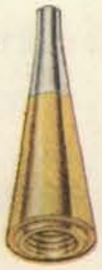

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CREST "TRIUMPH" pen, $15; pencil, $6; complete set, $21. Federal excise tax additional. Other sets, $3.95 up. Complete range of Colors.

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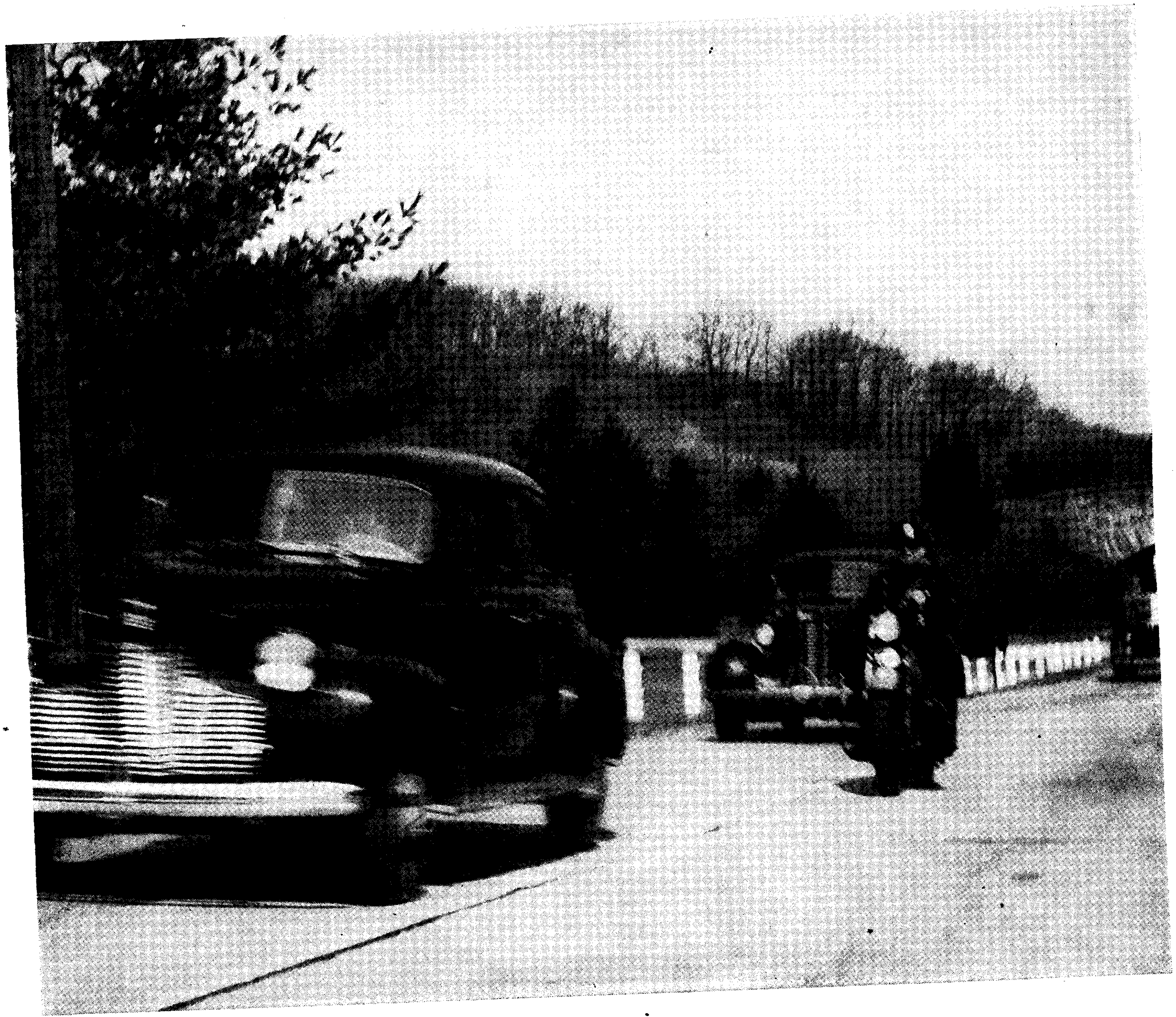

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Now you can order these tires for your car

HERE's your answer to "Will today's tires stand up under a long grind at high speed?"

In a test of the new B. F. Goodrich tire, test cars were driven steadily at sixty miles per hour, hour after hour, averaging over a thousand miles a day in all kinds of weather.

Side by side on the wheels of these cars were prewar tires and the new B. F. Goodrich tires. Tires were shifted from wheel to wheel so that both took the same beating.

The new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns outran the prewar tires—showed less tread wear—were good for thousands of extra miles.

Why? Because the new tire has a wider, flatter tread that puts more rubber on the ground, spreads the wear over a greater area. The tire body, or carcass, is stronger, too . . . made that way by using tougher cords and more of them. There are your reasons why the new tire has stood up better both in test runs and in actual service on taxi fleets and police cars.

Your tire worries are definitely over if you get a set of new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns—the tires that have proved they will outwear prewar tires.

Supplies are still a bit limited, but we're making and shipping these new tires in greater volume every day and will have much larger quantities in the hands of most dealers soon. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

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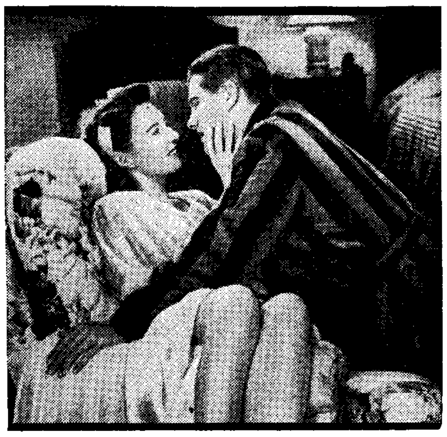
In it, Babs is an outdoor girl while Bob is a fireside athlete with no horse sense.



But when they get together at America's favorite indoor sport . . . and Bob catches Babs with her boots off—Oh, Brother! Don't miss . . .

Barbara Stanwyck
Robert Cummings
Diana Lynn
in

"The Bride Wore Boots"

It's another gay entertainment from The Academy Award Company—
Paramount Pictures

Collier's
FOR MAY 25, 1946

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JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

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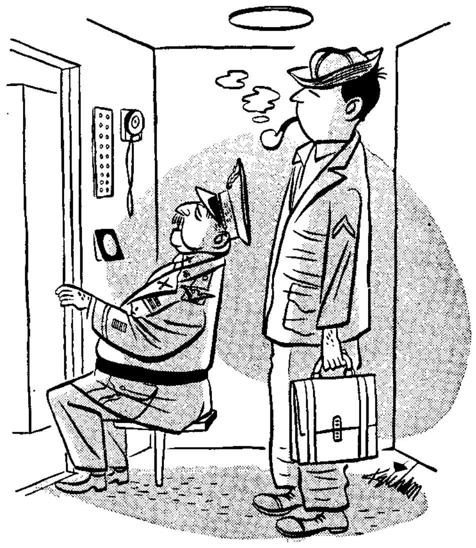
COVER By *VERNON GRANT*

any week

MR. TRISE BURGOYNE of Kokomo, Indiana, complains that he no sooner warms up to a good cause than the government disillusions him. For example he had resigned himself to less beer than usual because the grain was to be sent to hungry Europe. And now he reads that Denmark and Holland are about to ship us two or three hundred thousand cases of beer. Sometimes, says he, he just doesn't know.

AND from the Dallas (Texas) Morning News want ads: Former first-class private reorganizing large construction company. Opening for colonel with snappy military bearing as elevator boy, doors open from sitting position. Also opening for ex-major as office boy, must be able to dust. Need few second lieutenants as messenger boys, bicycles furnished. Can use few privates in vital positions.



BUT it never occurred to Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, how small our Army in Germany had become till he read in the paper that we have only fifteen generals there. This, he figures, indicates only a scant handful of enlisted men in Germany which, he thinks, is not enough.

SOMEBODY in Washington found it necessary to notify Mr. George William Nabor of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, that "It is estimated that the capital of our country houses three times as many rats as it does human beings." Mr. Nabor thinks that "this is carrying political criticism too far."

IT WILL doubtless be a shock to you but the truth is that now and then we make a mistake in this column. And when we do we don't fool around. Some time ago we quoted a letter which said that only six Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded in World War I. We are swamped with protests and bowed down with humiliation. There were *(Continued on page 45)*

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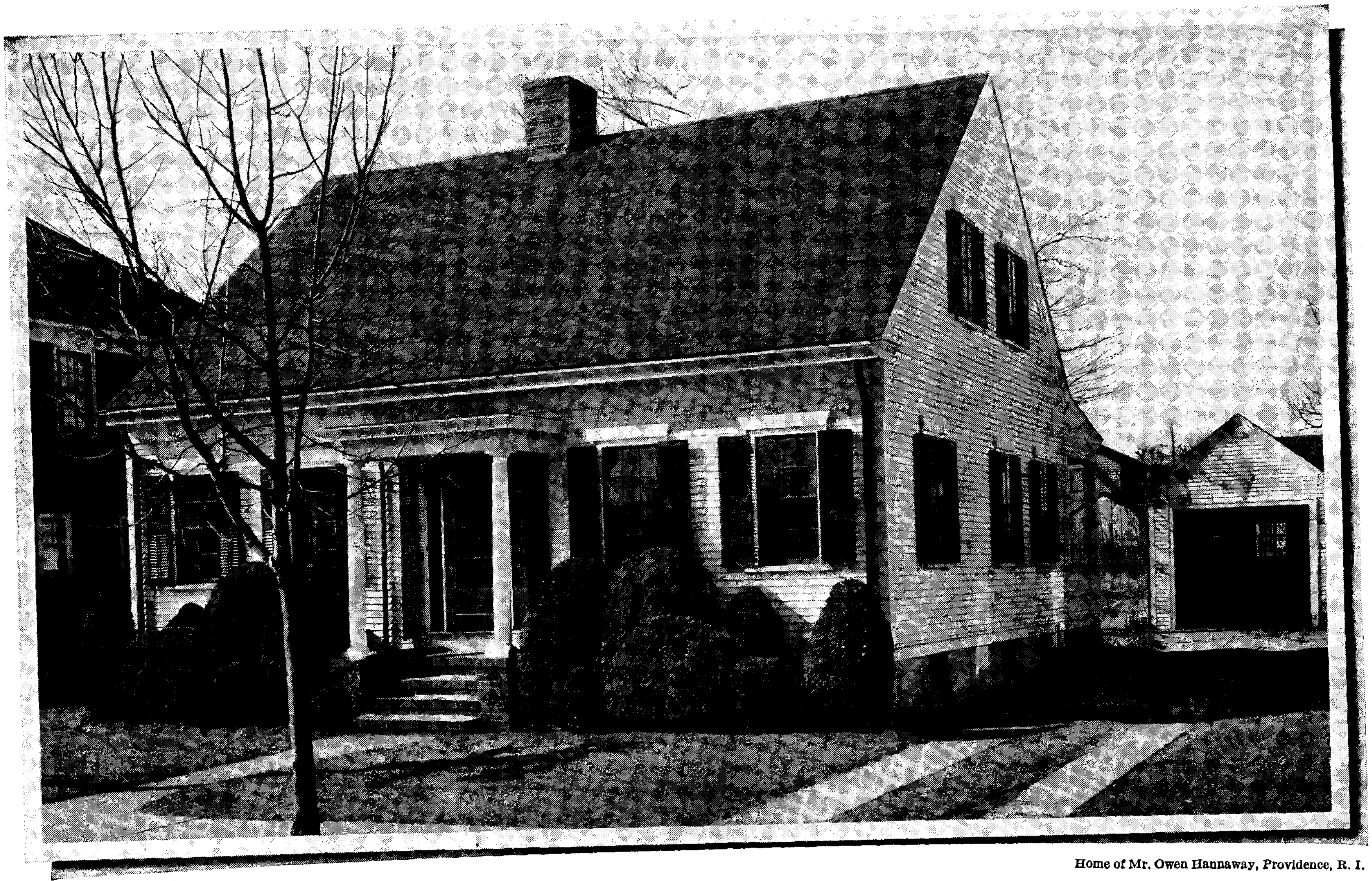

Home of Mr. Owen Hannaway, Providence, R. I.

"A sneak thief made me stop and think"

OWEN HANNAWAY, Providence, R. I., druggist, suggests an "acid test" for selecting home and car insurance

"Not long ago a sneak thief stole some things from my car. Immediately I put in a claim with my insurance company and within the week I received a check.

"That made me stop and think. Here was an 'acid test' for any insurance company! Claims like that must be quite a nuisance, and could easily be 'mislaid.' So I figure a company that handles them promptly and cheerfully will be more than ready to take care of me when real trouble strikes.

"But that isn't the only reason why I place all my personal insurance with Liberty Mutual and United Mutual Fire Insurance Company. They have made insurance make sense for me. They have 'wrapped up' all the protection I need on my home, my household goods and my car in a convenient, attractive, easy-to-understand *package*. It brings all my policies together in one place . . . tells me at a glance what protection I've got . . . tells me what to do if trouble strikes . . . and gives me a sense of security I've never had before.

"You'd think that all this would increase the cost of my home and car insurance. Actually it has cost me less! Liberty Mutual and United Mutual have kept losses and expenses down. These economies have made possible the dividends I receive at policy renewal time. They've never been less than 20%—and they add up to a sizable figure."

If you are a responsible home and car owner, mail the coupon below for your copy of a new book which explains how you can easily and economically safeguard yourself against worrisome legal complications and heavy financial loss.

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- What new policy covers your personal belongings against practically all forms of loss or damage — at home or away from home? *See Page 60.*
- Can you be sued for damages if someone falls on the sidewalk in front of your house? *See Page 63.*

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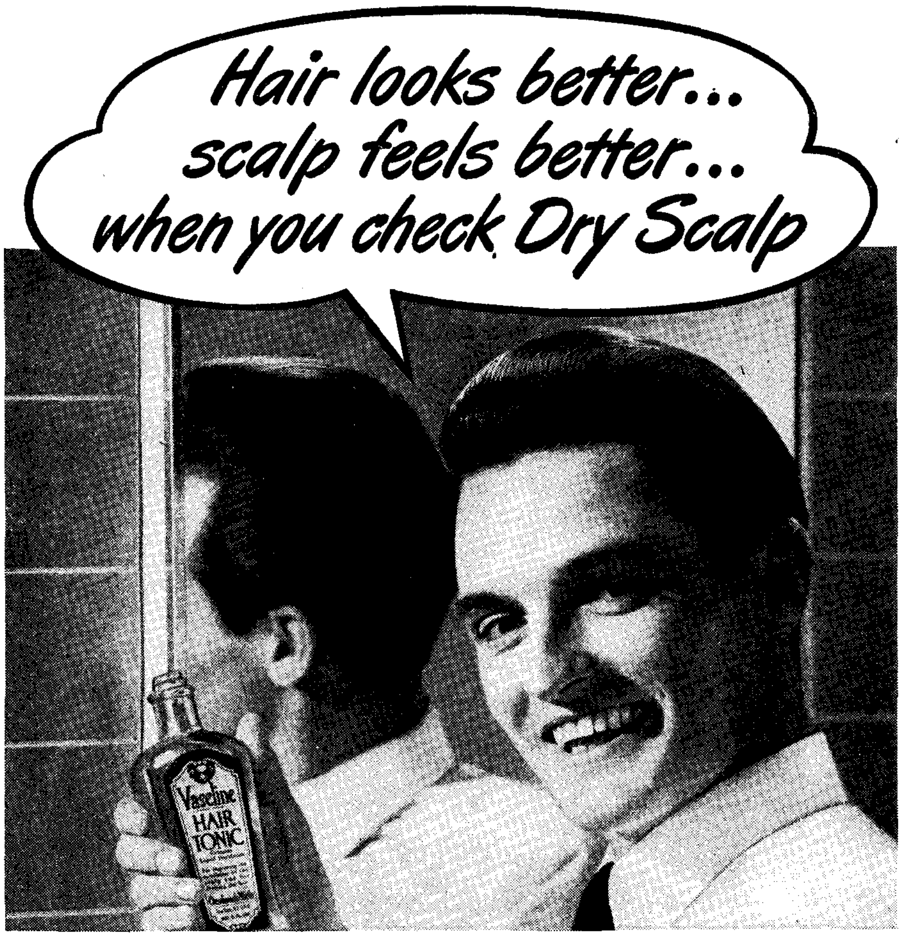
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **WHY SHOULD** a man let his hair go like that? Look at it! Dull, lifeless, full of loose dandruff... And it never looks combed... Probably Dry Scalp... Why doesn't he try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic... it would keep his hair neat and well-groomed all day long..."


Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT REALLY DOES make a difference. Try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and see what it can do for *you*. Five drops a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair stays combed. Your scalp feels better. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing to check loose dandruff and itchy scalp. It's double care — to both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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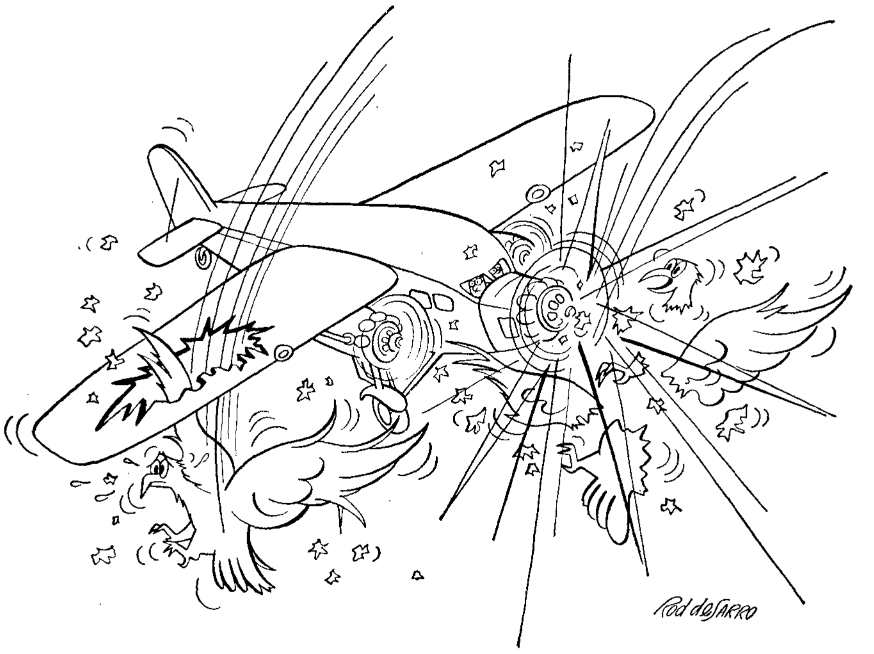
Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



RODNEY DE SARRO

Keep up with the world

During recent years, a number of planes flying in the Near and Middle East have been deliberately attacked by large birds, usually eagles. In fact, instructions on how to escape this hazard were issued to British pilots as long ago as 1934. One noteworthy attack occurred near Allahabad, India, when two eagles attempted to "kill" a low-flying three-engined plane. One bird flew straight into the middle propeller while the other, diving from about 10,000 feet, crashed through the steel wing, making a large hole.

The Chinese have not only made cultured pearls since their discovery of the process in the 13th century, but they have also specialized in producing pearl-coated Buddhas in the same way, by placing metal images in river mussels and leaving them for several years.

The most elaborate marionette show of modern times is the Teatro dei Piccoli which was started in Italy in 1915. Comprising 800 puppets, each four feet in height, which are manipulated by 30 operators in 300 different stage settings, the company has given about 18,000 performances before 15,000,000 persons in 35 countries.

Workers who win a wage increase of 5 per cent after a strike of one week have to work 20 weeks at the new rate to make up their lost wages, those who win 10 per cent after three weeks have to work 30 weeks, and those who win 25 per cent after 13 weeks have to work one year.

The United States has awarded 406 Congressional Medals of Honor and the British Commonwealth has awarded 174 Victoria Crosses, their highest military decorations, to members of their armies and navies for heroic action during the war.

The only member of the dog family that hibernates is the wild raccoon dog *(Nyctereutes procyonides)* of northeast Asia, which, like the badger, spends its winters in a burrow.

Owing to the remarkable ability of marble to withstand heat, buildings of this stone have merely been scorched in fires which entirely destroyed buildings of granite. . . . In Paris today, no family may occupy more than a parlor, dining room and one bedroom per person, being legally required to rent all other rooms—with kitchen privileges.

Some years ago in Philadelphia, a large number of counterfeit $10 bills were passed and, shortly afterward, in searching the room of a suspect, detectives discovered a thousand more of them. While the man denied knowing the money was counterfeit, he frankly admitted that, being unemployed, he had spent many of the bills, having found the lot in an envelope lying under a seat in a certain railway station on May 1st just as the lights were turned on at 5 P.M. Moreover, he had tried to find the owner by immediately placing a classified advertisement in a newspaper across the street, and this and his other statements were found to be true. However, in a second interview, the station master happened to recall that, on May 1st, the time of turning on the lights had been changed from 5 to 6 P.M. Confronted with this fact, the suspect confessed being the counterfeiter, and was disgusted with himself for having made this one slip in his otherwise perfect story. He had checked the lighting-up time, but one day too early.

The works of Longfellow have been used as the basis of about 225 musical compositions, a record unapproached by any other American author. For example, his Stars of the Summer Night forms the lyrics of 14 songs; and The Song of Hiawatha has been the subject of three operas, three cantatas two overtures, four tone poems, eleven songs and two symphonic suites.

While a special statute in 10 states prohibits a bank from cashing a check more than six months old and in 15 states one more than a year old, the other 23 states have only a basic law that virtually allows a bank to use its own judgment as to the length of time each check remains negotiable.

In the manufacture of synthetic perfume materials, the odor of violet is derived from oil of lemon grass, lily of the valley from oil of citronella, carnation from oil of cloves, and jasmine and musk from coal tar.

by Freling Foster

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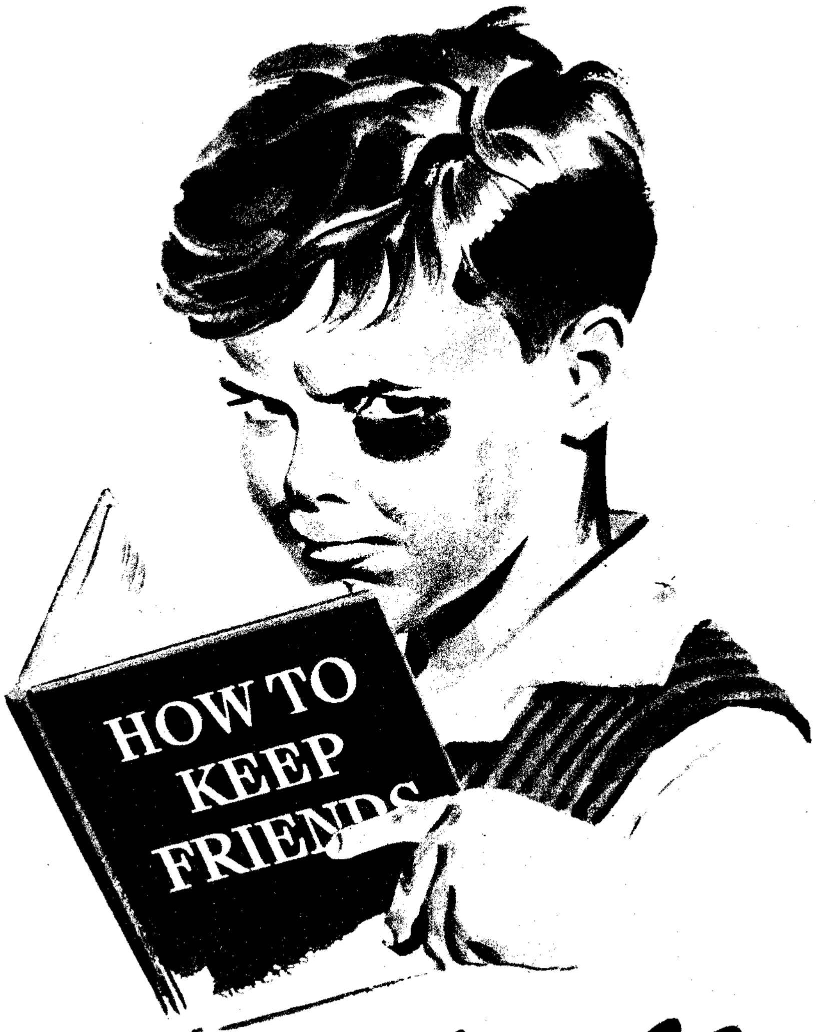

Stop trouble

BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

Now Junior's got the right idea! Never give trouble a chance to catch up with you . . . and that applies to *car* trouble, too. It's so much easier—and so much less costly—to *prevent* breakdowns than to repair them. All you have to do is . . .

Give the Job to the United Motors Man

Your car will run better, last longer and cost less to operate . . . if you'll take it to the United Motors man for regular servicing and checking. United Motors car service is based on skilled mechanics, modern methods and the use of *original-equipment* parts for repairs and replacements. Wherever you go, there's a United Motors Service station ready to serve you. Get the car-saving habit of visiting the one nearest you for *all* your automotive needs.

Look for this Sign UNITED SERVICE MOTORS It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

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HARRISON Heaters
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NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Miss Selma Tilker, dean of stewardesses, has flown 2,000,000 miles in 10 years. United Air Lines started this service 16 years ago this week

Nurses Aren't Necessary

AIRPLANE stewardesses — those slim, trim, smiling young ladies who make life so enjoyable for airline passengers high above the earth—have just reached their sixteenth birthday, as a professional group. It was on May 15, 1930, that United Air Lines took the bold step of employing eight pretty graduate nurses to serve as passenger aides aboard the trimotored Boeing airliners flying between Chicago and San Francisco. A double-edge experiment for both the public and the nurses, the idea clicked at once and now United, first to introduce this fancy touch to air travel, employs more than 500 stewardesses and needs a couple of hundred more by June 1st. Other companies picked up United's idea and today well over 3,000 specially selected young ladies fly the nation's airlines as members of the crews. They are also aboard American, Pan American and TWA's Constellations and DC-4s to Europe, Latin America, Africa and the Orient.

Originally, the plan to employ stewardesses was a good piece of sales promotion and a lure to a public not entirely ready to accept transcontinental day and night flying. People timid about flying, especially strong businessmen whom the airlines cultivated, were put to shame when they saw the dainty girls strolling casually up and down the cabin aisle when the ship was rocking and pitching in rough air, while they were securely strapped in their seats. And because the girls were pleasant to look at, the big businessman soon got his mind off the possibility that the plane might be "in trouble."

The pilots couldn't be expected to look after passenger comfort because they were too busy flying the ship and, in the early days, they loathed passengers. Most of the pilots were the original Post Office Department Air Mail pioneers who were fired with the single determination to get the mail through and they didn't care if it meant rough treatment for the unwelcome live cargo in the cabin. They'd shut themselves up in the cockpit and if they did go back they'd be bombarded with annoying questions like, "Where are we? How high are we? When do we land?" And the copilot never liked his job of dishing out the box lunch of cold, greasy fried chicken and an apple, so the passengers often sweated out unhappy conditions with no one to comfort or enlighten or feed them.

If these conditions had been allowed to continue, the airlines would probably not be flying today's heavy passenger loads. Speed alone could not justify such discomfort. Thus the airline stewardesses (or hostesses) can claim a good share of credit for the continuous growth of passenger traffic since they first took their posts at the cabin door.

The 1946 stewardess is a neatly uniformed, unmarried young lady between five feet two and five feet seven, anywhere between twenty-one and twenty-six years old and not an ounce over 125 pounds, an American citizen, and with normal vision. These are United's specifications; other airlines vary slightly. If she joined United after the first of this year, she probably is not a registered nurse (the company, along with others, has eliminated this qualification because nurses have been hard to get), but she must have had one year of college and one year of business experience. However, nurses who can meet the other specifications won't be turned down.

The emphasis off nurses is a victory for some airline people who hold that a nurse aboard has a bad psychological reaction among potential passengers and gives the impression that flying is so unpredictable an operation that it calls for the presence of a medical profession representative. The idea that nurses were carried to render first aid in the event of an accident never existed with the airlines; when crashes did occur, the nurse-stewardess suffered equally with the crew and the passengers.

Actually, nurses were selected originally because of their thorough training in handling people, from infants in arms to ancient folk. A nurse-stewardess can do anything from heating the baby's

(*Continued on page* 33)

Who Wouldn't!

Do you want to get 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline at moderate highway speed—and up to 600 miles on a tankful?... Certainly you do—who wouldn't?

Well, you can have that today in the new Nash "600."

And do you want this economy in a *bigger* car—with wider seats? A car offering a convertible bed for overnight use? A car that handles easier, and rides like velvet—with coil springing on *all* four wheels? *Naturally* you do—who wouldn't?

Well, that's all yours today in a Nash "600."

And how would you like to have a Conditioned Air System? Filtered fresh air the year 'round, without dust or chilly drafts or stuffiness? Warmth, automatically controlled, that means freedom from the bulk of heavy winter coats?...

Well, you can have that, too, and many other revolutionary developments—

Not in a high-priced car . . .

And not next year . . .

But in this beautiful low-priced Nash your dealer has today!

And if you wonder, as you drive it, how *any* car can feel so lightning-swift and free, or float so silently on any road, the answer is this. Unlike other cars, the Nash "600" has no separate body and frame, bolted together. Instead, it's a single super-strong unit of welded steel that's some five hundred pounds lighter and free of body squeaks and rattles.

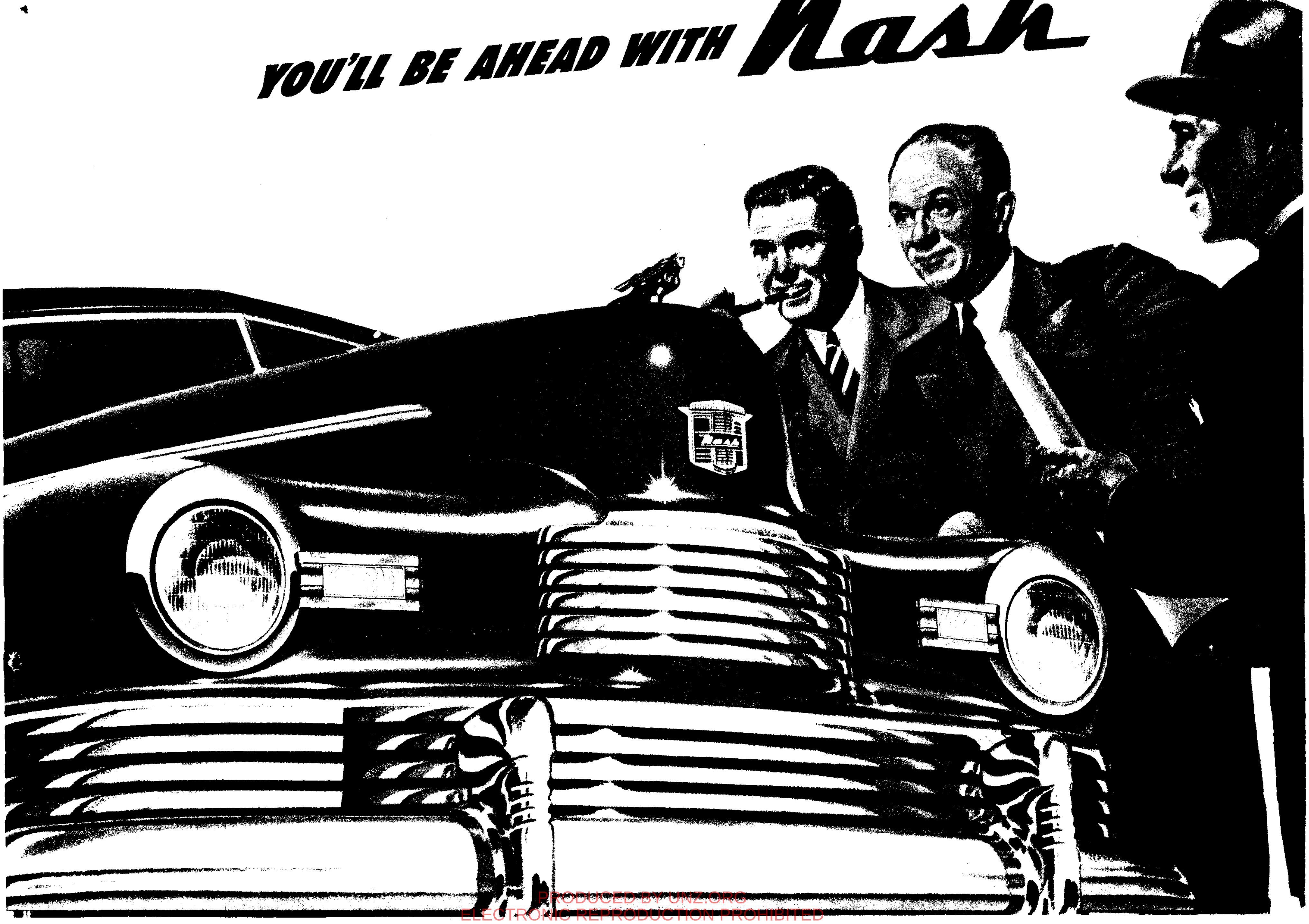
You must see it, *drive* it, to really realize how far into the future Nash engineering takes you *today*. Your dealer has the Nash "600" and the equally sensational Nash Ambassador.

. . .

Tune in the Nash Musical Hit—David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey. Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System

NASH MOTORS—Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash



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MEN
WORKING
ON A
RUSH JOB

We are working on new cable for the thousands of telephones the public wants. The war put us behind—in buildings, switchboards, telephones and other equipment—but we are beginning to catch up now.

Catching up on two million telephones and putting in two million miles of Long Distance circuits is a big job but we are hurrying it with all possible speed. We shall not let up until you can again have all the service you want.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 25, 1946

Echo of An Old Refrain

BY ISABEL MOORE

Many women envied Margot her beauty and her position. Only two had the foresight to know how mistaken their envy was

HERE everything good and wonderful had begun for her—here beneath stars silvered on a dark blue ceiling, shimmering on the pale blond heads of the most beautiful chorus in the world—and it never failed to give her a lift, a singing sweep of triumph, to return here.

"Darling," she had said to Gus over and over again, "I just adore the Thirty-Forty Club. I really do. I mean, some lovers have country lanes or boats or summer resorts that they want to go back to on every anniversary, but I always want to go back to the Thirty-Forty Club. I think we ought to carve our initials there on the dance floor or on that table you always sat at, watching me."

"You're darn' tootin' I watched you, baby," Gus told her fondly, his cold, hard eyes turning warm for her as they always did. "I watched you plenty. When Gus Hatrack gets a girl, he wants to be sure she's the most beautiful girl in town. And you are, baby. You certainly are, with that lemon-colored hair of yours swinging around your shoulders and the way you hold your head as though you knew you were terrific. Not another girl in town can touch you, baby, and Gus is mighty proud of you. Mighty proud."

"You didn't love *her* this much, did you?" She always asked that question. Asked with a small, soft pout that required a kiss to smooth it out, and in a small, hurt, jealous tone.

"Dorrie didn't come near you, baby. She was just a nice little country girl that Gus married before he knew his way around—"

Before he had a million dollars to spend and before he realized what he could buy with that million. Youth was what he could buy, and what he wanted. He was terrified of growing old—Margot had never known anyone who had such a horror of years that even a million dollars couldn't buy off. But he could forget them when he looked at her. His balding head, his thickening waistline were all forgotten, Margot knew, when he turned his head at a night club and saw her thick, gleaming hair and her broad-shouldered, hipless body. He would squeeze her arm, then, in endless appreciation of this miracle that had befallen him and say, "How I ever got you, honey—"

And Margot would think, with brand-new thanksgiving: How I ever got *you*—

Because no one had thought that it could be done.

"Listen, Margot, honey, men like Gus Hatrack don't marry chorus girls. Not even beautiful chorus girls with nice clean, decent backgrounds. . . . Margot, honey, you're just wasting your time if you think Mr. Hatrack is serious. Why, his wife would never give him a divorce, even if he wanted one. Would you hand over a million dollars, just like that?"

But Margot had faith. In herself and in Mr. Hatrack. She had known his power; she had seen him at his table with other men, and she saw he was a man whom other men feared. Dorrie—she knew his wife's name by then—whoever and wherever she might be, had never had a chance. For night after night Mr. Hatrack came and sat and watched, his heavy-lidded, turtle's eyes studying her as they must have studied a new model of Hatrack Heavy Duty Trucks. And then, finally convinced, finding no flaw in the model, he had reached across the table one evening to pick up her left hand and to say:

"Baby, do you think a beautiful young girl like you could learn to get along with a bad-tempered old man like me—for life?"

"Why, Gus," she had said, "Gus, you're married—"

"I'll take care of Dorrie," he had said. "Don't you worry your pretty little head about that. After all," he said, "a man outgrows a woman like Dorrie—a woman who won't keep up."

"But she's in love with you," Margot said. She never knew why she said that, or how she knew it, but she had. Perhaps because she, herself, was suddenly and unaccountably *(Continued on page 59)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

OFF LIMITS
GRENZE
FUORI LIMITI

Above: The author (right) talks with a group of prisoners. Below: There are only three strands of barbed wire on this fence, no armed guards or floodlights at night. Yet not one man has tried to escape from Eustis

At Fort Eustis, Va., the Army has been teaching selected German prisoners what America stands for. What chance have those who pass the course to become leaders of Germany?

A FEW months ago, at a press conference in Frankfort, General Eisenhower was asked a question that all correspondents wanted answered.

"How long will we occupy Germany?" General Ike was asked.

"As long as is necessary," he snapped back. "We'll occupy Germany until she has a government elected by the people, whom we and the world can trust."

To have a government in Germany that we can trust means that there must be people heading that government whom we can trust. Where are such people to come from? No one who has spent any time in Germany during the past year has returned with anything but distrust for the Herrenvolk who give our authorities outward acquiescence but whose sullen glances when they are caught off guard reveal their real feelings toward us and the democratic ideal. There are relatively few democratic-minded citizens in Germany today; long ago they were weeded out by the Nazis and their ashes are now scattered among more than 300 concentration camps.

The answer to the problem may (or may not) lie in the education the Army has given in U.S. prison camps to those German prisoners who proved susceptible to the democratic diet. This program of education has been going on quietly (it was top secret until recently) since the fall of 1944 and the results of it may not be seen for years.

In all, we had about 300 prisoner-of-war camps in this country and 370,000 prisoners. Their education was at first

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

haphazard and unorganized. They were allowed to read American newspapers and magazines and listen to radios.

But a great many of them displayed a curiosity about America that topical periodicals could not satisfy. Major General Archer L. Lerch, then Provost Marshal General, investigated this spontaneous desire on the part of some prisoners to inhale a little free democratic air, and he liked it.

That was the beginning of a campaign that embraced every one of the prison camps. A brilliant educator and poet, Lieutenant Colonel Edward Davison, formerly of the University of Colorado, was put in charge. He inaugurated the curriculum and recruited top educators in uniform to carry it out. The prisoners would not only be taught classroom democracy, they'd actually live in a democratic way, in so far as that was possible behind barbed wire.

Secret Ballots Select Leaders

The books banned and burned by Hitler were put into prison libraries, a free press was established in each camp and in this paper the prisoners could speak freely without fear of retaliation by prison authorities. Known Nazi leaders, who had taken camp leadership in the beginning, were given the old heave ho; and the men elected by secret ballot their own stockade leaders and judges, who tried prisoners suspected of petty thefts or of other infringements upon the rights of their fellow inmates.

Classes in a dozen different subjects were inaugurated and free discussion groups introduced. Attendance at these classes was absolutely voluntary. Most prisoners attended out of sheer boredom. A great many remained to sneer; others began to think.

Brigadier General B. M. Bryan replaced Major General Lerch as Provost Marshal General and he too backed Davison's program. Reports came in from various prison camps: thousands of the prisoners were actually enthusiastic about this thing called democracy. These reports were received with skepticism, but as they continued, some credence had to be given them.

The men who seemed most receptive to democracy were carefully investigated. It was discovered that thousands of them had been victims of Nazi brutality before the war. They had been political enemies of Hitler; they had spent terms in concentration camps. By now we were in Berlin and had captured concentration camp records. We could check up on those who claimed to be anti-Nazis. Men were carefully screened on the basis of this and all prisoners were classified as black, gray or white.

The first were unregenerate ex-Nazi Party members or sympathizers. The Army found that about 13 per cent of the prisoners came under that category. Seventy-four per cent were labeled "gray"—men who had just followed along. Under the "white" category were men whose records proved they had always been anti-Nazi. The "blacks" were ignored; the "grays" were given opportunity for further education; the "whites" were given a postgraduate course at Fort Eustis, Virginia.

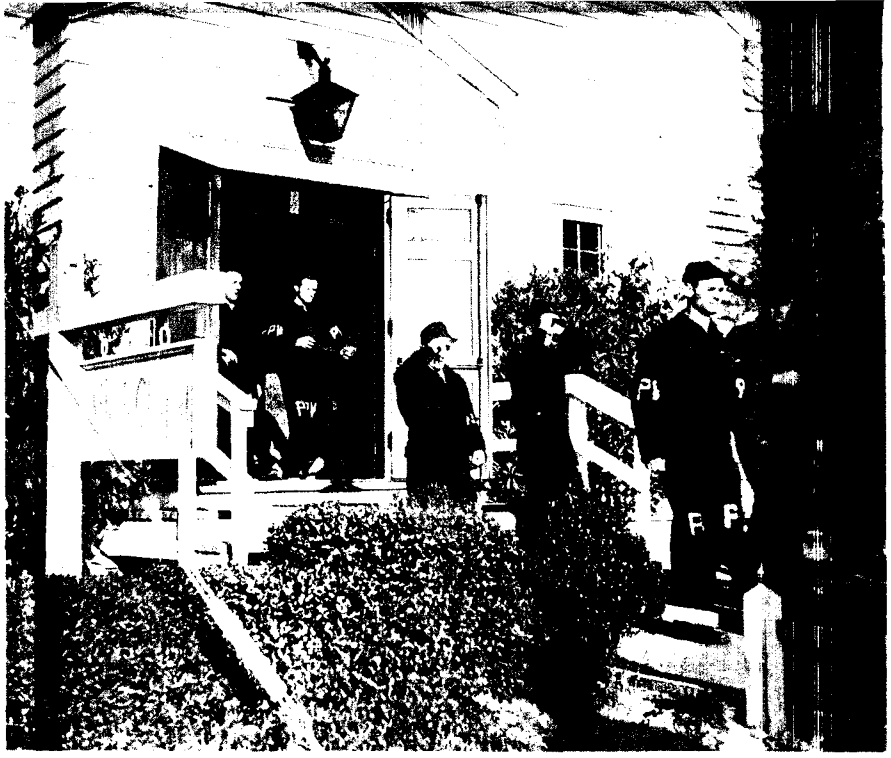
It is these "whites" who may eventually be the leaders of a Germany we can trust. To date, 23,142 of these men have passed through the graduate course and have been returned to Germany. Are they all gallant standard bearers of democracy who will convert Germany overnight to a peaceful way of thinking? Not at all. In fact the whole staff at Fort Eustis pleads with you not to overrate what they have done; if they have sent only 5,000 real missionaries back to Germany, they will be very happy.

"Maybe this is doing some good," Colonel Alpheus Smith, commanding officer of the project at Fort Eustis, says frankly. "It certainly isn't doing any harm and it isn't costing the taxpayers or the Army a nickel. Let's wait another twenty-five years. We are following up the careers of those who return to Germany. Twenty-five years from now maybe we'll know whether we have failed or succeeded. Stick around a few days. Go to the discussion groups. Talk to the men. See what you think of it."

After two days I thought a lot of it. The whole atmosphere of Fort Eustis is a reflection of the personality of Colonel Alpheus Smith, and if it begins to look as though I were completely overboard on this big guy with the odd first name, you're right. He is one hell of an American, a man with a great intellectual gift and the humility of the true scholar. A graduate of Cornell University, he was a Northwestern University professor before the war.

Smith was put in command of several Prisoner of War Schools in Rhode Island. Then he went to Fort Eustis, Virginia, with many of his officers and men. At Fort Eustis he built up a staff that any college president would envy. Second in command is young Major Henry Lee Smith, Jr. (no relation), formerly on the faculty at Brown University. To get Commander Edwin R. Casady, also formerly at Brown, Colonel Smith did a little lend-lease job with the Navy. Casady was yanked out of the amphibious services in

(Continued on page 41)



There are church services every night. Attendance is entirely voluntary, but whether from boredom or real interest, the prisoners pack the chapels

At the prison-camp library, the men can read books which were banned by Hitler. Such works as Wendell Willkie's One World are also in demand

Prisoners range in age from 18 to 64. They are carefully screened and investigated before being selected for the program at Eustis. Many claim to have been anti-Nazi and to have spent time in concentration camps as enemies of the state

A Gift From France

BY LAEL TUCKER

There was this memory of an earlier love that he could not dismiss; it haunted him constantly, but it led him at long last to his heart's desire

THE child in the brief yellow sun suit regarded them steadily out of enormous brown eyes.

Bob said, "Hi there, kid." The baby blinked down at him unresponsively. A voice pitched above the surf called "Margaret!" and the baby turned away, staggered in the soft sand, and started unevenly in the direction of the voice.

Bob turned on his side toward the girl lying beside him.

"You look as if you were thinking about something nice," said Louise.

"I am," he said, touching her nose which was pink with the unaccustomed sunning.

"About me?" She smiled at him, wrinkling her nose away from his finger, digging her toes into the soft, warm sand.

"No," he said gravely. "Another girl."

"Should I be jealous?"

There, he thought. That was like Louise. So many girls would have said, "I'm jealous!"

"I suppose so, funny face," he said seriously.

Perhaps this was the time to talk to her about it. To talk to the girl he loved about the girl he still loved.

He wished that he could talk with his hands . . . not like a Frenchman, but like a mechanic. He trusted his capable, precise hands. He was not afraid of them. It was his slow, thick-tongued speech he did not like to use on a difficult job.

Louise shut her eyes and tilted her face again to the Florida sun, but he knew she was waiting. He had felt the sudden tension of her slender, strong body when he said, "I suppose so."

Bob looked away, down the beach. Some of the Air Corps men from the station near by were leaving, their wives and girls with them. The irregular beach was widening into the sea as the tide inched its way out.

It was not like the beach at Nice at all, he thought. It was a different color and width and texture and the sea was a different color and had a different way of behaving. But salt water smells were like popular music for making you remember, and the Army men still looked like Army men, even in bathing suits. (Did he look like a vacationing civilian, now that he was one? Or was he still invisibly striped as a T/5?)

He had to tell Louise. He had to tell her about Nice and about Odette. Louise knew as well as he did that there was some reason for his holding back, loving her so much and no more. Not enough to say so, not enough to ask her to be his wife.

Louise said, "Dear."

"Yes?"

"Nothing," she said, looking at him. Her voice said, "Nothing," but her eyes said, "Please . . ." until she shut them quickly.

The two lines running up from the inside edges of Bob's thick eyebrows deepened, as they habitually did when he was thinking hard. He stared at Louise as if she were one of his smoothly working, delicate, beloved machines. She was an American precision job all right, he thought, with those long, straight legs, and those hands that were long and supple as well as pretty, with that polished, healthy skin. She was a complicated job, he thought, pursuing the analogy he understood, but not gadgety. Her delicate sensitivity was backed by strength; her utter honesty was matched by her pride and her reserve. And her face was the guarantee and the seal of her special quality. He had thought her plain until he had looked long at the subtle, distinct lines of her chin and cheek and nose, looked deep into the high-lidded, dark brown eyes that were so astonishingly clear to be so dark. He loved to look at her.

It had not taken them the three months since they had met to know that they loved each other. She had come down to the shop that day . . . September 10th? 11th? . . . to tell him that his new boss wanted to see him about the new reconversion production line. His first reaction, looking up from his machine when her cool voice called his name, had been that Old Man Dickerman did not go in for flashy secretaries. His second was that she was not his type—too neat and dark. But something in the way she looked straight at him while she delivered her message, her eyes unclouded and impersonally warm, and something in the straight way she carried herself reminded him of Odette. He had asked her name and added, "How about lunch?" She had looked at him again, gravely and directly, and said, "Call me tomorrow—if you want to."

SINCE then, they'd "gone together" in the fashion of the Indiana town they lived in. Going together meant daily lunch and dinner, joint invitations to parties, two tickets to movies, two sodas at the drugstore or beers at the bar, half of their dances together on Saturday night. It meant meeting at the gate at five on weekdays, at one on Saturdays. It meant planning their Sundays ahead of time. It meant plenty of time to know each other, daily, intimately, to know that they loved each other.

But he had done nothing, said nothing, to indicate how he felt and she had respected his confused silence in puzzled silence. He could not say anything because the more he loved Louise, the more he remembered that he loved Odette.

When he did not ask her to change her plans, Louise had gone ahead with her decision to buy herself a winter vacation in the Florida sun by working as a waitress in one of Florida's hotels. She had left and he had let her go, and then Odette's last note had come. Three lines, in Odette's almost illegible French handwriting: *"How are you, cher, cher Bob? I find missing you to be a very difficult affair. It is uncomfortable as we become winter and I am most unhappy. Odette."*

She, too, was waiting for him to speak. He knew, humbly and gratefully, what Louise would say if he spoke, but he did not know what Odette would do or say or think. He only knew, a little awed, how much she cared for him. But it was himself he must answer first.

Odette's note had made him, perversely, demand and get a leave of absence to follow Louise to Florida. Her lighted face when he arrived had told him nakedly that her whole heart was his. . . .

The fat baby who had stared at him went by on the beach in the arms of a fat, black nurse who was scolding, "You, Margaret! You, Margaret . . ." Margaret . . . Marguerite . . . why Odette's fat baby niece was named Marguerite, of course. And it was little Marguerite who had come staggering and staring into his life on the beach at Nice to introduce him to Odette.

You got superstitious in the Air Forces. There was a lot of coincidence involved in whether you lived or died in the war, in the air. So you talked about gremlins, and grinned, but sometimes you could almost see them. You got all mixed up about God and good luck and you could pray or wear a rabbit's foot in a different way from any way you ever had before. Bob felt oddly sure that this baby named Margaret had come along just now so that he could do this talking he had put off.

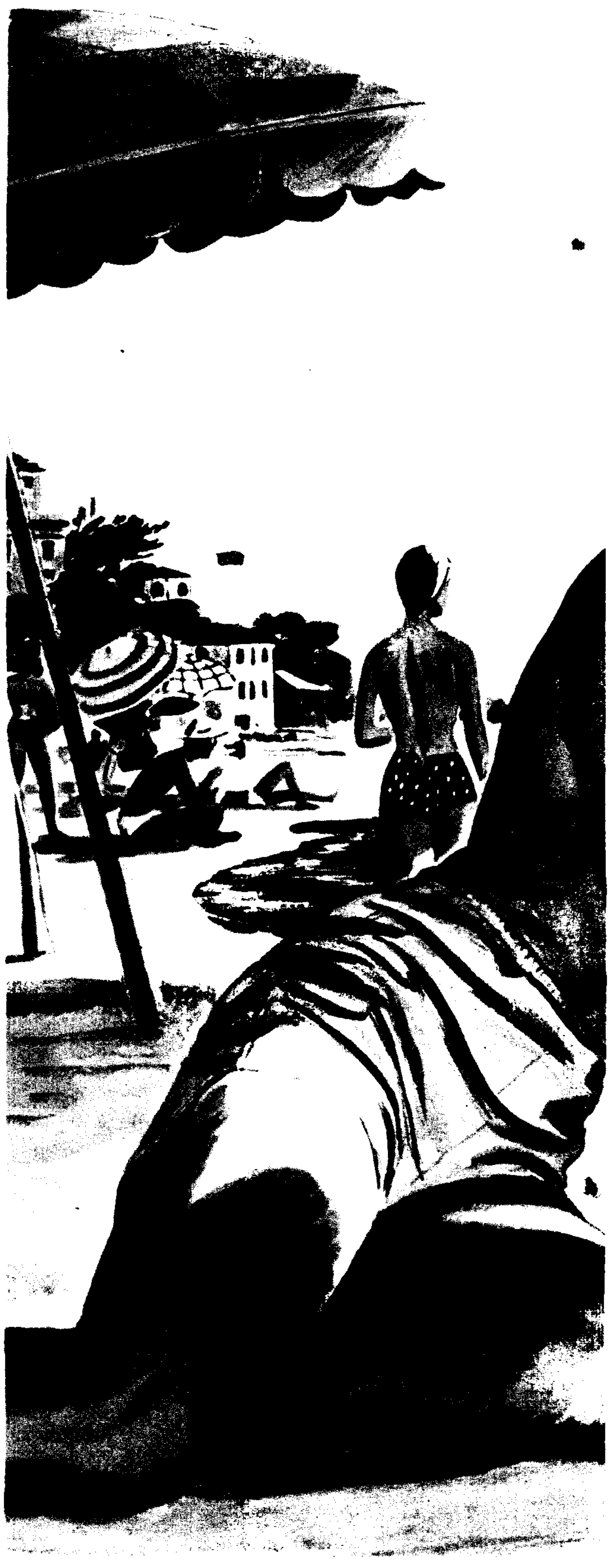
"I was lying on the beach at Nice, on the Riviera," he began abruptly. "It was swell, Nice. They treat you rough in the Army and then they treat you swell. But never mind the Army. This is important, and this is about me and a girl."

Louise reached out and touched his hand and then pulled her hand back. She kept her eyes closed and said nothing, but her sympathy was as warm as the sun on his chest and her listening as taut as a wing strut.

"I was lying there in the sun all by myself at Nice," he said. "All by myself with a lot of other guys doing the same thing. The beach is made of rocks, but the sun was hot and it was fine. I was looking at these boats you pedal like bicycles and thinking about bringing one back home with me, and I was looking at a blonde who was doing a Gypsy Rose Lee right in front of me. . . . Honey, you don't realize how much you wear. Those pants that cover your middle! That baby just now had a lot on, too. A whole sun suit . . ."

He chuckled and Louise opened her eyes and smiled at him, but she could not laugh with him in that moment.

"Now," he went on quickly as he saw the look in



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KANE

her eyes, "It was a little girl baby named Marguerite with nothing on at all that introduced Odette and me. She came straddling up between me and the blonde and stared at me, and I said, 'Hi there, kid.' Then Odette called 'Marguerite!' in her sweetest voice. . . That baby just stood there and didn't answer, so I sat up to look. There was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. Odette is awfully pretty, honey. So was Mary. But so what?" Louise was not that kind of pretty, whistling pretty. "When you are an old lady, Odette will be fat and Frenchy looking—too much oil, and powder. Mary will be thin and kind of mean-looking. You will be a nice old lady."

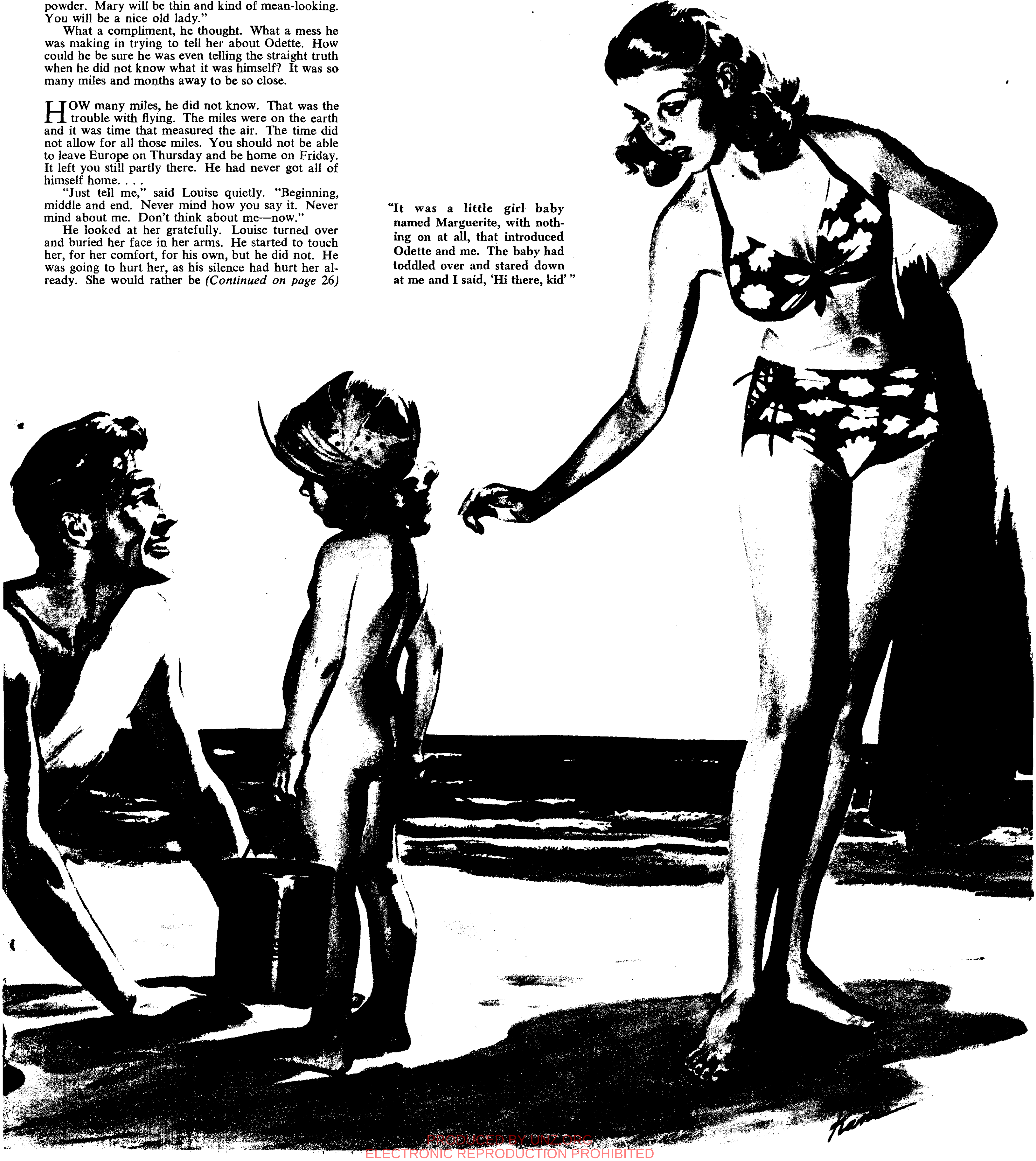
What a compliment, he thought. What a mess he was making in trying to tell her about Odette. How could he be sure he was even telling the straight truth when he did not know what it was himself? It was so many miles and months away to be so close.

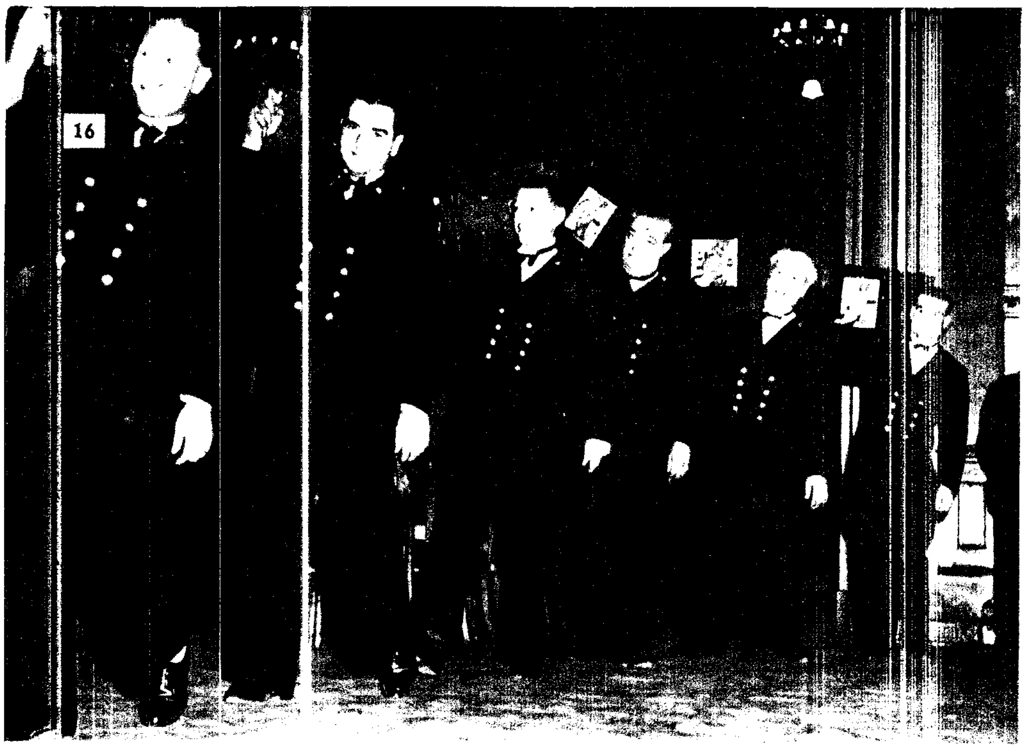
HOW many miles, he did not know. That was the trouble with flying. The miles were on the earth and it was time that measured the air. The time did not allow for all those miles. You should not be able to leave Europe on Thursday and be home on Friday. It left you still partly there. He had never got all of himself home. . . .

"Just tell me," said Louise quietly. "Beginning, middle and end. Never mind how you say it. Never mind about me. Don't think about me—now."

He looked at her gratefully. Louise turned over and buried her face in her arms. He started to touch her, for her comfort, for his own, but he did not. He was going to hurt her, as his silence had hurt her already. She would rather be *(Continued on page 26)*

"It was a little girl baby named Marguerite, with nothing on at all, that introduced Odette and me. The baby had toddled over and stared down at me and I said, 'Hi there, kid'"





Clerks carrying token chests file into the gambling room. Tokens are counted in the safe room and then a specific quota is assigned to each gaming table

RADIOED FROM MONTE CARLO

MISDEAL AT MONTE CARLO

BY GEORGE AXELSSON

Monte Carlo, most famous gambling spot in the world, is trying a postwar comeback, despite croupiers' sit-down strikes, the inflation of the franc, and local Communists who believe gambling is immoral

UNPERTURBED by two world wars, or nearly so, the famous Monte Carlo gambling casino is still in business. Its name is a misnomer—the "Society for Sea Baths." When somebody asked founder Camille Blanc eighty years ago why he chose this odd name, Blanc, an incorrigible punster, replied: "Well, isn't it our aim to 'clean' the customers?"

It is astonishing, indeed, to learn on arriving here that all through the last six years the ivory ball kept spinning around the roulette wheel in Monte Carlo. The play continued even during air bombardments, on the insistence of patrons who did not want to interrupt their particular system. And the bankers of the auxiliary card games (*trente et quarante* and *baccarat)* have kept dealing tranquilly as if the war had taken place on another planet. The casino went on accepting all stakes, regardless whence they came. German, Italian, French, British, American—it was all the same, just so that ball kept rolling.

But Monte Carlo has run into difficulties. The main one being the travel and money restrictions in force throughout the world today, which keep the wealthy foreigner away. An Englishman, for instance (and Britishers made up more than half of the prewar clientele) is allowed to take out of his country only a hundred pounds sterling, not much for a Riviera fling. So the casino has to rely mainly on the French (95 per cent of the present crop of visitors are French), plus the few leftovers from the splendid past, whose Monaco-invested fortunes have survived the war and the casino rake-off.

The French newcomers who have replaced the English lords and the British and American business moguls and tourists, are perhaps not the very best citizens that France can muster. But they are not that same sort of rascals whom some wit had in mind when he said that "the Riviera is a sunny place for shady people." And they are fairly obvious. From the looks of them I should say that the majority have waxed rich in the black market. I have never seen so many race-track suits collected under one roof.

Gone are the aristocrats, the pseudo-aristocrats, the bejeweled elderly ladies, the sleek gigolos, the gentlemen card-sharpers and confidence men. If the gigolo cruises about, he is now a client in his own right. He gave up gigoloing a long time ago to branch out into the more remunerative black market. Here and there is what Monte Carlo calls a "serious" customer—some big textile man from Lille, Tourcoing or Lyon, down for a brief vacation with his *"petite amie."* These customers, however, are very few, hence the pretty girls to be seen around Monte Carlo these days are also few.

Then there are some "shady" characters left, or they have bobbed up again, to prey on the "regular" visitors. The ranks of the "shady" ones have been swelled by some Nazi refugees, I was surprised to discover. Not top-flighters, of course, only the smaller fry. Here they are, free, seemingly prosperous and enjoying the patronage of the local authorities. On the other hand, it is only fair to recall that Prince Louis II and the Monegasque authorities, playing the fiction of Monaco sovereignty for all it was worth, saved a lot of persons (notably over one thousand Jews) from Nazi persecution during the years of Italo-German occupation.

There is a wealth of stories about Monte Carlo. The classic one is about the officer on the visiting man-of-war, who had lost the ship's cash at the casino. In his desperation he warned the casino management that unless his losses were refunded forthwith, his ship's guns would blow the copper roof off their building. (Happy ending: He got his money, the story goes.)

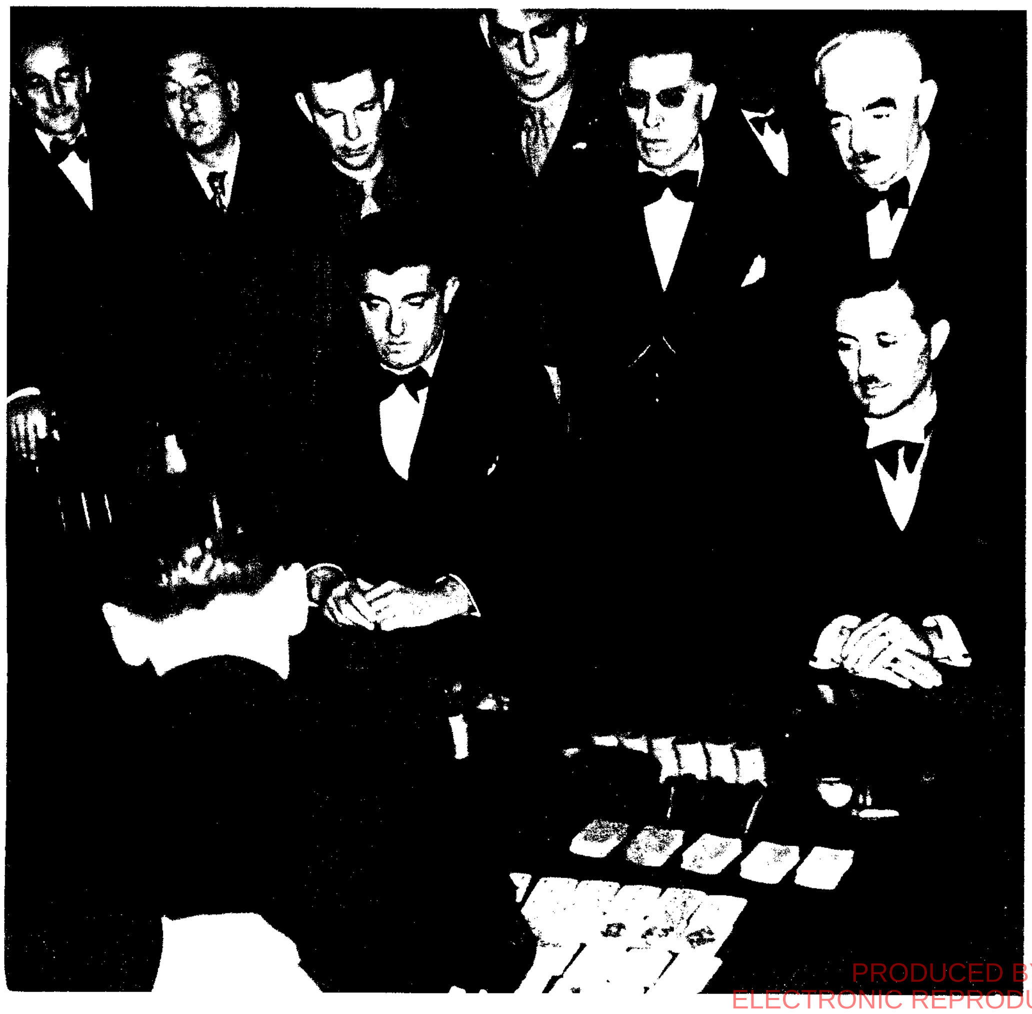
In the war just ended, the roof was again threatened, but for a different reason.

The occupying Germans needed copper desperately in the closing stages of the conflict, and thought of appropriating the casino roof. But the German commander in Monaco, who had in his youth read much fiction about Monte Carlo and later fell in love with the place, ruled in dead earnest that the

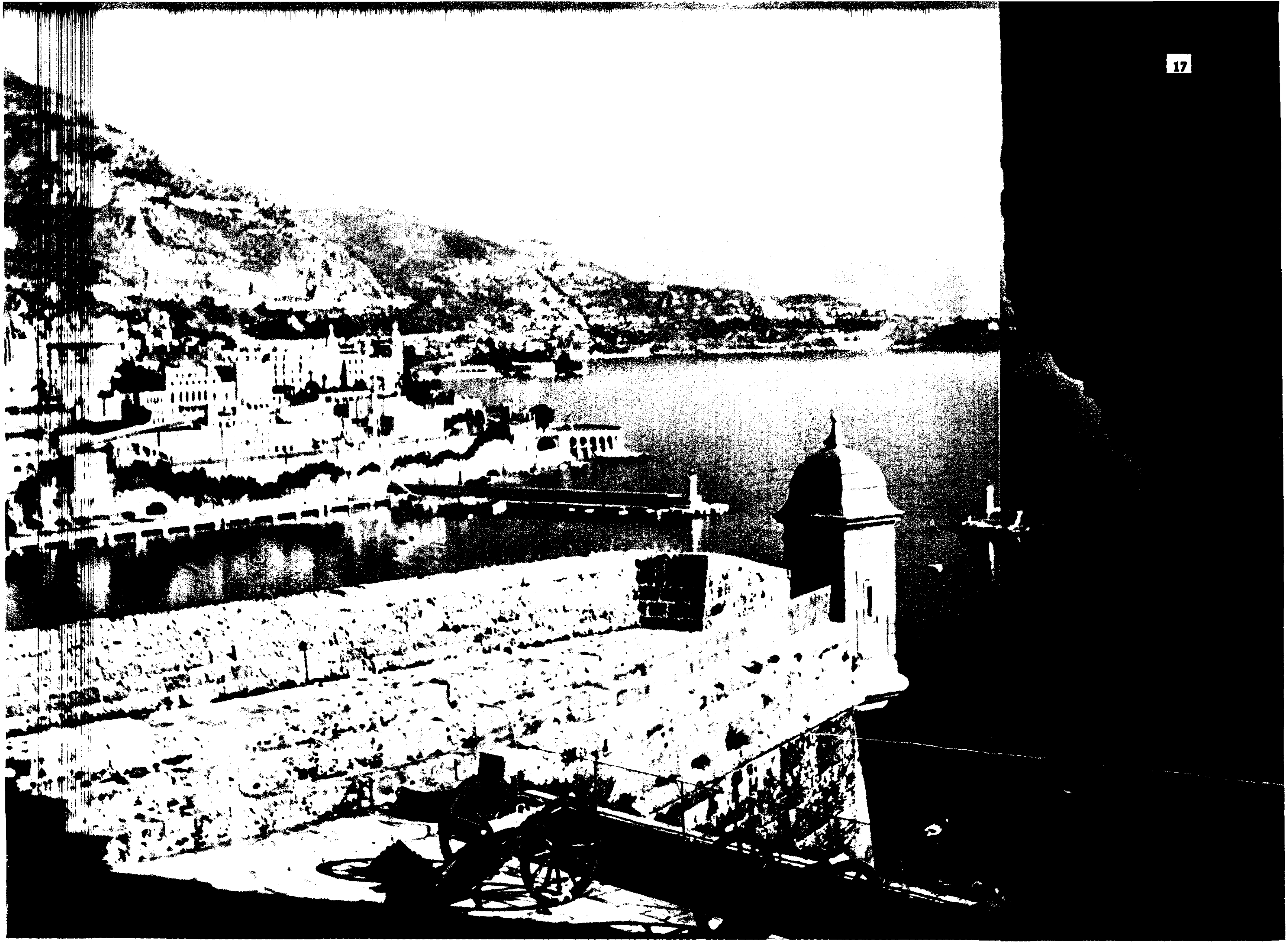
(Continued on page 34*)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEAN CHEVALIER

Players and spectators watching a game of "trente et quarante" in the casino. Monte Carlo is off-limits for American military personnel but these men in uniform have obtained special passes which allow them to visit gambling rooms



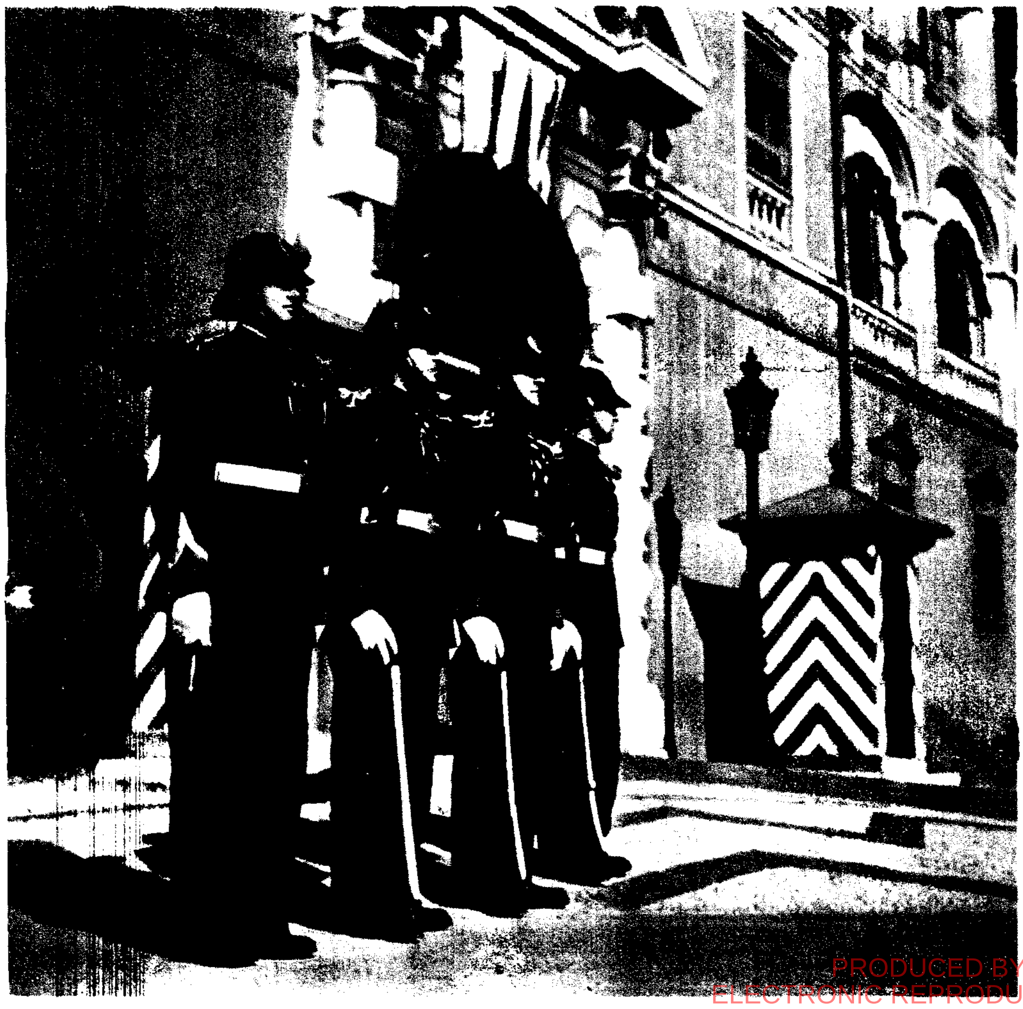
Chickens dine in the flower beds of the terraced Country Club which, in its day, has entertained royalty and millionaires of many nationalities. At lower left, tennis court is being improved in preparation for postwar summer season

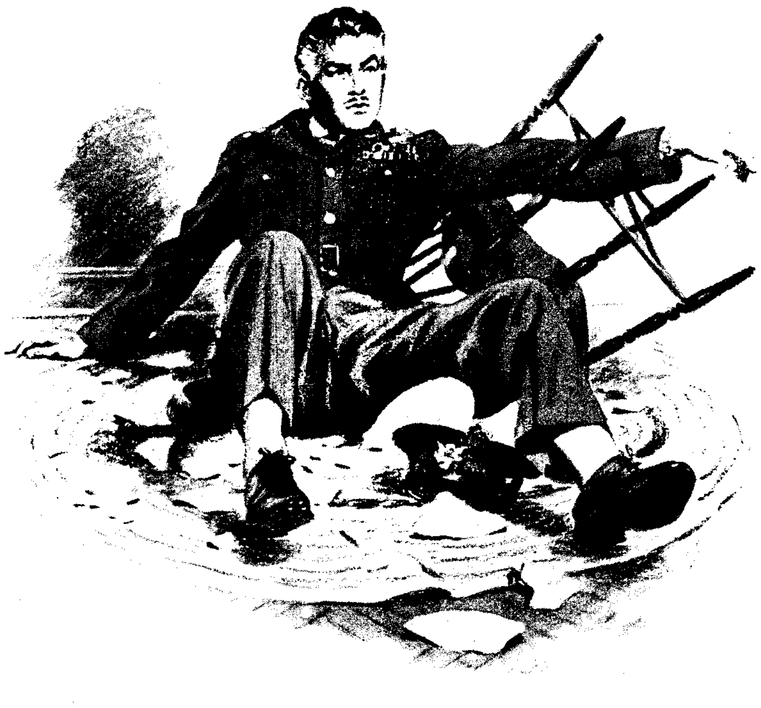


View from the Palais de Monaco showing Sporting Club at upper left, casino at left center and "Tir au Pigeons" at center, a rifle range with live pigeons as targets

Comic-opera characters at entrance to the palace are members of the Royal Guard. During the war Monte Carlo suffered a half-dozen air raids with damage estimated at 300 million francs. Monaco had an active underground

Dancers of the Ballet of Monte Carlo rehearse on the palace grounds. Plans are under way for an elaborate theater, and a powerful radio station has been built to attract visitors to the gaming rooms in the world-famous resort





Colonel Coyle fell, striking the unused chair, and the four Spode plates broke on the rug with almost no noise at all

Home is the Hero

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

After Okinawa, Ted's fighting days should have been over. But they weren't. There was one more fight he had to have

"OH, GOD," Connie said suddenly from the bathroom, where she was bathing the baby, and Ted Forrest felt the back of his neck begin to stiffen as he waited for his wife to finish what he had come to recognize, during the past eight months, as a phrase of three inseparable words. Connie finished it. "Ted," she said.

"Yes?" Ted said, holding the four Spode place plates tight at the edges so they would not rattle noisily and interfere with reception from the bathroom. These four were all that remained of the dozen that Connie's mother had given them as a wedding present in 1942, a very beautiful but highly impractical gift for a young couple whose housekeeping arrangements for three years had more closely resembled those of the early nomad tribes than those of Grosse Pointe, where Connie's mother lived and where, with a maternal disregard for the hard facts of geography, she still saw her daughter living. "What's the matter?" Ted said and added, but only to himself, "now."

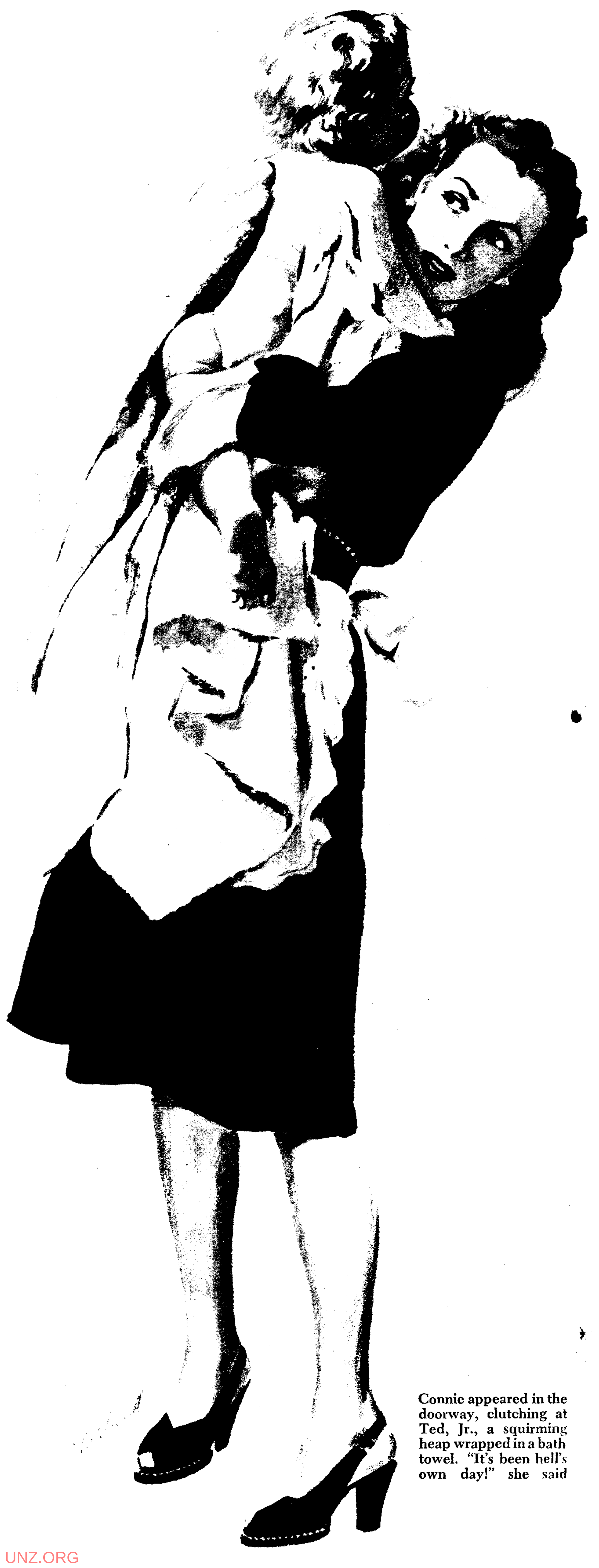
"I forgot the hors d'œuvres," Connie said from the bathroom; and the rest of her sentence was lost in a series of splashings. Ted, Jr., who was known as Two, was seventeen months old and he liked water. "Ted?"

"I heard you," Ted Forrest said and he continued to set the table in the combination living room, dining room, and extra bedroom, a chamber ten feet by twelve that was not really large enough to fulfill any one of these three important housekeeping functions. The three-room apartment on West Eleventh Street undeniably had a fragmentary view of Fifth Avenue, if you didn't mind hanging out a fourth story window to get it; and there were undoubtedly several thousand veterans within yelling distance who would have agreed with the renting agent, who had let the Forrests have it for a hundred and twenty-five a month, furnished, that the present tenants were damned lucky to be in it. But at least one of those tenants—and in his moments of fairness Ted Forrest was certain it was two of those tenants—did not feel lucky in the least. Ted Forrest didn't know why, and he didn't think Connie knew why, or maybe they did know but they couldn't put it into words. For eight months, since Ted had come back from the Pacific, neither one of them had had the courage to try to explain it. "The hell with the hors d'œuvres." Ted Forrest said, slapping down the delicate Spode place plates. "The Beattys won't miss them."

"Oh, God," Connie said and she appeared in the bathroom doorway with Ted, Jr., a squirming heap wrapped in one of the three good bath towels that had followed them from Army camp to Army camp across the country, and during the eighteen months that Ted had been in the Pacific, had dried Connie and then Two on Wisconsin Avenue in Washington while mother and infant son waited for Ted, Sr., to come home. "Ted," Connie said. "What did you say?"

(Continued on page 85)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GARLAND



Connie appeared in the doorway, clutching at Ted, Jr., a squirming heap wrapped in a bath towel. "It's been hell's own day!" she said

Peggy in Amberland

BY ASHTON REID

IT IS the theory of Miss Peggy Cummins of Dublin, Eire, that it was those nasty old men who were responsible for Amber's downfall and that Amber, herself, was a nice, kind, sweet, lovable little thing, sinned against but unsinning. This view may be important, because Miss Cummins was recently imported by 20th Century-Fox from London and rushed to Hollywood to play Amber, provided . . .

Provided the masterminds of the Screen Writers' Guild could produce a script that would retain the wholesome parts of the book—approximately seven per cent of the wordage—and omit the rest, at the same time satisfying the customers. The customers, it was realized, would turn up at the box offices in droves, expecting to see the worst and, if this was denied them, might make ugly remarks.

The masterminds labored for some months and finally turned in a script in which Amber turns out to be a combination of Jezebel and Elsie Dinsmore. But before this they had produced scripts tentatively titled Never Amber, and Hardly Ever Amber. The final version, everyone around the studio says, will convey a Great Moral Lesson—and some day they are all going to lay off and discover what it is.

Since, obviously, the book as it is can't possibly be made into a picture, one studio faction holds that the title might as well be thrown away, too. The argument is that if the screen isn't going to tell the complete story of Amber, it ought not to advertise it's going to, by implication, at least.

If both book and title are thrown away, then the studio will be out $200,000 for a useless story and title, setting a new Hollywood high for something or other.

Miss Cummins, herself, has no doubt about the Great Moral Lesson of Amber: It is that innocent young girls shouldn't trust nasty old men—a theory that will startle Miss Kathleen Winsor, who wrote the book. It might also amaze a dozen other authors, dating back to Daniel Defoe, who produced books of startling similarity.

Miss Cummins, who starred in Alice in Wonderland in London, now finds herself a sort of Peggy in Wonderland in the American Wild West. At the time your correspondent lunched with her she was vainly trying to discover where Alabama is. Mr. James Denton, a cicerone, waved his hand and said it was over that way, about two thousand miles. Miss Cummins said not to be silly; no place could be two thousand miles from somewhere. So we explained that Alabama was northeast of Texas and Peggy got it at once. Everything became clear.

"I met a girl from Texas the other evening," she explained, and settled down to fruit salad and fruit salad and fruit salad, having gone without fruit salad for years during the war.

Peggy is sixty-one inches high, weighs 98 pounds and has blue-green eyes, blond hair and startling blond eyebrows—which the make-up man will fix with some black goo. Her father was William Hollywood Cummins, a Dublin journalist and professor of music; her mother is Margaret Mary Trace, of the Daniel O'Connell tribe. Her father is dead and she lives with her mother. The Hollywood in her late father's name is genuine.

That Book now has a new plot and a new star, and maybe it'll have a new title before it makes its screen debut

She wasn't born in Eire at all, but in Prestatyn, North Wales, where her mother was stormbound during a visit. But she spent her early years at the family home at Killiney, on the beach near Dublin. At seven she started working at the Abbey School of the Ballet. She made her stage debut at seven, at the Gate Theater, in what was supposed to be a silhouette scene. The whole thing was ruined because the child decided her full face was more attractive than her profile, faced front, and became almost invisible.

They got her profiled at subsequent performances and this led to a series of juvenile parts, mainly those of little boys in pieces ranging from Shakespeare to Shaw, via Chekhov. This sort of thing went on until she was eleven, when she played two little boys in two different theaters, running like mad between the two.

At thirteen she got her first stage role in London in a revue called Let's Pretend, which too many customers pretended never happened. Her acting, however, won her a Hollywood contract with a proviso that she was to make one English picture first. She did, and was set for the Pacific Coast when the war started. The contract was canceled and she went back to Dublin.

Then she came back to London and got mixed up in radio, the blitz, canteen

(Continued on page 33)

Quiet, demure Peggy Cummins, who will play the role of the far-from-quiet, undemure, fast-working Amber

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Boxer: Ch. Franz von Lichten

Pooches on Parade

BY HANNIBAL COONS

When 40,000 people come to look at 4,000 dogs, it's the Morris & Essex Show. Even the dogs have a good time

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT GESCHEIDER–PIX

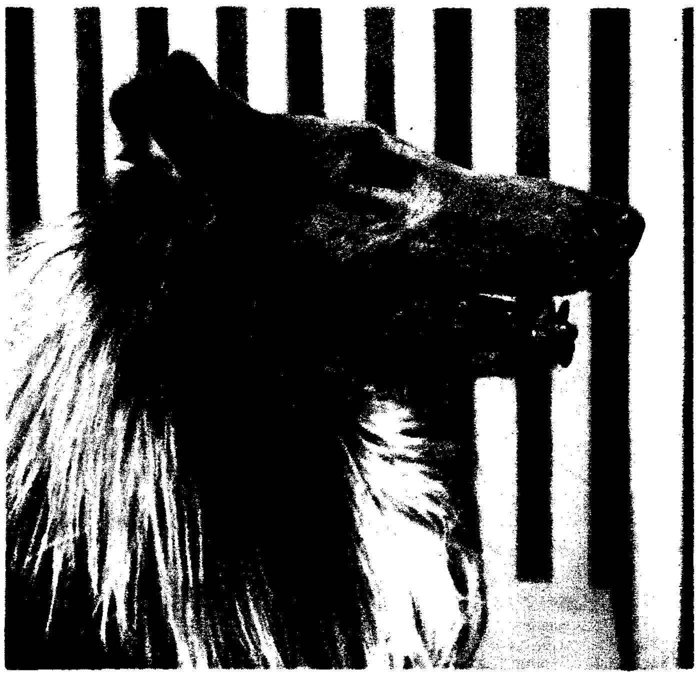
ON SATURDAY, May 25th, the rolling hills of New Jersey will resound to a mass barking such as has never been heard anywhere else on earth. For the first time in five years, the Morris & Essex Show, the world's biggest and most remarkable dog show, will again be in session.

In 1939, its biggest year, the Morris & Essex Show had 4,456 dogs present—the largest collection of dogs ever gathered together anywhere at any time. Also on hand were 5,000 exhibitors and handlers, and over

Great Dane: Count Kobie von Schoss

Afghan Hound: Ch. Zabardasta of Arthea

German Shepherd: Pfellow von Hoheluft



Collie: Ch. Cainbrooke Colonel

Borzoi: Ch. Korichnevi of Mogedo

40,000 spectators. The size of other dog shows is limited by various considerations, including the size of the building—even a dog has to have somewhere to sit. But the Morris & Essex Show is largely limited only by the size of the state of New Jersey. It is put on by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, wife of the chairman of the board of the Remington Arms Company, and niece of the late John D. Rockefeller.

In 1927, Mrs. Dodge, wearying of the discomforts and delays customary at most dog shows, decided to put on a show of her own on what was once the polo field of Giralda Farms, the 5,000-acre Dodge estate between Madison and Morristown, New Jersey, some thirty miles due west of New York City. It's the most beautiful spot imaginable for a dog show, or for practically anything else.

The permanent buildings are all freshly painted white, with green roofs. Ringing the field are the flag-surmounted tents that house the dogs. The field itself is latticed into endless rows of judging rings by 5,000 freshly lacquered folding chairs. The big sun umbrellas for the judges' tables, the platforms for the dogs, and the pennants and signs are all freshly painted in the bright orange and blue of the Morris & Essex Kennel Club. Early spectators usually pause and gasp. In the bright sun of a New Jersey May morning, the whole scene looks as if someone had just whisked off a giant cover.

Then people and dogs come pouring in by the thousand and bedlam sets in. If you can imagine having 40,000 guests drop in on you of a Saturday, with 4,000 or so bringing their dogs, you'll have an idea.

Any statistic you care to mention about the Morris & Essex Show is startling. More canvas is used than at any other sporting event in the world, and more than is used by Ringling Brothers circus. There are seven tents, each forty to fifty feet wide and a hundred yards long, plus a trophy tent, a handlers' tent, two huge luncheon tents and a beverage tent. These are in addition to the permanent buildings, which include ten rest-room buildings, a press building with a dozen or more telegraph operators rattling away; fifteen telephone booths with special long-distance operators; and a field hospital staffed with a doctor and two nurses.

At the last show the medical squad treated seven dog bites, mostly minor, fixed up seven bruises and cuts, passed out five whiffs of smelling salts, stopped two nosebleeds, swabbed three sore throats, rebandaged a woman's left ankle, made a sling for a man's arm, and repaired another man who for some reason had a piece of paper in his right nostril. It's amazing the difficulties 40,000 people can get into.

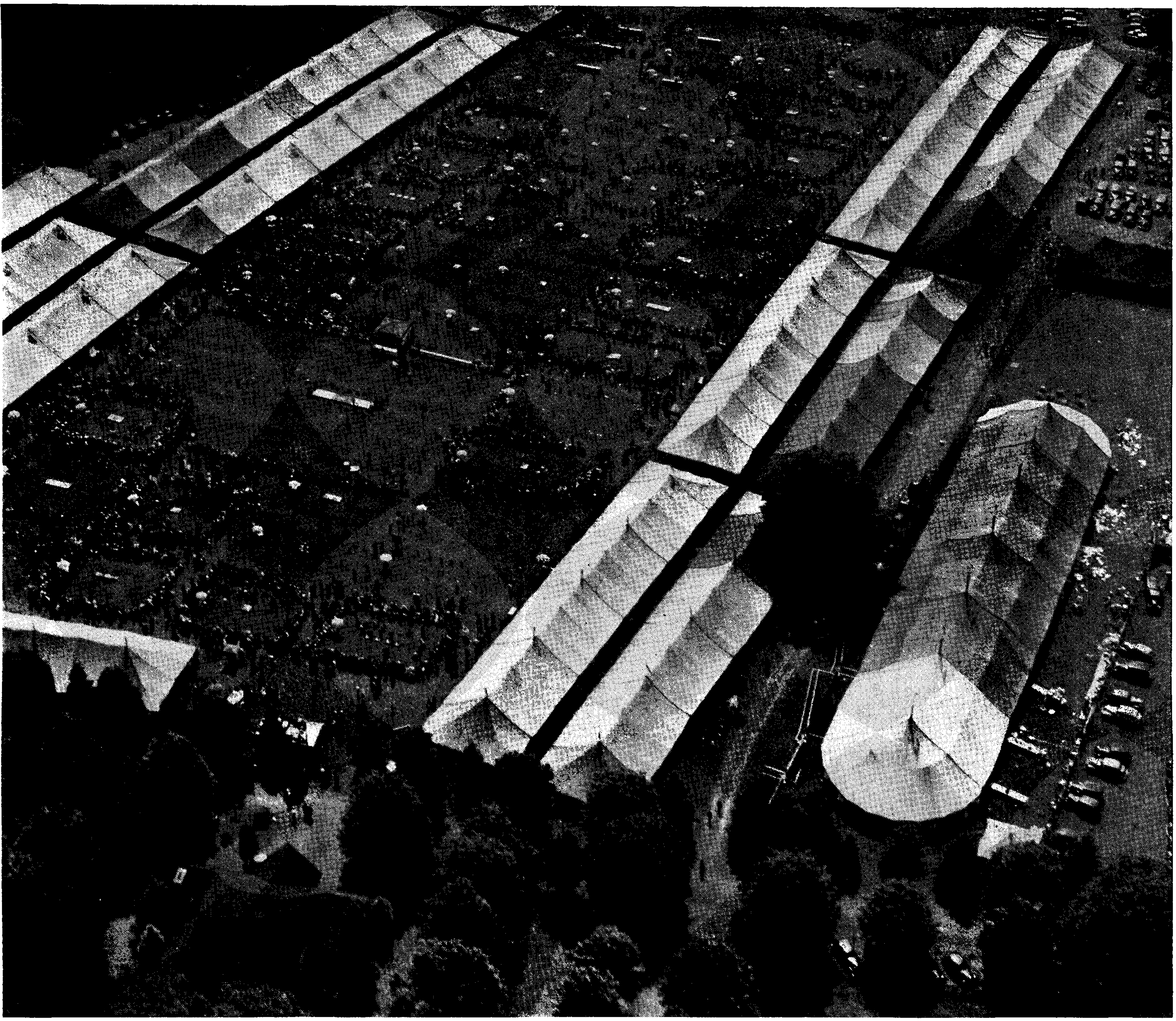
It takes approximately 800 people just to run the show. Included are a hundred Pinkerton men and the local constabulary. Three hundred uniformed boys serve as runners, scooting about with messages and hustling the dogs in and out of the rings.

The most unusual feature of the Morris & Essex Show is its lack of commercialism. The admission fee is a dollar for adults and fifty cents for kids, plus tax. The programs, which weigh several pounds and cost over two dollars to print, are sold for a dollar and a quarter, which is no way to make money. The programs carry no advertising, and there is no advertising anywhere on the grounds, not even the customary booths plugging Old Rover dog food. The better Fifth Avenue shops have all begged for permission to send out summer style displays, but Mrs. Dodge says no.

The concessions serve good food, and at reasonable prices. Several years ago one of the popular food items was a good ham sandwich at ten cents. The next year the caterer wanted to up the ante to fifteen by adding a small twig of lettuce. He landed just east of the main gate.

From the show's beginning in 1927, through 1940, Mrs. Dodge served a free buffet turkey luncheon to all the exhibitors. By 1940 she had 5,000 guests, and the luncheon was dropped in 1941. Now the exhibitors share the roast-beef sandwiches with the spectators.

The Morris & Essex Show has always been known as "The Exhibitors' Show." Everything possible is done for the ease and comfort *(Continued on page 50)*



RALPH MORGAN

The world's biggest dog show, the Morris & Essex, in full swing. Multiple rings permit the judging of as many as 4,000 dogs in a day

BRITAIN'S HOT-SPOT MAN

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

ANY follower of Alfred Hitchcock can recognize a British diplomat a mile off. He wears spats, a black Homburg, carries a stick and a pair of fawn-colored gloves. You often see him hurrying from the boat train to Whitehall, a dispatch case tucked under his arm. He has been educated at Eton and Oxford (occasionally Harrow and Cambridge), talks in the clipped yet slurring dialect generally known as Briddish and comes in two types: (a) handsome, like Anthony Eden, (b) homely as a board fence, like Lord Halifax.

Generally speaking, the Hitchcock diplomat has a very imperfect sense of what is going on around him. He does not speak the native languages except for French and is continually amazed at the inability of Paris concierges to understand him even when he shouts in loud, firm tones.

Despite these palpable infirmities he manages to come out on top, thanks to a mystical British characteristic described as "muddling through." In the pay-off, he usually discloses himself to be a hell-of-a-fellow with a .38-caliber revolver.

To minds conditioned by the Hitchcock portrayal, His Majesty's new ambassador to Washington, Archibald John Kerr Clark Kerr (the Kerr is pronounced Car) may prove disappointing. He is more apt to be found in rough tweeds and walking shoes than spats and Homburg. He was not educated at Eton, Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge. He speaks excellent English and a half dozen other languages, including Persian, some Mandarin and a little Russian. He bears not the slightest resemblance either to Anthony Eden or Lord Halifax and few men have a more disconcerting sense not only of what is going on at the moment but of exactly what is going to happen next.

At only one point does Clark Kerr approach the Hitchcock conception. You get the feeling he would be a very handy man to have around in a situation which called for a .38.

Bravery and coolness are qualities which Clark Kerr has displayed not a few times in forty years of diplomatic knocking about the world, frequently in spots where His Britannic Majesty's representative has not been the most popular member of the community.

There was the period, for instance, when he was ambassador to China. His predecessor, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, had been machine-gunned by Japanese planes and badly wounded. The Japs said "So sorry" that time but a couple of years later they made no secret of their threats to assassinate the new ambassador. Clark Kerr is no fool. He knew the Japanese meant business and while he stuck to his post he took to wearing a bulletproof vest and riding in a bulletproof limousine.

It was at this period, too, that Chiang Kai-shek insisted that Clark Kerr receive instruction in the use of firearms, particularly in the tommy gun. Clark Kerr took his lessons faithfully, a fact which later enabled him to make a good impression upon the Russians with whom the tommy gun is a favorite weapon. This came about during a Kremlin banquet for the late Wendell Willkie. The British am-

Archibald John Kerr Clark Kerr has cooled down Britain's two hottest spots—China and Russia—since 1938. Now he's bringing his combination of tact, humor and intelligence to the Washington embassy

bassador was seated next to Marshal Klementy Voroshilov. In the course of a lively conversation spiced with frequent "*do dnas*"—bottoms up in vodka—Voroshilov happened to mention that he was in charge of tommy-gun instruction in the Red Army.

"H'mm," said Clark Kerr, "how do you fire a tommy gun?"

Voroshilov hoisted an imaginary tommy gun to his shoulder and sighted down the barrel.

"No, no!" exclaimed the ambassador. "You do it like this." And he proceeded to whip an equally imaginary gun to his hip, firing on the draw.

The delighted Russians threw their arms around Clark Kerr, embracing him in great Russian bear hugs.

Clark Kerr's name may not be widely known in America but his appointment as ambassador to Washington confirmed what had been well understood in London for a decade—that this sandy-haired, mild-speaking Scotsman who delights in writing with a quill pen and taking snuff like an eighteenth-century cavalier is Britain's Number One diplomatic trouble shooter.

His last three diplomatic posts make this clear—China, from 1938 to 1942, when Britain was making the difficult transition from semiappeasement of Japan to all-out support of Chiang Kai-shek; Moscow, 1942 to 1946, by all odds the most delicate relationship in the galaxy of the Allies; Washington, 1946–?, in a period in which Britain has hitched her whole postwar wagon to the rising American star.

Clark Kerr takes his post in Washington in a time of crisis, at an hour when the world is squarely facing the fact that it must learn to live with itself or there may be no world in which to live. Never before have forces so mercurial been loose among the nations. Never before has Whitehall looked out on a horizon so filled with dark and lowering clouds. Every problem which the emotion and preoccupation of war obscured is now roosting persistently on the doorstep.

Clark Kerr is a prize exhibit of British diplomacy—which is probably the world's best. He has been a diplomat all his life. He went into the Foreign Office in 1906, a lad of twenty-three. He has been in the service ever since except for the war years when he was fighting as a private with the Scots Guards. His start was typical of any young British diplomat—three years in Berlin, a year in Buenos Aires, two years in Washington and a year in Rome.

Welcome Escape from Teheran

The opening of the first World War found him in isolated Iran, then as now a center of intrigue and conflicting rivalries among the great powers. Here for the first time Whitehall noted his superior abilities by insisting that he stay on the job in Teheran despite his desire to get into the war. The arguments were persuasive and Clark Kerr buckled down to his post, learned Persian and was placed in charge of British commercial relationships with Iran. For the first time in his life he rubbed his nose against Russian diplomacy. After two years he managed to get out from under and headed for London where he enlisted in the Scots Guards. He found two years in the Flanders mud, he said, a welcome relief from diplomacy in Persia.

The postwar years saw Clark Kerr climbing the long and arduous Foreign Office ladder. In 1925 he took a big step up when he was appointed Minister to Guatemala, at forty-two one of the youngest ministers in the service. The steps came rapidly after that: 1928, Minister to Chile; 1931, Minister to Sweden; 1935, Ambassador to Iraq. Three years later he went to China and emerged on the stage of world diplomacy.

He was neither well nor widely known. South America remembered him for his marriage, since dissolved, to the spectacular blond beauty, Maria Teresa Diaz Salas, a gay young Chilean woman more than twenty years his junior who was the daughter of Javier Diaz Lira, one of Chile's wealthiest men. Sweden recalled the cheery Scots evenings with which he entertained the diplomatic colony with pipers imported from Scotland. Other than that the public knew him only as a courteous, friendly diplomat with a deep passion for good conversation, pipe-smoking and gardening.

Clark Kerr's first year in China was his most difficult. Chamberlain's appeasement policy was at its peak and Britain was earnestly attempting to apply the policies of Munich to the Far East. It was Clark Kerr's task to attempt to advance this unpopular thesis upon Chiang Kai-shek. It was hardly a propitious moment. The Chinese had just lost their great stronghold of Canton—lost it, they believed, because of British refusal to allow them to import arms and munitions through Hong Kong.

Nevertheless, Clark Kerr made the effort. The ambassador took off in his special plane, despite the dangers of flying over both Japanese and Chinese lines, and went to Chiang's headquarters "somewhere in Hunan province." There he suggested that Britain would be happy to mediate between China and Japan. He was publicly reticent after the meeting but it was quickly apparent that the Hunan conference had not matched the "success" of Munich. Chiang was in no mood for dickering with the Japanese and, far from regarding the British as neutral arbiters, he considered them quasi-allies of the Japanese.

Clark Kerr's dispatches to the Foreign Office on this occasion are still state secrets but their impact was quickly apparent. Within six weeks Whitehall had begun to tread water, and December saw the first tiny move in the other direction—a grant to China of a $750,000 credit for buying trucks.

By early spring of 1939 the turn-around was complete. Clark Kerr signaled the new policy by bringing British fiscal experts to China to help in setting up a stabilization fund for the tottering Chinese currency. By late spring the Japanese were darkly muttering that their real enemy in China was not Chiang Kai-shek but Clark Kerr, and the ambassador took to his bulletproof vest and armored limousine. Not without reason Tokyo wailed that the British were harboring refugees from the Japanese and aiding Chiang Kai-shek in a dozen ways.

A New Approach to the Chinese

Clark Kerr was at the center of this. He instituted a new type of diplomacy in China—new for Britain, at least. He did not sit in a comfortable embassy, drinking port and grumbling over secondhand, thirdhand and fourthhand reports on "the situation." He made a clean break with the "old China hand" tradition—which spawned the signs on British clubs from Singapore to Shanghai: "Dogs and Chinese Not Permitted."

Clark Kerr ranged the country far and wide. He learned Mandarin and quickly revealed that he had not only an open but an inquisitive mind which pried constantly for the facts. Soon Clark Kerr's hilltop house in Chungking became the mecca of most of the lively spirits in China.

"In Chungking," he used to say after he went to Moscow, "the living was bad. Everyone was huddled together in flimsy bamboo-and-paper houses. But the talk was good. It was talk, talk, talk—all the time. And good talk, too. Here I live in quarters built for a prince. But there is no talk."

In Clark Kerr's Chungking house you were likely to run into Mme. Chiang's publicity man, "Holly" Tong or Chou En-lai, the Communist leader—and sometimes both, going at it hammer and tongs. Clark Kerr would sit in the middle, gently guiding the debate from subject to subject, drawing on his pipe and seeing that the Scotch and soda passed around frequently enough so that conversation did not lag. The British ambassador's house provided neutral ground on which spokesmen of all the factions of China might gather and air their views. Small wonder that Clark Kerr's reports to Whitehall were models of accuracy and foresight.

But the ambassador did more than listen. He became an active aid and counselor of the Chungking government. He was prominent in the Red Cross and active in the promotion of the industrial co-operative movement in China, first enlisting the interest of Mme. Chiang and then encouraging Chiang to appropriate five million dollars for the project.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Clark Kerr had become a hero to the Chinese. In the Japanese air raids of July, 1941, his Chungking home was blasted to ruins and the British embassy was badly hit. Clark Kerr was shaken but unhurt. He emerged from his refuge with a bristling statement: "The Foreign Office has ordered me to move the embassy but they can not order me to move my body."

All China cheered.

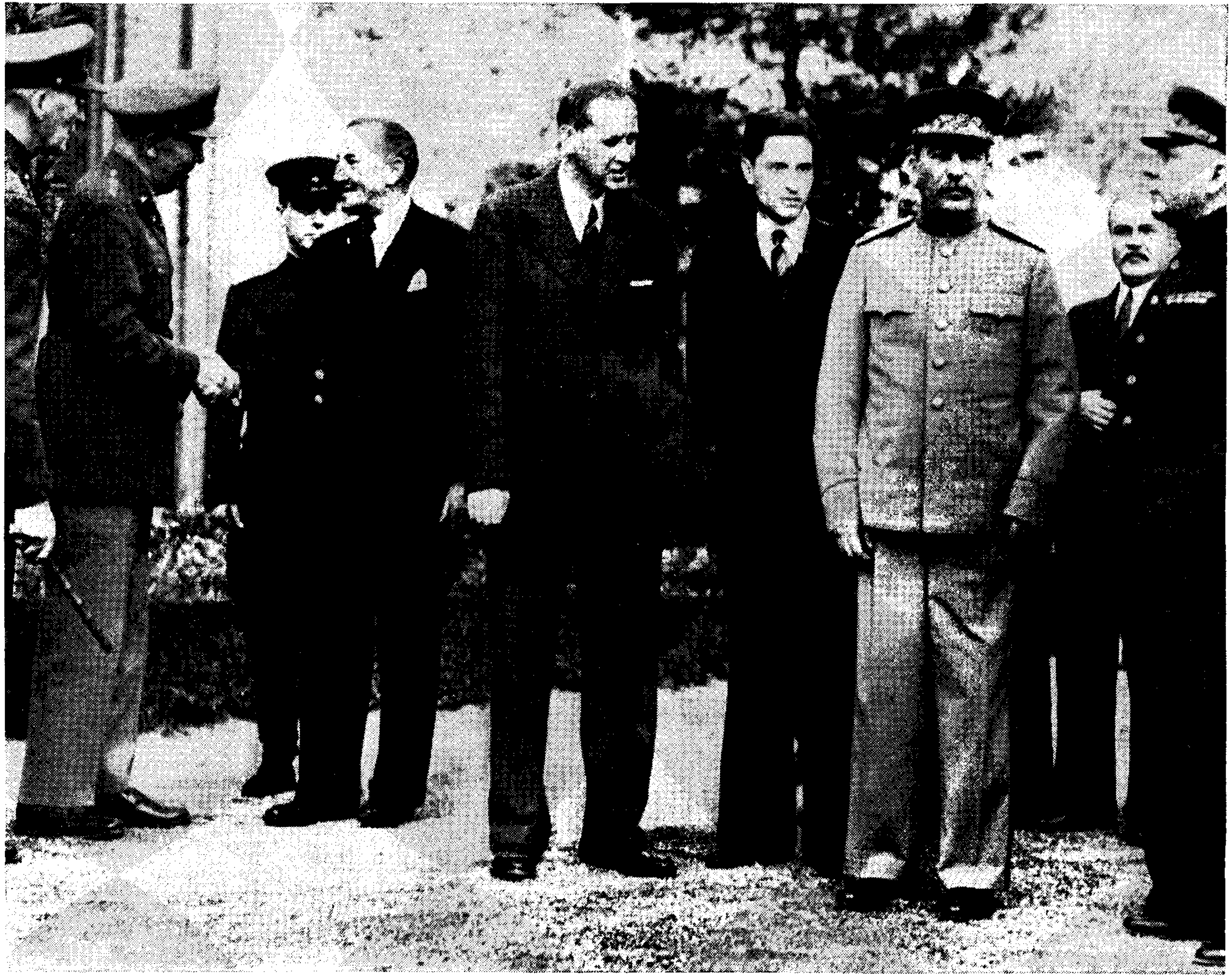
There was something very special about Clark Kerr's relations with the Chinese. It was not necessarily his dry humor—which they liked—nor his fondness for rice wine, nor the fact that he seriously studied the language, nor that within a few weeks he had learned to use chopsticks and that his enjoyment of the highly flavored Szechwan food was obvious.

Perhaps, it was his pleasure in the "finger game." This is a Chinese progeniture of the match game in which two persons simultaneously throw their fingers

(Continued on page 55)

Clark Kerr has had almost a monopoly on Britain's toughest diplomatic assignments in the last few years. Here he's shown at Teheran (left, shaking hands with General Marshall) with the late Harry Hopkins, Stalin, Molotov

INTERNATIONAL



The Outraged Heart

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

The Story:

When the noted detective, M. Hercule Poirot, discovered Dr. John Christow lying dead at the edge of Sir Henry Angkatell's swimming pool, it seemed obvious that the murder had been committed by Dr. Christow's wife, Gerda. In fact, M. Poirot had seen Gerda standing over the body, a revolver in her hand. But as both M. Poirot and Police Inspector Grange pointed out, the very obviousness of the case was its most misleading factor. In the first place, the gun which Gerda held was not the weapon which killed John Christow; in the second place, all of Sir Henry and Lady Angkatell's week-end house guests had in one way or another been involved with this man. There were the three women who loved him: the dull-witted, helpless Gerda; Veronica Cray, the beautiful Hollywood star whom John had told he no longer loved; and John's mistress, Henrietta Savernake, a noted sculptress, who must have resented John's spending half the previous night with Veronica. There was also gentle, middle-aged Edward Angkatell, who, in love with Henrietta, might well have wished John out of the way. There was young David Angkatell, who begrudged all the guests their wealth and assurance. And finally there was Midge Hardcastle, who, adoring Edward, had been forced to stand by helplessly while he paid futile court to Henrietta. All might have had some motive for getting rid of John Christow, but to M. Poirot's amazement, it was Edward who first removed himself from the list of suspects by abruptly asking Midge to marry him. . . .

Conclusion

FOR a moment, when Edward asked her to marry him, Midge could not speak. Then she said, "But I thought—Henrietta—" and stopped.

Edward said, his voice level and unemotional, "Yes, I've asked Henrietta to marry me three times. Each time she has refused. Henrietta knows what she doesn't want."

There was a silence, and then Edward said, "Well, Midge dear, what about it?"

Midge looked up at him. There was a catch in her voice. "It seems so extraordinary—to be offered heaven on a plate as it were, at the Berkeley!"

His face lighted up. He laid his hand over hers for a brief moment.

"Heaven on a plate," he said. "So you feel like that about Ainswick. . . . Oh, Midge, I'm glad."

They sat there happily. Edward paid the bill and added an enormous tip.

The people in the restaurant were thinning out. Midge said with an effort, "We'll have to go . . . I suppose I'd better go back to Madame Alfrege. After all, she's counting on me. I can't just walk out."

"No, I suppose you'll have to go back and resign or hand in your notice or whatever you call it. You're not to go on working there, though, I won't have it. But first I thought we'd better go to one of those shops in Bond Street where they sell rings."

"Rings?"

"It's usual, isn't it?"

Midge laughed. . . .

In the dimmed lighting of the jeweler's shop, Midge and Edward bent over trays of sparkling engagement rings, while a discreet salesman watched them benignantly.

Edward said, pushing away a velvet-covered tray, "Not emeralds."

Henrietta in green tweeds—Henrietta in an evening dress like Chinese jade. . . . No, not emeralds. . . .

Midge pushed away the tiny stabbing pain at her heart.

"Choose for me," she said to Edward.

He bent over the tray before them. He picked out a ring with a single diamond. Not a very large stone, but a stone of beautiful color and fire. "I like this."

Midge nodded. She loved this display of Edward's unerring and fastidious taste. She slipped it on her finger as Edward and the shopman drew aside.

Edward wrote out a check for three hundred and forty-two pounds and came back to Midge smiling.

He said, "Let's go and be rude to Madame Alfrege. . . ."

LADY ANGKATELL stretched out a fragile hand to Edward and touched Midge softly with the other. "But, darlings, I *am* so delighted.

"You did quite right, Edward, to make her leave that horrid shop and to bring her right down here. She'll stay here, of course, and be married from here—St. George's, you know, three miles by the road, though only a mile through the woods, but then one doesn't go to a wedding through woods. And I suppose it will have to be the vicar—poor man, he has such dreadful colds in the head every autumn—"

It was, Midge decided, a very Lucyish reception. It made her want both to laugh and cry. "I'd love to be married from here, Lucy," she said.

"Then that's settled, darling. Off-white satin, I think, no matter *how* difficult it may be to find, and an ivory prayer book—*not* a bouquet. Bridesmaids?"

"No. I don't want a fuss. Just a very quiet wedding."

"I know what you mean, darling—and I think perhaps you are right. With an autumn wedding it's nearly always chrysanthemums—such an uninspiring flower, I always think. And unless one takes a lot of time to choose them carefully bridesmaids never *match* properly and there's nearly always one terribly plain one who ruins the whole effect—but one has to have her because she's usually the bridegroom's sister. But, of course"—Lady Angkatell beamed—"Edward hasn't got any sisters."

"That seems to be one point in my favor," said Edward smiling.

"But children are really the worst at weddings," went on Lady Angkatell, happily pursuing her own train of thought. "Everyone says 'How sweet!' but, my dear, the *anxiety!* They step on the train, or else they howl for Nannie, and quite often they're sick. I always wonder how a girl can go up the aisle in a proper frame of mind, while she's so uncertain about what is happening behind her."

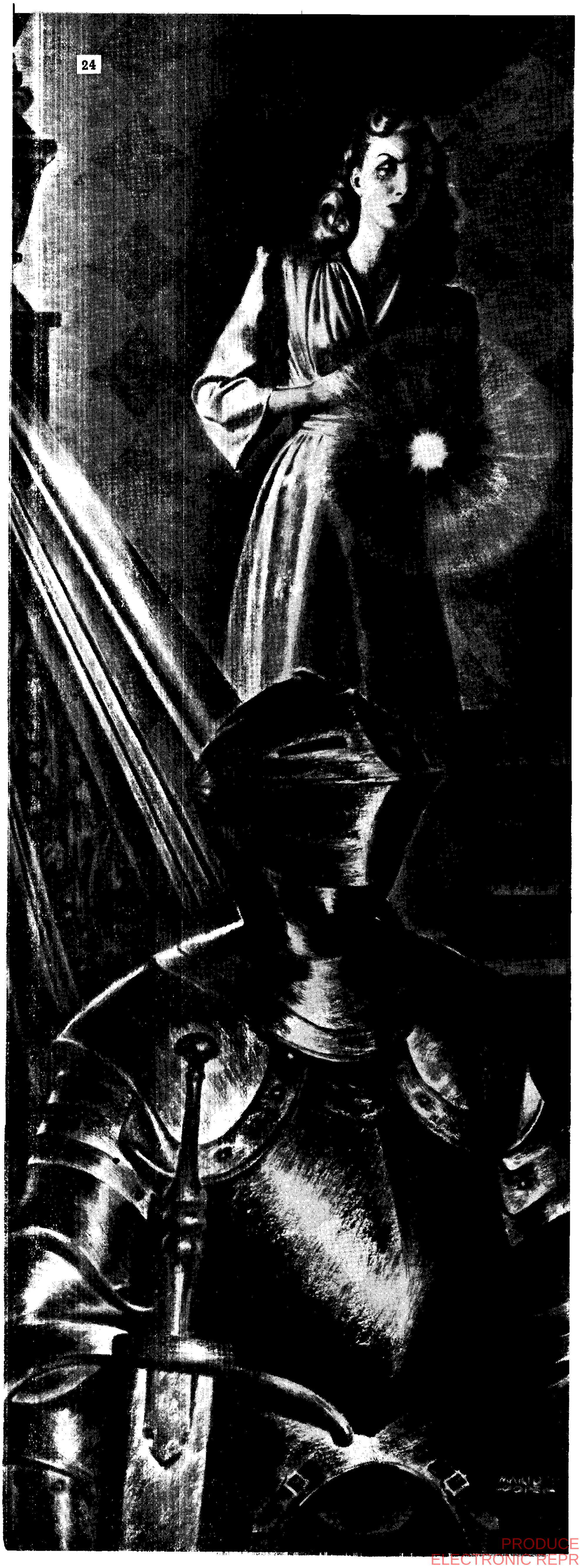
"There needn't be anything behind me," said Midge cheerfully. "Not even a train. I can be married in a suit."

"Oh, no, Midge, that's so like a widow. No, off-white satin, definitely." Lady Angkatell closed her eyes. "And I shall wear—"

"Yes, Lucy?"

"Hydrangea blue," announced Lady Angkatell in a rapt voice. "I suppose, Edward, you will have one of your own friends for best man. Otherwise, of course, there is David. I cannot help feeling it would be frightfully good for David. It would give him poise, you know, and he

(*Continued on page 63*)



Midge started down the stairs and after a moment's hesitation switched on the light. Everything was silent. Suddenly she raised her head and sniffed—a very faint whiff of gas

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

[illegible]

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A Gift from France

Continued from page 15

hurt straight out—beginning, middle and end.

Taking a deep breath as if he were running into the cold, throbbing surf of the near-by ocean, he went on: "Then I said to Odette, *'Parlez-vous Anglais?'* and damned if she didn't say, 'Yes,' and I said, 'Really?' and she said, 'Rahly,' in an accent so English it sounded exactly like our R.A.F. liaison officer. I sure was glad Odette spoke English because most of the cute-looking girls over there don't speak much and my French is lousy and you get awfully tired of saying the same things like *merveilleux* and how-do-you-say-something? 'That's a cute child,' I said. 'Is it yours?' And she laughed. When she laughed it sounded like she had a xylophone in her throat. She said, 'No,' it was her sister's. 'Isn't she char-r-rming?' Those rrrs gave her away. I knew Odette was French, anyway.

"I said, 'Where did you get the limey accent?' And she said, 'I lived in London for thr-r-ree yearrrrs with my auhnt.' We talked a lot and I made friends with the baby. Then Odette said they must go home for lunch and I asked her for a date that night. She looked at me very straight and said, 'I wish to tell you that I do not go to bed. I do not even kiss.' I said, 'Thanks, kid, what makes you think I don't want to just take you out?' She laughed and said, 'Just so you *comprenez?*' 'Sure,' I said. 'I *comprenez*. Never mind if you don't want to go out with me.' Then she said, 'That is silly. But it is unfair to spend an evening with you boys who have so little time if you want to find another kind of amusement. And I do not like misunderstandings.' It was awfully straight, you know, the way she said it. No coy business. No halfway stuff, like Mary."

HE THOUGHT briefly of Mary and said, "I don't have to tell you much about Mary. She was a girl I used to be engaged to. She was just another girl like lots of us had when we went over. Mary is finished and *she* doesn't matter.

"Well, I had a date with Odette that night. There was dancing every night and a floor show at the Angleterre Hotel where most of us Air Force guys were put up. Odette was a wonderful dancer and looked terrific. In a flowered evening dress with the middle bare. Her middle was brown as mahogany and her face was browner and her teeth sort of biggish and very white. I was glad I hadn't been there long enough to get bored into talking to a lot of guys, and nobody was there from my outfit so I didn't have to introduce Odette to the wolves."

He was carried along now on a tide of remembering, and he was talking partly to himself.

"I had eight days in Nice, honey, and only two of them gone. The other six I spent with Odette. We boated and took a sight-seeing tour and ate doughnuts and coffee and did all the things that it was fixed up for me to do in that place. We took little Marguerite out and I taught her a couple of words of English like *pret-ty* and *Hazzit*, for a joke. She sure was funny saying *Hazzit* to the Joes.

"Nice was different after I met Odette, and France was different. I had been busy griping about being there, and not liking Frogs because they wave their arms around like animated dolls on the sidewalk, and being mad at prices and feeling stung all the time. The Frogs were swell when we came in, cheering and all the girls kissing us, but then they started acting like they won the war, too—we thought it was a hundred per cent American show, I guess. I had never noticed how pretty France was before, but Odette showed me. Gee, she loved it. 'Look at that field,' she would say. 'What else is so green in all the world?' And it was green. Greener than grass. Greener than any other grass. But if I said anything nice about the country to the other guys, they would say it must be love.

"All that time I never kissed Odette, even though we would hold hands sometimes and I knew she liked me. We talked about funny things. Like art. Like the war.

"I told her a lot about the war. I said things I have never said to anybody else. How it feels to be a tail gunner in the flak and what it was like the first time we took off over the Channel and how we were bombed in England. She understood better because the Boches had been in her country and the French had a tough time. I stopped calling them Jerries after a while and started calling them Boches, too, because hate like that is catching.

"She hated and loved things hard, Odette did. She hated her sister, Marguerite's mother, so I never met her in Nice. Odette would not explain why then, but said she would tell me why if I saw her in Paris. Par-r-r-ee . . ."

BOB lost control of his thinking as the memory of Paris with Odette overwhelmed him. Instead of words, his mind made pictures in quick, bright-colored succession, and, like background music, his emotions accompanied the pictures, echoing their original turbulence! Odette on her wooden platformed soles tap-dancing down the Rue de Rivoli beside him; Odette on her bicycle, her full, short skirt flipped over the back of the saddle, her sturdy, short brown legs bare halfway up her thigh; Odette playing the piano by candlelight, looking more beautiful than she was. . . .

The pictures became a montage of half pictures and words: Odette kissing him, at first like a feather and then like a woman; Odette in a night club, laughing at jokes which shocked him when she explained them; Odette walking, walking, walking with him in Paris, opening his eyes to Paris. It was a somber, quiet Paris compared to the prewar tourist Paris, but spacious and gay enough for a boy and a girl with their eyes open. He had understood dimly then why people wanted to paint in Paris and why it was better to paint it than to talk about it. He had even said once to Odette, half shamefacedly, "There are times in this town when I wish I could do with a brush and a box of paints what I can do with a screw driver and an engine or a gun." She had kissed him for that, very tenderly, in the middle of the street down which they were walking, and somehow he had ceased to feel shamefaced about the remark and he was not embarrassed by the public kiss. He had thought he must be getting very French. . . .

With an effort, Bob began again to put his thoughts into words for Louise: "I had been moved to Villa Coublay, just outside of town, and it looked like the war would be over any day. I could get in to Paris a lot, and the only thing Odette and I didn't do together was eat. I didn't have enough dough to feed Odette out and I couldn't take her to the Army mess and we didn't like to eat with her family.

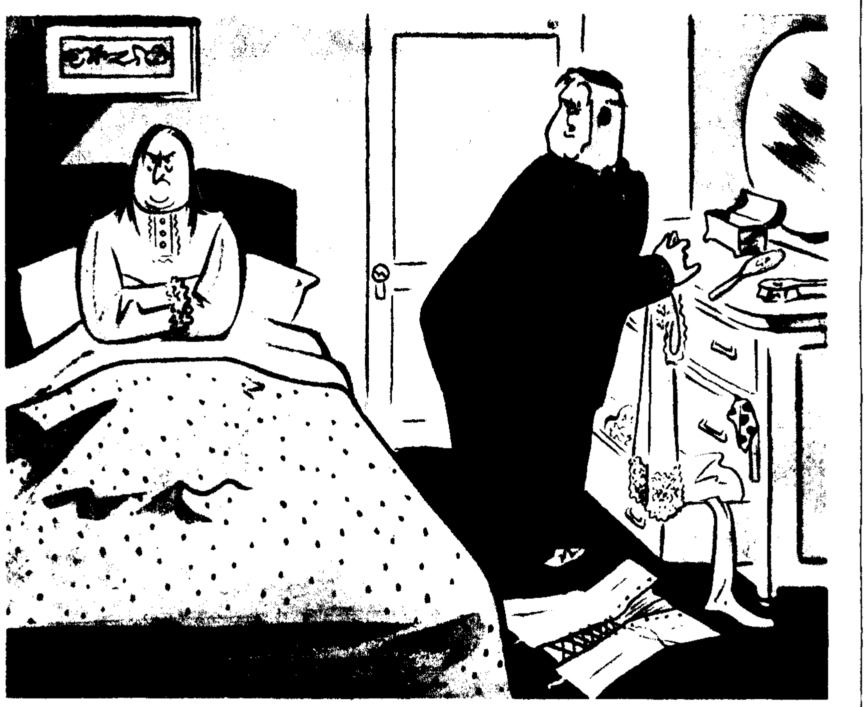
"I forgot to tell you Odette was rich. She was really pretty rich. I should have guessed it down in Nice from the clothes she wore and all, but I'm kind of dumb that way. Nobody in France has cars now or any of those things you can usually tell by, and I hadn't thought about it. Anyway Odette *was* rich and lived in a great big fancy house with two living rooms and footmen serving dinner—and what dinner!

"Still we didn't go there because Odette would spit at her family in French and they did not think much of me because I wasn't an officer and it was uncomfortable. Odette was pretty bitter about them. She said all of them were nothing but a lower middle-class French family who had made dough, and who did they think they were? It always made me feel funny to hear her call herself lower middle class. You know. To me, she was a lovely young girl and they don't have classes in America—just class. And she sure had that.

"Odette hated her family, especially her sister, because they got on with the Germans and because they made money during the occupation. She said she even suspected her father was sorry the Allies were going to win. She'd had a bad time, poor kid. She wanted to do something besides just refusing to speak to the Germans and she tried to find some underground organization to join and do some work against them, but she didn't know where to go. Finally she heard of someone who was supposed to be hiding American and British fliers and she used to take big baskets of food to a friend who knew this person. But she was never told who it was because of her family and she could only hope the food did some good. The whole business made her feel sort of useless and, she said, *without honor*.

"I made passes at Odette, of course. And she said *non*, and then one night she said yes and it was as straight dead on the level as

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"If you'd tell me where th' jewels is, we could avoid th' embarrassment of me rootin' through things"

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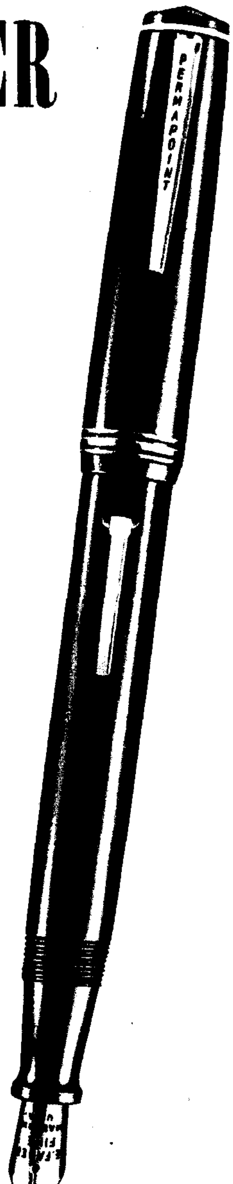

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her no. She did not fuss. Just gave in. We were in love by then and I was even thinking I should write Mary, but I didn't seem to want to write Mary anything. It was a dirty trick, but I didn't."

He started talking very fast. "But never mind about Mary. About Odette—I do not think it is part of this to go into details about love. Any part of this I talk about for *me* I should leave out. I'm a muddleheaded ass when it comes to explaining things anyway. Odette used to laugh at me and pull my ears and say, 'Tell me, Bob. I do not understand how I can love a man who talks as badly as you do. Maybe it is only that you are so entirely big and beautiful. And clean. You are so very clean, *mon cher.* Inside—outside. It is that horrible American soap on the outside, but on the inside it is something that is fresh and new and not like the ancient, tired stomachs of Europe.' She would tease me about how clean I was and how dumb I was, but then she would say she was hopeful. I had some natural intelligence, she would say, and natural common sense. . . ."

He stopped, embarrassed, and then he went on:

"This really brings me up to V-E Day. I was sitting at a sidewalk café on the Champs Elysées with Odette on Sunday when a French extra came out with a big black headline—*LA GUERRE EST FINIE.* There were a lot of G.I.s on the street, but none of us would believe a Frog paper. We *did* believe it, I guess, because we knew it was true. But we didn't want to believe it—we wanted a siren to go off and all the bells to ring. We did not want to get the news from a Frog paper on the street.

"Then I felt like I wanted to be out at the field with the guys I knew, so I left Odette early and took a bus back. Odette was very nice about it. She understood a lot about how people felt. She was happy herself and kept saying it over and over, '*C'est vrai.* I know it is true.' And then she said, 'We Parisiens will *jamais* have a day like the day of liberation. It is too much emotion to feel twice. You should be now with your Americans and not with us. You go back with them. And I did.

"I stayed on the field until Tuesday night. We whooped it up and there was plenty of liquor for once, but the news not being official dragged it out so it didn't quite come off. After that, after peace, things changed. Everything changed."

BOB stopped and grimaced to himself. You could never explain the mixed feelings of war and peace to a civilian, to any civilian, even to those who had been as close to the war as you had. It was the easiness of war in the Army that you could not explain, even to yourself. It was because however awful it was, or painful, or frightening, there was nothing you could do about it. It was not your fault. You were not responsible for it, or for much of what you did in it. You did not say these things even to the other men who knew them, you did not even think about them much. You just griped and talked about wanting to go home and to be a civilian again and see the old home town and sit at your own drugstore counter.

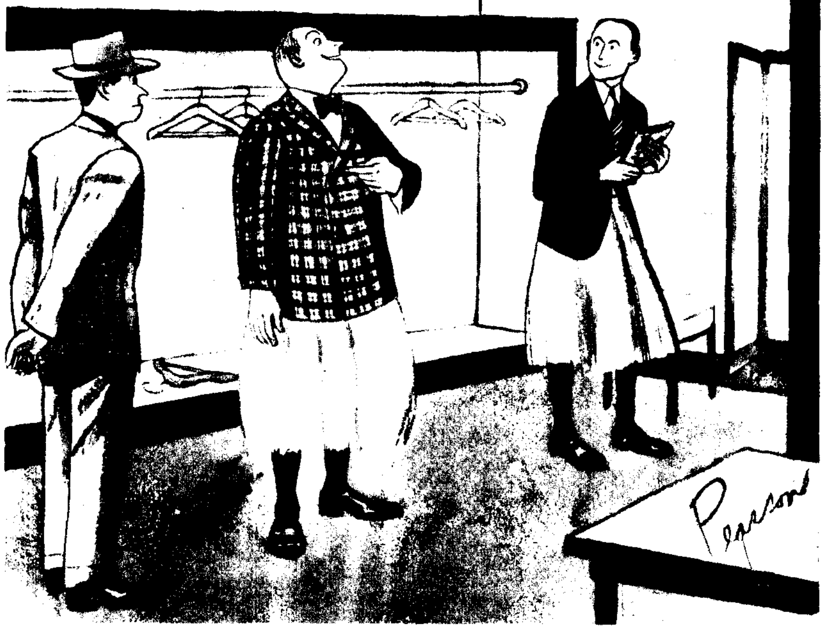
He wished desperately now that he had a blueprint, an outline, to finish his talking by. He liked to know ahead of time what pieces fitted together to make things run. He liked mental and physical machinery to hum, well-oiled, guaranteed to work when he was finished with it. He felt uncomfortably unsure of himself now.

"I went back to Paris Tuesday night," he said slowly. "That was V-E Night, official. The streets were crowded and Odette and I decided to walk around. It was a funny night. All the Paris people were out, children too, just walking. There was not much noise. People talked low and walked together in big bunches. Sometimes a jeepload of G.I.s and French girls or Wacs would swivel around the streets, whooping it up. Or a girl would kiss a guy in uniform or a firecracker would go off. But mostly there were only people walking, and the lights. Lights all over Paris and they sure were pretty. In front of the Opéra whole rows of people sat on the steps under the spotlights, as if the light were warm.

"After that night, things changed with Odette and me. I don't know how it happened exactly. We began to go out with other people instead of being alone so much. That was all right, only when my friends would have dates with Wacs and I would take Odette, she made the Wacs feel bad because she had beautiful clothes and her hair was elegant and she was so pretty.

"Or we would go out with French people and they would not speak English and I would get tired of saying the same things, the few things I knew in French or they knew in English. Or the girls would make up to me and I would not exactly object.

"We started quarreling a little, and Odette would fizz off. I got bored with all those gestures of hers. I would hold her hands still so she could not move them and I would say, 'Be *quiet* a minute.' She would slap me when I let go, and I didn't like it. Usually, then, we would go to her house and make it up without saying anything, in her second living room. That was where we could be alone and that is where she played music for me. That is where we made love. Look here. . . . I'm not going to talk about a girl's lovemaking." But Bob knew it was important that they had been happy that way.



"George, he asks if we're getting any new suits yet"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

"I asked Odette to marry me sometime around then. She said she would and then both of us nearly cried. Or I nearly did and Odette really did. Cried! It was as if we knew we wouldn't, then. And we started telling everybody we were engaged right away, in a kind of hurry as if we were trying to make sure.

"We sure were a funny engaged couple. Sometimes Odette would be happy and we would talk about what a wonderful home we would have in America and argue about how many boys or girls we would have. Then she would start talking about France like poetry and she would get homesick without ever leaving it at all. Or she would say she would not marry me, I was nothing but big and stupid, and she would marry a Frenchman. Either a very, very rich champagne heir or a labor leader. Either belonged to the future of France, she said. 'For when the revolution comes,' she said, 'we will still drink its health in champagne because we are French.' She talked wild like that. And I would say France had no future, only America . . . and try to hurt her back.

"I was mixed up as hell. Odette had taught me so much, even about music, and how to look at things—streets and buildings and people and fields and flowers. It was like having new eyes. But when I would say something like, 'The Giants beat the Dodgers today,' or 'Gee, how I would like a chocolate-malted,' or try to explain why L'il Abner was funny or why I cared so much about machinery and did not want to work at a job where I did not use my hands, she would pull a total blank. Then I would feel lonesome as a Chinaman. Or she would ask me what class my family belonged to—it wasn't the usual thing you see. Just that we were *strangers.*

"My redeployment orders came soon. I told Odette and we started figuring how soon she would come over and talking about should we get married first to make it easier. Then we stopped talking like that. We knew without saying anything that we would not get married before I left, because it was not decided.

"She said, 'Do not write me until you are sure how you feel and I will not write you. When we both know how strong this is we can decide to give up what we must for each other. You are free, my *cher* darling,' she said, at the end. But the trouble is, I wasn't.

"I came home in August. One of the first. I had a pile of points and a good C.O. I got out quick, too, lucky me. I had my old job back, and I saw Mary again.

"Mary took it for granted that we were engaged, though I had not written in so long and though it wasn't a really ring engagement when I left. I tried to tell her something had happened, but she wouldn't let me. And I was so dizzy with coming home so fast, overnight like that, I guess I just drifted.

"Mary was—is—the prettiest girl in town, one of the prettiest I ever saw. Blonde—and all that. She, well, she talked the language, the real language, and she was easy to be around and a lot of fun." This part made him ashamed and he stumbled along hurriedly.

"We didn't talk. We went around like everything was the same, everything in the world. I felt terrible and I did not love her any more. Then she began to bore hell out of me. And finally I told her it was quits. And do you know she would not quit? Just listened and said we were still engaged as far as she was concerned and she had waited for me and I owed it to her to marry her. And," he said indignantly, "she did not even want to hear about Odette. She did not want to hear anything or to know anything that would interfere with her plans—for her and me and the rest of our lives. I thought I would strangle her.

"And the funny part is if I had never met Odette I might have gone ahead and mar-

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TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:00 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST

WHY THE SURGEON SMILED

-or the Nurse's Reward

7 A. M. "That new young surgeon is operating at 8:45. I must be alert—and I feel awful," moans Marge. "Guess I need a laxative." "Well, you know what's indicated," says Nan. "Go fix a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica, honey."

9 A. M. "Pretty smooth operation, Doctor," says she. "Pretty competent nurse," says he with a flashing smile. Again Sal Hepatica brought ever-so-easy relief within an hour—as it usually does, taken first thing in the morning. This refreshing saline laxative helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too. It's recommended by 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a survey. Do try it, yourself, next time *you* need a laxative!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
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TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Fridays, ABC, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.

ried Mary. I might even have wanted to!

"Let's skip the next part. I left Mary and town and my job and my family and I was damned unhappy. . . . Then I met you, Louise."

Bob sat up in the sand and shook himself. He looked down at Louise who did not move. He had told her about Odette now, and now he could say the things he had never said to her. The sweet words, the appreciative words which were the least she deserved from him.

"I would not have looked cross-eyed at you a year ago, honey," he began again bluntly. "And that's the honest, dumb truth and proves what a dope I was. I used to like them plenty showy, honey. . . ."

He stopped talking abruptly. These were not the words he had been keeping from Louise. This was something else trying to come clear in his mind. Under the surface of his story there was a new idea which had been eluding him as he talked. He groped painfully in his mind, following up his last sentence.

Odette had been showy enough, but she had quality, too. And it was Louise's quality that he had recognized when he met her. He would not have *seen* Louise's funny face a year ago, how sweet and strong it was, or have heard the bells in her quiet voice. He would not have known what a compliment it was when she fell in love with him that clean, straight way. He had thought no girl worth having unless she was hard to get. He tried to figure it out, while Louise lay very still beside him.

Louise liked to walk with him, too, matching her leggy stride to his as if they were dancing. (Odette's legs were not quite long enough so she had trotted beside him. It was not as smooth as the way he walked with Louise.) Louise saw things, too. She saw the beauty, and the ugliness, of the Indiana town she lived in, as Odette had seen the beauty of Paris. Louise could talk about many things, too, though she did not know as much about as many things as Odette had. But Louise could also be silent. (Odette could never be silent.) It was funny how much Louise knew, too, about his end of the business. She could not hit a railroad spike with a tack hammer, nor tell a piston from a drum, but she understood things she could not do. She did not have Odette's exact, astonishing perception of his moods, his thoughts, his reactions. She did not have that same kind of irresistible gaiety. But she understood all the little things Odette could not. They laughed together, if not as often, about the same things, he and Louise. They were solemn about the same things. And they both were too silent when they did not know exactly what to say.

At least there was one true thing he could say now into the painful silence.

"I love you, Louise," he said.

She lifted her face then. Her face was very still and the tear marks had dried on it. "Yes," she said, "I think you do. You love Odette, too. Don't you." The last two words were not a question.

"Yes," he said miserably. "I must. Where am I now?"

"I think a man can love two women," said Louise slowly. "But in the end he must make up his mind for keeps. Not," she said, very softly, "to forget. But to remember. To remember always that he has made up his mind. Otherwise it is no good. No good at all."

She got up stiffly then, motioning him not to help her. "I have to go to work," she said, nodding toward the hotel which was casting a long, late shadow on the almost deserted beach. "Thank you," she said. "And . . ." she smiled shakily, tossing her heavy brown hair over her shoulders as she looked down at him, "Goodby."

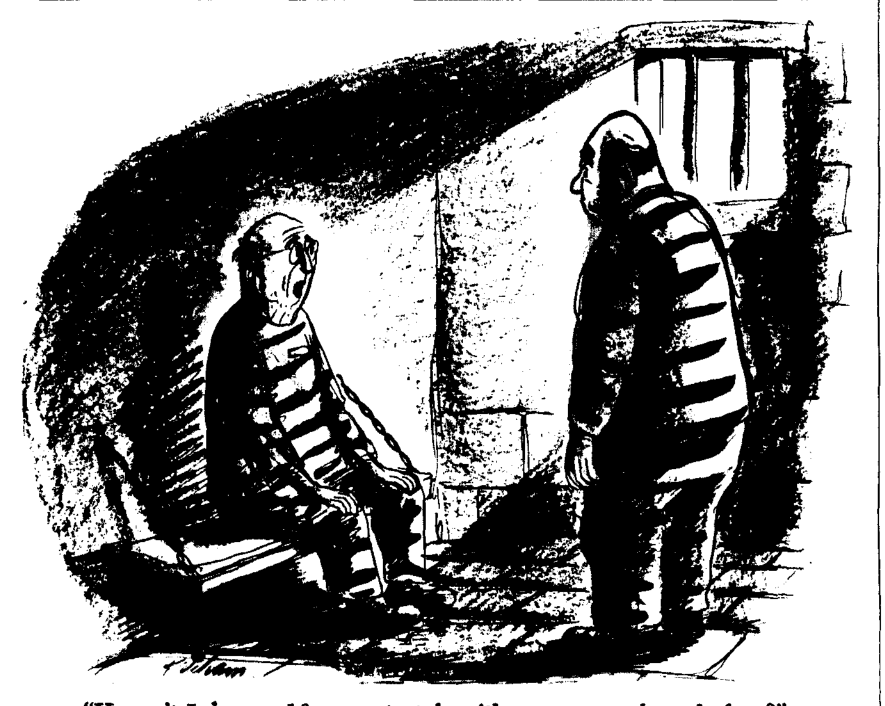
SHE started walking toward the hotel unhurriedly. Her head was high with pride and her shoulders were held too straight with pain and the strength to bear that pain.

Her goodby had startled Bob. The way she was walking now, her bare, high-arched feet making an uncompromising, unblurred track in the sand leading away from him, frightened him. He had to find the answer before he lost her, for she could not give him half of herself or accept half of him. He turned his mind to Odette, to the complicated and deeply understanding Odette, for the answer. He saw Odette's face in his mind, one eyebrow raised, her eyes veiled and wise and a little cynical. He looked away from inside his mind and down the beach toward Louise again, whose long legs were carrying her too swiftly away. Then the answer came to him, whole and complete and clear: Louise had made him remember and love Odette more because Odette had made him love Louise. As the gift of her own special quality, Odette had given him the appreciation and the knowledge to love this girl.

He jumped to his feet and started after Louise. He had the sense that his mind and body were completely tuned up now, in order, running smoothly. Louise stopped as he pounded up to her, and he kissed her solemnly there on the beach.

The thought of Odette came fleetingly to his mind—a thought carrying both detachment and a deep gratitude. He took Louise's face in his hands and smiled down at her. "This is for keeps," he said gently, and kissed her again.

THE END



"Haven't I done a 10-year stretch with you somewhere before?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

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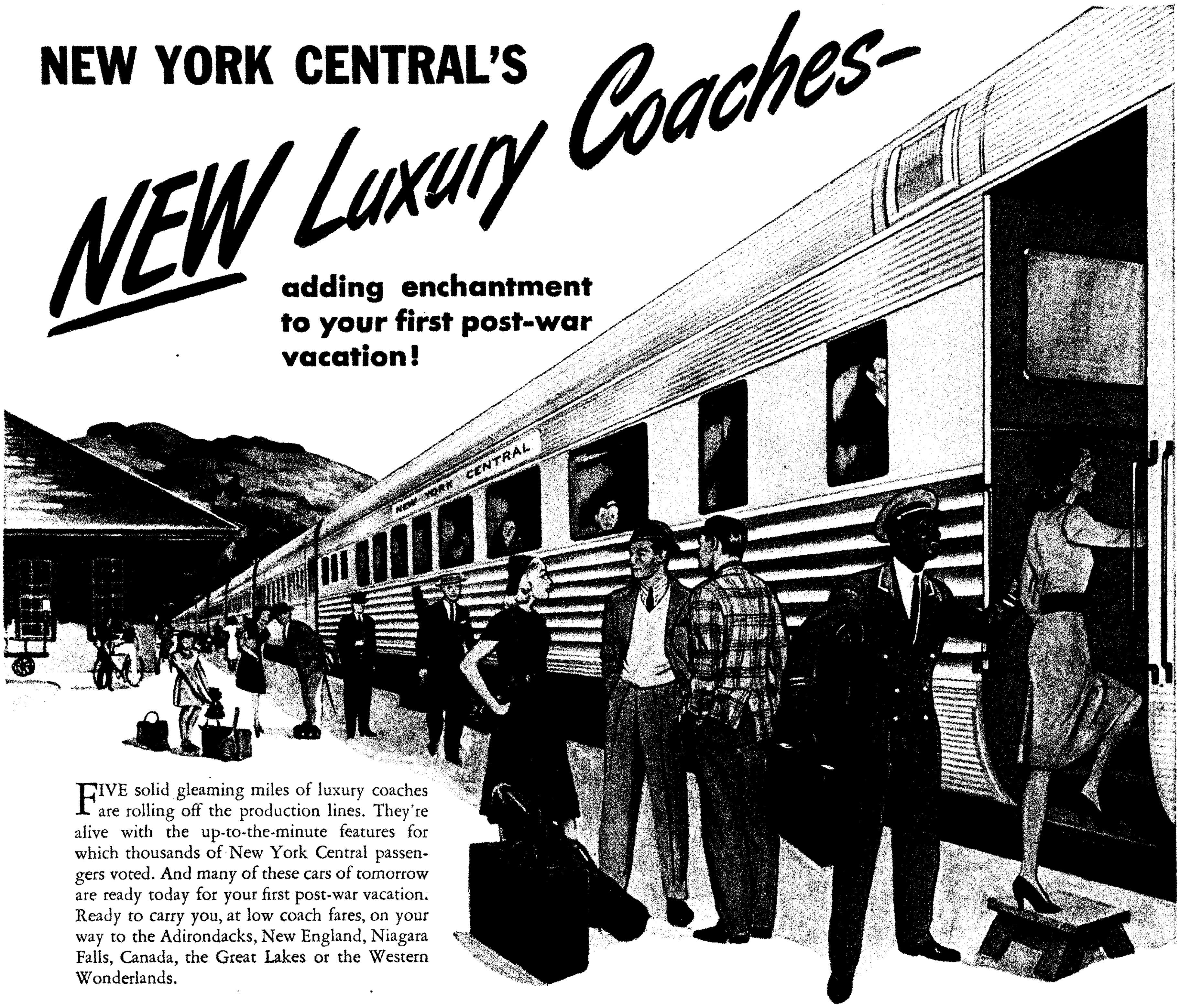

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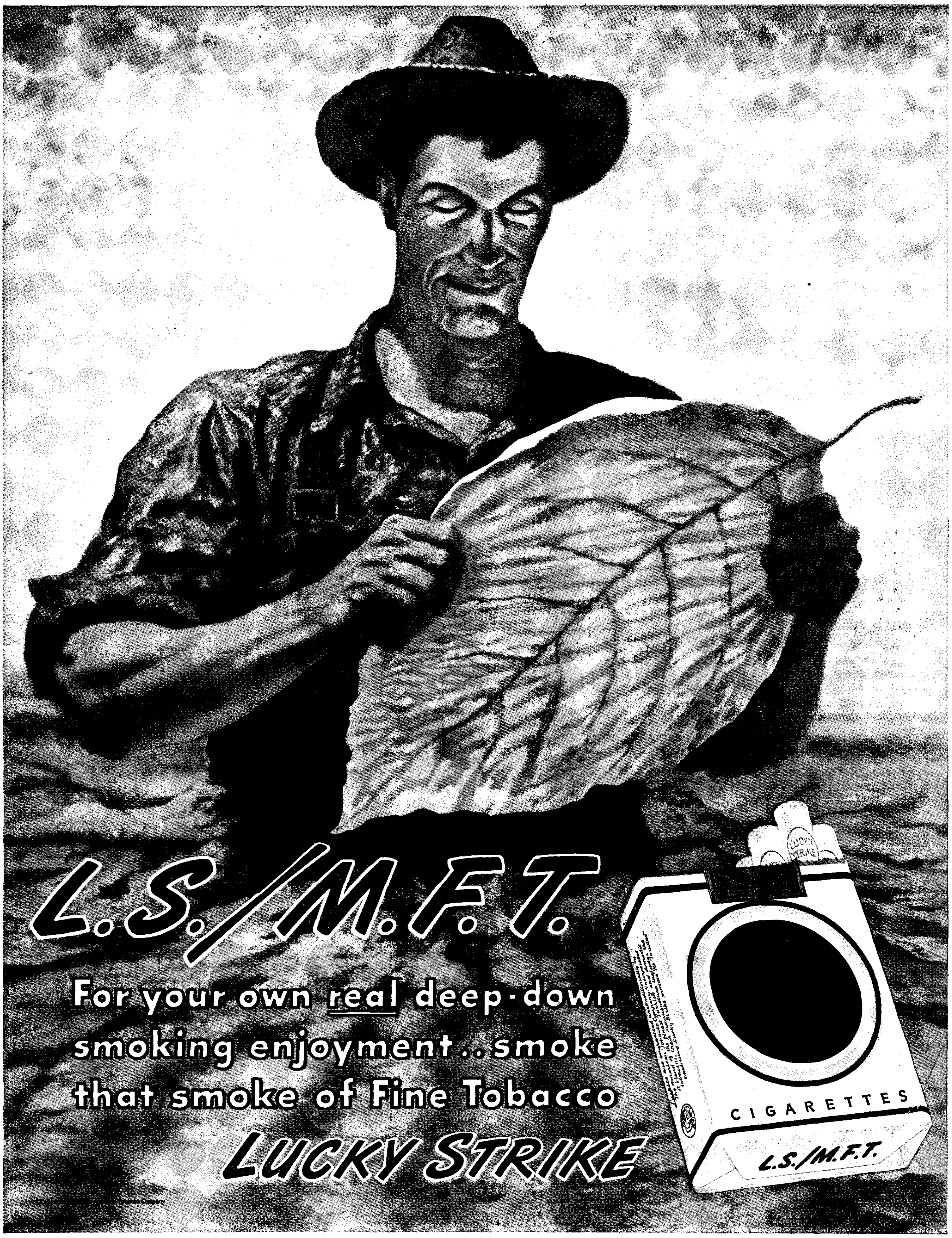
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Peggy in Amberland

Continued from page 19

work, movies and stage plays. Playing during bombings, she says, gave her poise. It will be less nerve-racking in Hollywood—she thinks.

Then in the spring of 1943 she started playing Fluffy in Junior Miss and hung up a record of a thousand performances without an absence. This led up to eight weeks of Alice in Wonderland around Christmas, 1944. At one of the performances Francis Harley, a Fox talent scout, spotted her, and first thing she knew she was on a plane headed out across the Atlantic. She was a little homesick, but a 45-pound bunch of bananas, hung in her hotel room in New York by a friend, *changed all that*. Bananas, it seems, had been unknown in England for five years.

There has been the usual hullabaloo in Hollywood about who was going to play Amber, with practically every actress mentioned except Marjorie Main and Dame May Whitty—whose press agents weren't on the job or something. This story about the distraught and almost insane producers frantically seeking someone for a certain role always has publicity value and is spread around by press agents, who call up columnists with "inside tips." Since Hollywood columnists now devote about four fifths of their space to contradicting one another, the stratagem works.

Peggy actually has been set for Amber for a long, long time, just as Vivien Leigh was set for Scarlett O'Hara all the time press agents were bellowing about Alison Skipworth, Shirley Temple and maybe Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Getting the Amber script past the Johnston (nee Hays) office was no mean feat, because the censorship czars have all sorts of curious notions about what may or may not be screened. For instance, the word "passionate" may be used in a title, but the word "amorous" is banned. Luckily, both "forever" and "Amber" are considered pure, and even together are not proscribed. . . . *But just what some of the state and* city censorship boards will do to the picture, no one knows.

Not that anyone is worrying. Experience is that if a million Bostonians are denied the right to look at a picture and the fact gets noised around, ten million other people, all over the country, will rush to look-see.

Amber, says the studio publicity, will be the greatest dramatic role of 1946. However, this doesn't bother Miss Cummins half so much as where Alabama is.

"I never took a dramatic lesson in my life," says Peggy.

Well—neither did Amber.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

bottle and preparing its strained food (one out of every 150 passengers is an infant) to administering the proper emergency treatment to a cardiac case. Many old-time passengers, pilots and airline executives lament the passing of the nurse from the airliner cabin because in addition to being charming, efficient and gracious to the customers, she carried in her medical kit relief for anything from a hangnail to a hang-over.

Dean of stewardesses the world over is United Air Lines' Miss Selma Tilker, R.N. She is in her eleventh year of continuous flying, with more than 2,000,000 miles to her credit and nearly a year spent working above the earth, on every section of United's transcontinental and Pacific Coast system. She is a five-foot-two brunette of 107 well-distributed pounds, with flashing dark eyes and a confidence-breeding smile that makes you want to keep on flying.

UNITED believes Miss Tilker is without a peer for this long period of flying in a profession that is notable for its 40 per cent annual turnover on all airlines. The reason for this high percentage is largely romance. When a stewardess marries, she loses her job. If you think this is unfair, imagine yourself the bridegroom of a little gal on a run that brings her home every other night and sometimes finds her bogged down by weather for days at the far end of the trip with no one to care for her but the handsome pilot and the traditionally romantic copilot.

Even if she thought enough of her flying job to want to continue after marriage, the airline companies know that the new husband wouldn't approve.

Miss Tilker, from Madison, Wisconsin, is a graduate of the University with a B.S. degree, and a graduate of Wisconsin General Hospital where she received her R.N. Early in 1936 she signed up as a United stewardess because she likes people and always wanted to travel.

The only regret she has over the growth in size of the airliners and the increased passenger capacity is a personal one stemming from her training and experience as a nurse in helping people. With only 10 passengers to account for in the little 247-Ds she soon became acquainted with everybody, and the scheduled flight usually turned into a congenial party. As the loads went up to 21 passengers, the personal attention became a little more difficult to dispense. And now, with 44 aboard, her attempts to anticipate and meet each individual need for comfort and convenience are further diluted—even with another stewardess to help her. The passengers no longer go by name either—just a number. This is a recent innovation of the traffic department to speed up loading and beat down the delays that have plagued airlines in moving passengers rapidly in and out of planes.

Miss Tilker has had more direct personal contact with United's customers than any other type of employee of that big organization and she certainly knows what the flying public wants. Ever alert to bring about further improvements to passenger comfort and service, she has received 30 cash awards from her company for constructive suggestions. She ranks second among United's 8,500 employees for her accepted recommendations and first among the stewardesses. Last year United paid out more than $25,000 to its employees in suggestion awards.

Miss Tilker flies 85 hours a month out of Chicago. Her trips rotate on various routes and schedules so that all stewardesses have both the easy flights and the hard ones. The easy trips are defined as the nonstop or infrequent landing schedules which provide more time to prepare and serve the meals and attend to the wants of each passenger. The difficult runs are of the milk-wagon variety where you're no sooner off the ground and free of your seat belt than it's time to fasten it for another stop. Passengers change and meals are served under speed and pressure. The late-night or early-morning departures are not regarded as choice either, but since they are equally distributed, there is no complaint.

Miss Tilker has partially gratified her desire to travel not only by seeing the country from the air but also by juggling schedules with other stewardesses and taking many side trips on days off. "It's just a matter of keeping awake and knowing what's going on when and where," she says.

THE END

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Misdeal at Monte Carlo

Continued from page 16

casino was an art treasure! Thus it was saved once more.

Outwardly, then, the casino is just the same as countless American tourists have known it. Monte Carlo and the principality generally are the same but for a few pockmarks caused by stray aerial bombs. (The medicinal-baths establishment and the main post office are wrecked.) The principality, however, is feeling the draft of world events, and along with it the casino. A small state (and Monaco is so very small) has most of the worries and troubles of a big state, after all.

The world-wide demand for higher wages and shorter working hours, for instance, has not missed Monaco. It is threatening the casino finances, in fact, the finances of the entire principality which even now has a budget deficit of forty million francs. Croupiers want more money. The *baccarat* croupiers, best paid of the species, make some 400 dollars per month—a lot of money around these parts—but they now want more. The other day, they and their roulette colleagues staged a half-hour sit-down strike with rakes crossed, to emphasize their claims. And, horror of horrors to every true Monegasque, a Communist Party has reared its ugly head within the political life of the principality. So far it has only thirteen members, but Monegasques are shaking their heads, since the party program frowns on gambling as immoral. Yes, Monte Carlo definitely believes it has become the victim of a misdeal.

The casino hasn't exactly fallen upon evil days. The percentage still works for the establishment, as it must in any well-regulated gaming house, but rising overhead and dwindling receipts are causing the management serious headaches for which they are seeking a remedy. They are trying to drum up new business and are economizing whenever possible. A link in the "save money" campaign is the discontinuance of the *viatique* practice of staking broke gamblers to the return fare back home.

The casino is right now floating a bond issue, paying four per cent for cash it seems to need badly. With some 2,000 employees, the casino's overhead runs to around one million francs per day. The Monegasque state takes three per cent of the casino's gross earnings, then 35 per cent of its net. That net fluctuated sharply during the second World War.

Red Ink—After 80 Good Years

In the fiscal year of 1939-40 the casino registered a loss for the first time in its eighty-year history—5.8 million francs. Then business began to pick up again. The 1940-41 exercise yielded a profit of 6.1 million francs, and the following year 28.2 million. Then the Germans came in, following their occupation of southern France, and things started to happen in a big way. Each of the business years 1942-43 and 1943-44 returned profits of 106 million francs. Events following D-Day produced a fresh lull, net profits dropping to 35.2 million francs for the year 1944-45.

Of the "leftovers" from happier days only a few have any money left. The rest live on as they can. To illustrate: I was standing in one of the better-class bars, when a man I knew ten years ago as a very "serious" client indeed sidled up to the bartender, furtively handing him a box-shaped parcel. He whispered the amount of his bill into the bartender's ear, was paid and slithered out.

"Let me have one of those cigars," I said to the bartender. They were a Philadelphia brand made to retail at eighteen cents. In this bar they cost 200 francs, $1.65 apiece.

Many of the equally "serious" old-timers have died or gone home. The "lady in white" is dead. No one knew much about her except that she must have been old already in grandfather's time when she is said to have gambled for the same high stakes as she did in the thirties. Decked out from head to foot in shabby white lace, the old lady would show up at the casino every day at a given hour and shower large denomination chips onto the green baize. She kept up the practice for some fifty years, never missing one day until laid low by her last illness. Speaking English perfectly she was generally believed to be British. In reality she was the daughter of a multimillionaire Netherlands ship and plantation owner.

Gone are also most of the system players. Most of these were old women who would sit for hours keeping record of the numbers turning up before they would cautiously risk a five-franc chip on some persistent "absentee" (number, groups of numbers, colors or odd-even not having showed up for a certain number of spins). In the long run they would lose as surely as the hunch players, of course.

Legends Deliberately Built Up

The casino rather encouraged stories at the time that these system devotees were able to make their board and lodging in this way (just so they didn't get ambitious and try for larger wins). But talks with numerous Monte Carlo hotelkeepers and consular representatives of various nations have convinced me that these stories were so much nonsense. All of these system addicts had run into debt at their hotel or boardinghouse, out of which he or she had to be helped by remittances from home or by an advance from some understanding consul.

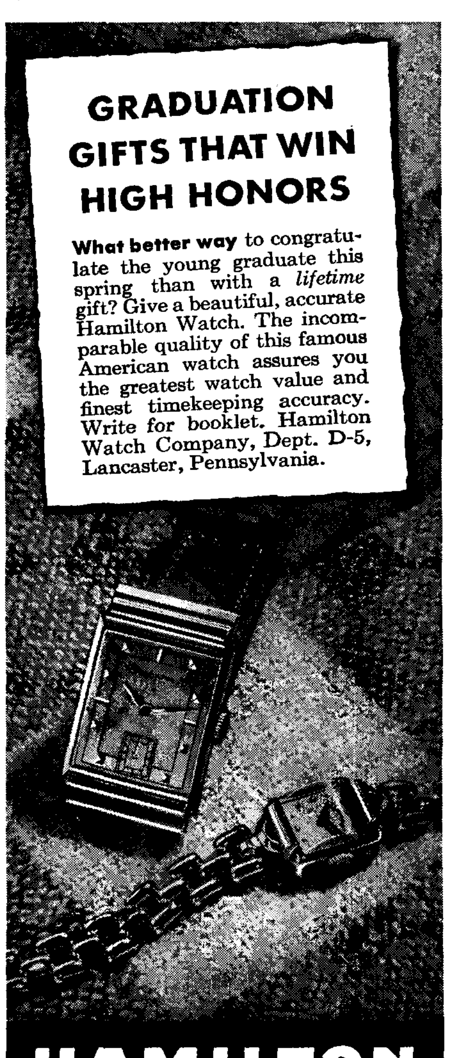
Anyway, systems are manifestly not popular any longer with the Monte Carlo patrons. The system player's catechism, La Revue de Monte Carlo, the green weekly which listed the numbers in the order in which they turned up at a certain table—No. 2—for seven consecutive days. Complete with breakdown and analysis of the play, it has long since ceased publication. So has the multigraphed day-to-day record of the preceding day's play at table No. 2, which was published to give the customers a chance to back "absentees" right from the outset of the new day's play.

The casino is still open sixteen hours per day, from 10 A.M. to 2 A.M. the following morning, but no longer do you see crowds of people waiting for the doors to open and then making a beeline for the table where, for example, No. 17 did not turn up once the day before.

System merchants have in consequence struck lean years. In the "good old days" every Monte Carlo bookstore was filled to overflowing with systems, each supposedly infallible and guaranteed to break the bank. Today I scouted around in vain for one of those systems. "There is no demand for them any longer, so we don't carry them," was the standing reply everywhere.

Why this lack of interest in that old and reliable casino stand-by—the infallible system to break the bank? A returning Monte Carlo old-timer also notices right away that play is now quite modest, all the more surprising in view of the sharp franc inflation. One thousand francs—by the way the black-market price for two pounds of butter—is still regarded a sizable stake. The minimum is now twenty francs, as against five francs ten years ago. The maximum is now 60,000 francs as against 40,000 francs before. But five francs was thirty-three cents in those days, and twenty francs today is only seventeen cents.

Is it that people are no longer attracted by the possibility of winning a large amount of paper francs for which they can buy nothing as there is nothing to buy worth having? And that, therefore, the present Monte Carlo customers are playing merely as a pastime, and not with the idea of win-



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Don't take a chance on "MORNING MIRROR BLUES". Each morning give yourself a vigorous, refreshing, scalp tingling LUCKY TIGER RUB with LUCKY TIGER HAIR TONIC; wakes you up . . . relieves itchy scalp, removes loose dandruff, assures that well groomed look all day long.

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- DULLNESS
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due to ordinary sluggishness

Be Bright! Feel Right!
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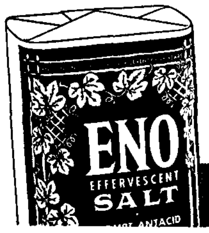
Don't feel upset, "jittery" next day, because you ate, drank, smoked too much the night before!—Simply take sparkling Eno at bedtime and you'll *quickly* neutralize excess stomach acid. . . . *When you wake*—take Eno as a *speedy, gentle laxative.* Caution: use only as directed. Buy at druggist today!



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1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
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TASTES GOOD!

ning a fortune? Well, I have heard the phenomenon explained that way by many persons around here, and I am rather inclined to believe them.

Probing further into the matter, I found, for instance, that people don't even ruin themselves at the roulette tables any more. Consider gambling suicides. The Monegasque police sergeant, a prewar acquaintance of mine, laughed heartily when I asked him about such suicides. "Why," he roared, "there just aren't any. Not any more. For who would bother to commit suicide over the loss of these here paper francs?"

In spite of the present difficulties and the not too bright future, Monte Carlo is looking ahead. Convinced that there is still a place in this world for things frivolous, and that Monte Carlo is that place, the casino management is planning big things for the future. And the principality businessmen, meaning everyone from hotelkeepers to pawnbrokers, are eagerly falling in line. A big radio station has already been built, to attract world-wide attention to Monte Carlo. As part of their contract, visiting operatic and concert stars will go on the air from "Monte Carlo radio." When anyone has won a large sum of money in the casino, as occasionally happens, the Monte Carlo radio will probably tell all about it on the "come hither and do likewise" note.

Once in a while, we may expect broadcasts of actual play at one of the roulette tables, numbers being announced as they turn up. The casino is now planning to expand the Sporting Club, most exclusive of the local gambling dens, by the addition of a very "plush" theater.

Old "Way of Life" Coming Back

The pawnshops have already returned to the open-all-night schedule (with emergency bells just like doctors and drugstores). "Uncle" is really a public service in this land of general distrust, where not even a Rockefeller could cash a check, should he try. And frills are coming back in Monte Carlo. Beauty shops for dogs, and special canine diet kitchens and de luxe restaurants where persons who ought to know better, feed their pets on goose liver, veal cutlets, and other delicacies that most of the human inhabitants of the Riviera still have to go without. The rifle range, where the targets are live pigeons rising as they are released from their boxes, is shut for the lack of the special breed of white Spanish pigeon used for the purpose.

If in a critical mood, one can call Monte Carlo shabby and shopworn. One could even be nasty enough to liken it to a beauty who has seen her best days and whose defects no make-up can cover; nevertheless, one fact remains—Monte Carlo and the principality today constitute an isle of repose where it takes no effort to dream oneself back to the prewar "normalcy."

Monte Carlo has no housing problem, and certainly no heating one. Food is once more abundant. Any number of half-empty de luxe hotels are crying for customers. Fine eating-places cater to the gourmet's every whim. No milk, or cream, of course, but gourmets rarely miss those items. No uniforms anywhere, except those worn by hotel employees, and the lollipop-colored ones of the Monegasque army and gendarmery, 180 strong.

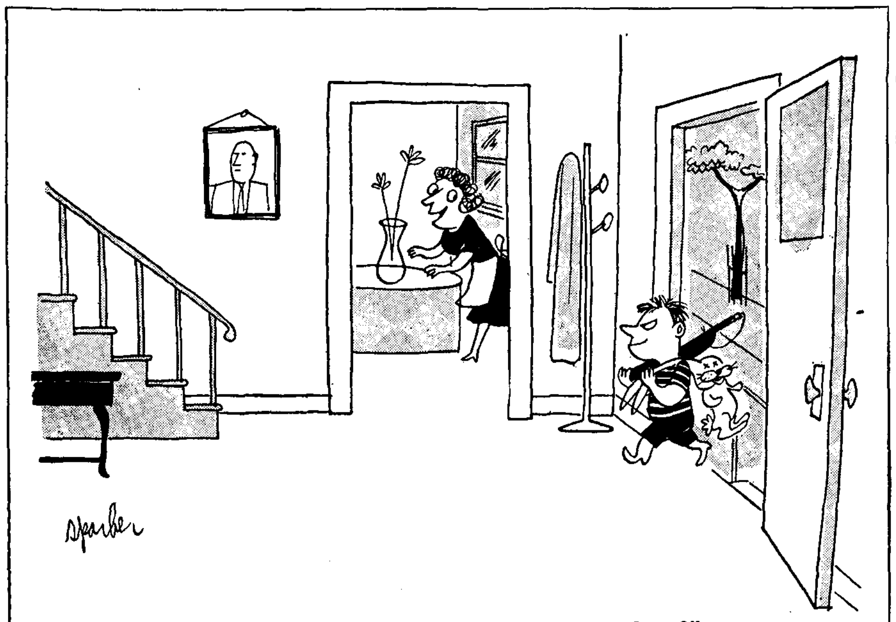
Prices depend on the individual pocketbook. I had a front room and bath in the Hotel de Paris, the premier hostelry, for five dollars per day. The suites are of course from four to seven times that price. The meals in this class of establishment are more expensive. A simple lunch or dinner easily costs ten dollars, and it requires no special effort to spend as much as thirty dollars for a more elaborate menu. But in a good restaurant out in town one can get the same meal for three or four dollars. At the better-class bars drinks are from one dollar to two dollars.

The natives and casino "hangers-on" can get along for next to nothing, however. A man I know has a very acceptable three-room furnished flat with a marine view for eight dollars monthly. At a score of smaller but scrupulously clean eating-houses substantial meals are around fifty cents. And in the *bistros*—small drink emporiums with zinc counters—drinks run from ten to thirty cents. Moreover, for those who manage to pay in cigarettes, "gold coin" of the black-market trade, the cost of living in Monte Carlo is just about zero.

In this décor, then, moves the 75-year-old Prince Louis II of Monaco. To his title of Most Serene Highness he could well add "and Most Secluded." His doors in the ancient palace atop Monaco rock are hermetically closed to all but a few intimates. The Prince's poor state of health may have something to do with aversion to visits of outsiders.

I caught a brief glimpse of him as he was entering a limousine of antediluvian vintage up at the palace for his regular morning "walk" around the countryside. He was leaning on a stick and moving with extreme difficulty, apparently very gouty. Half an hour later, his car and mine met in one of the many narrow Monte Carlo streets. In the meantime he had been joined by a middle-aged brunette in a leopard coat. I was told that she is a French actress, one Mademoiselle Ghyslaine de Mangéais, for whom the Prince developed a vivid affection. He likes her so well that the Monaco Minister of State, one Monsieur de Witasse, recently found it necessary to deny emphatically and officially a news report that Prince Louis had married Mademoiselle Ghyslaine, nor did he intend to.

Prince Louis lives a Spartan life, his chamberlain assures me, eating and drinking little but finely. The lavishly furnished



COLLIER'S "Well, Peter, did you enjoy the magic show?" HOWARD SPARBER

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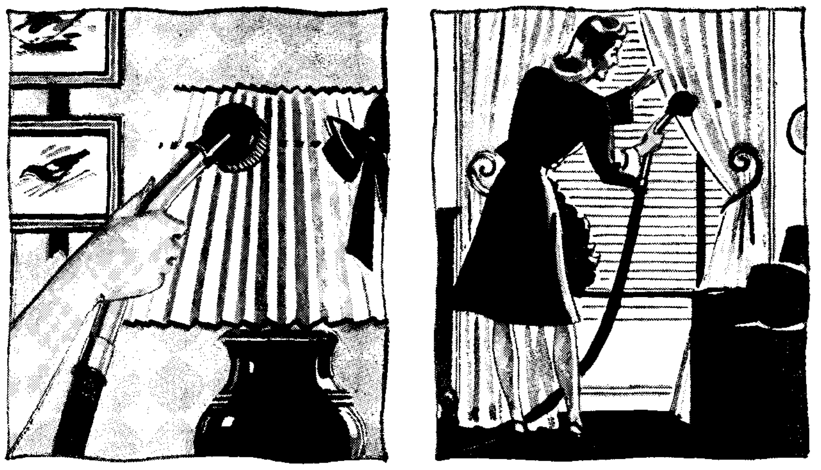
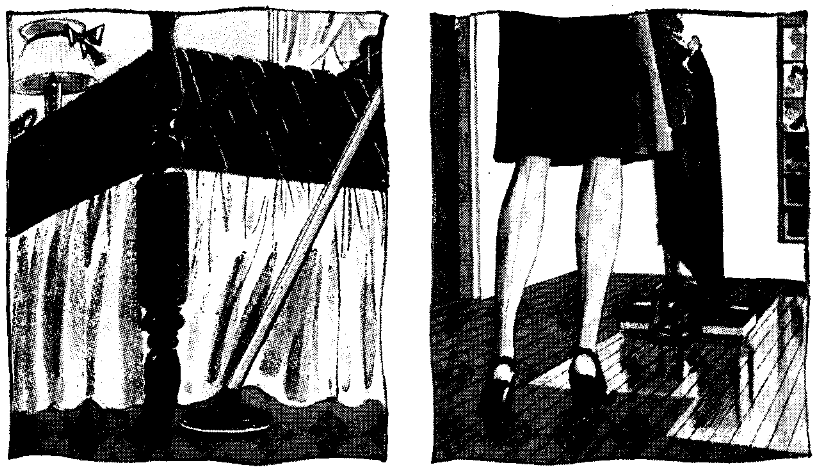


Dusts everything! The new, light, portable Eureka tank-type unit does all your above-floor-level cleaning and does it all better, faster, easier.

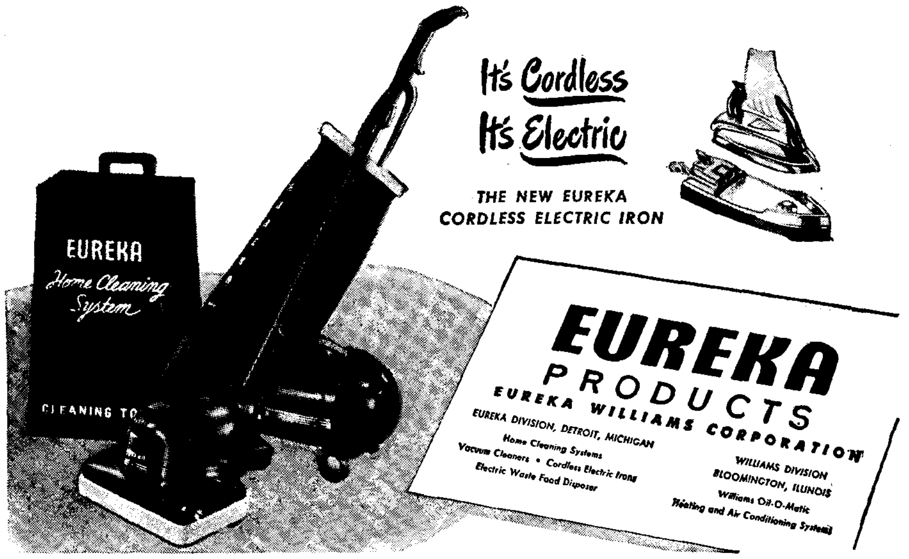


Floor-level cleaning's a cinch with the new Eureka System. There's even a full-size power-driven waxer for polishing linoleum, bare floors!

A better, faster, easier way to do all your dusting, sweeping, brushing, waxing, spraying, all through the house.

Yes, it's a *complete* Home Cleaning System, all wrapped up in one package and it's wonderful! . . . See it at your Eureka dealer's today!

Now, you can purchase the new Eureka Home Cleaning System complete, or unit by unit. Ask for details of Eureka's special "Add-to" Plan.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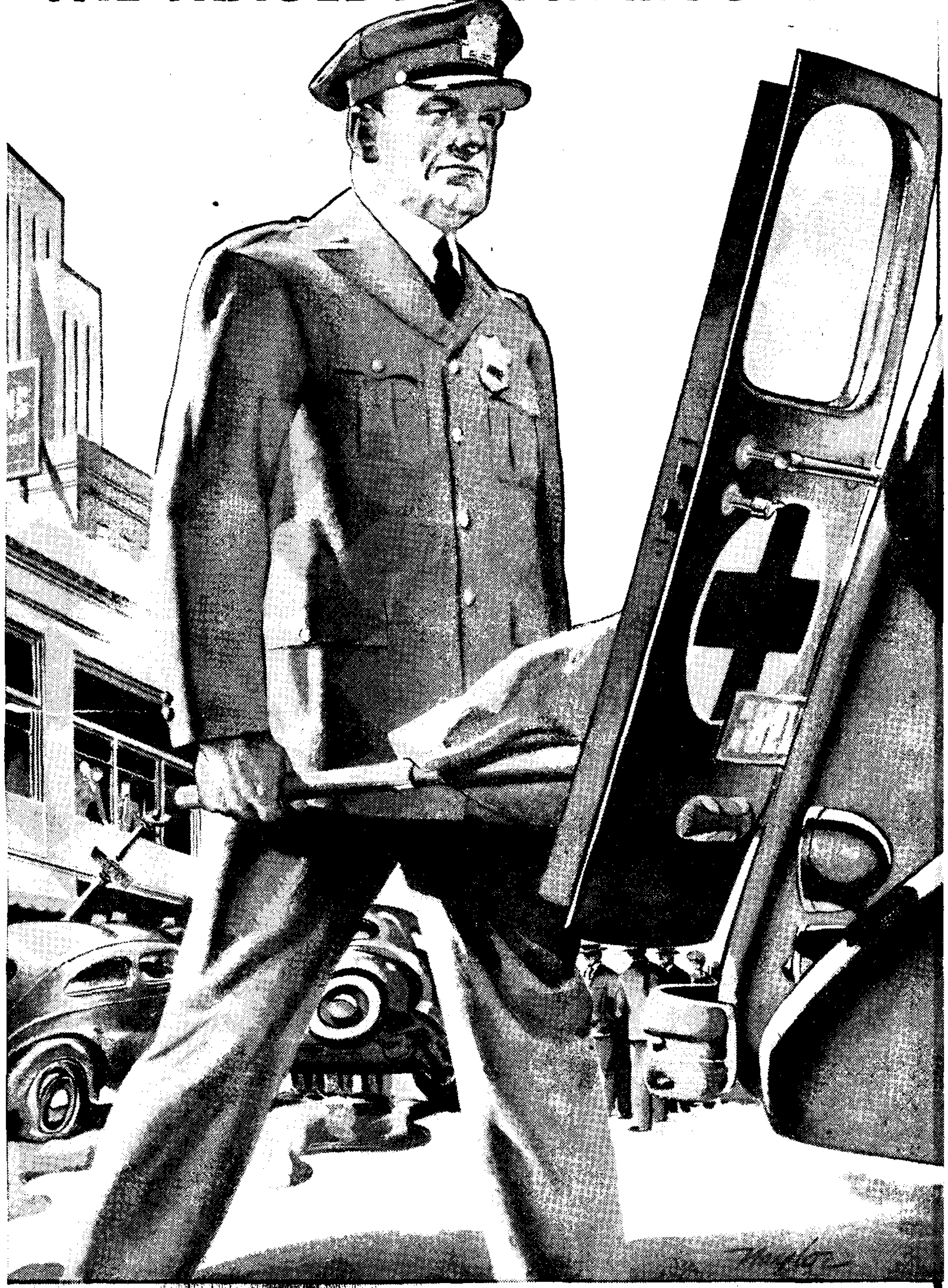
THE TRAGEDY ON MAIN STREET



THE CAUSE–A FAULTY TUBE REPAIR

• Tire failures that throw a car or truck momentarily out of control are too frequently the result of faulty repairs of punctured tubes—neglect on the part of the car owner in not insisting on a safe repair—a Shaler Vulcanized "HOT PATCH" repair.

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Each Shaler "HOT PATCH" has its own precision-calibrated fuel to provide the exact amount of heat to maintain the correct vulcanizing temperature for perfect vulcanization of patch to tube—The human error factor is eliminated.

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apartments of state in the palace he spurns for his less splendid bachelor quarters in the clock tower. He frowns on gambling; won't even indulge in a penny stakes game of *belote*, the French equivalent of pinochle. To someone who proposed such a modest game to him, the Prince is reported to have answered with a sardonic smile: "Why should I gamble?" The old man is obviously right. Why should he gamble?

When the Prince passes on, he will be succeeded by forty-seven-year-old Hereditary Princess Charlotte, his daughter by a Marseille lady named Louvet, and since adopted and created both Princess and Duchess. She lives in Nice, her relations with her father having been somewhat strained for years, according to local gossip. The Monacans think she will abdicate when the day comes, in favor of Prince Rainier, her son. Rainier is twenty. Prince Rainier has a lieutenant's commission in the French army, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre for valor during service with an African rifle brigade.

Professions of Loyalty to Allies

Speaking of Prince Rainier's war record brings up the subject of Monaco's. As far as I have been able to gather, it is just a trifle less brilliant than that of its younger Prince. Broaching the matter down here always produces a flood of assurances that Monaco was always on the side of the Allies, and that it suffered greatly for its loyalty. They cite the 300,000,000 francs worth of bomb damages during a grand total of a half dozen air raids, twenty-two dead, scores of deportations to Germany, sizable contributions to French war charities, sheltering underground workers, etc., etc.

But an observer cannot fight off the impression that at least some of the Monaco residents did not feel too harshly toward the Axis, to put it mildly. This is understandable because so many of the Monaco inhabitants are Italians, or of Italian extraction.

Monaco had its own Quisling—52-year-old Alexandre Levame, ex-director of the principality budget, who is charged with having plotted against Prince Louis and endangering the security of the state. Levame, states the charge, planned to arrest the Prince and other prominent Monaco politicians while the principality was occupied by the Italians, and also planned the annexation of Monaco to Italy.

Many French "collaborators" swelled the ranks of the Axis friends. The casino business soared to new records during the German occupation, as we have seen in the foregoing. And the principality gave, perhaps involuntary, shelter to a considerable amount of German capital in the form of franchises to some 150 so-called holding companies which were domiciled in the principality during the between-the-war years for tax-evasion purposes. How much money is or was involved in these companies is difficult to guess. The Monegasque finance authorities do not tell, but the figure I have heard, 1,000,000,000 francs, I consider rather an understatement.

Now these holding companies have been ordered dissolved by France as a link in the world-wide effort to get at Nazi capital, so they are already a thing of the past. Although these companies were at one time a powerful argument why Monaco should regard the Axis powers with not too unfriendly eyes, it stands repeating that Monegasques generally were firm anti-Nazis in word and deed.

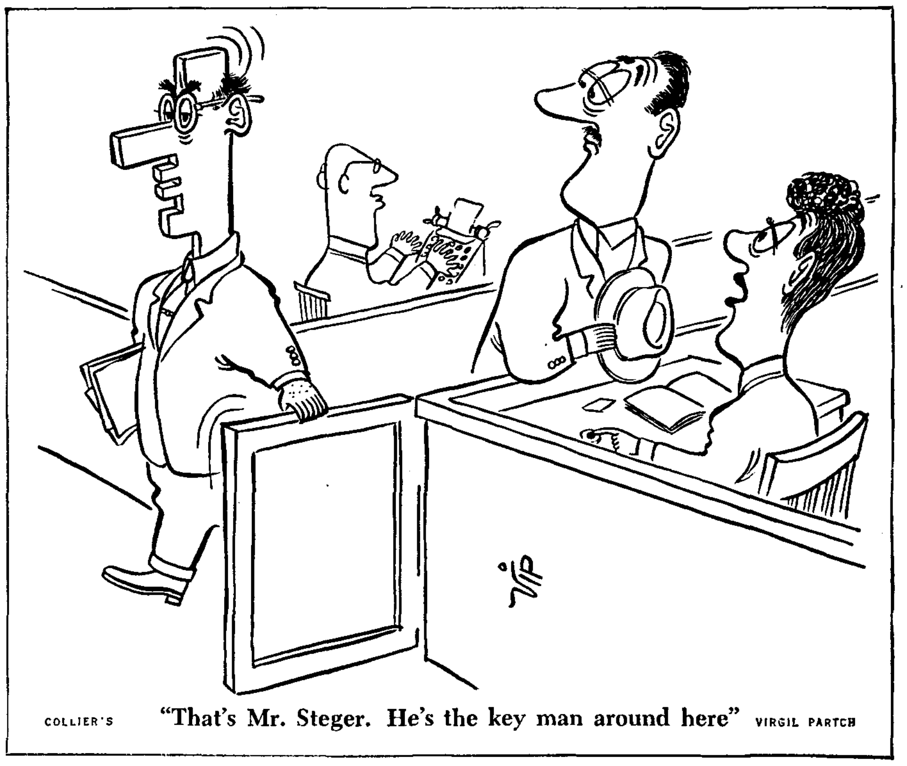
The escape in August, 1942, of some 250 Allied airmen and soldier prisoners interned in the Fort de la Revère above Monte Carlo was made possible by the connivance of the Monegasque underground. The group, which eventually made its way back to active service via Spain, included the well-known U.S. millionaire racing driver Whitney Straight, the British ace Taffy Higginson, and others. The getaway was engineered by a Russian-American boy named Val Bouryschkine-Williams, who was dropped by parachute in the region. Bouryschkine, who has been awarded several American and British medals for the job, is now back in the principality, but on a vacation basis.

Whither Monte Carlo? Against the optimism of the casino management stands the world trend away from frivolity. Can this beauty spot of gambling buck the tide? It already has competition from several rival casinos on the French Riviera, and their number is likely to grow. The road back to nine-figure profits (in terms of French francs, naturally), or even to the more immediate goal of operating at any profit at all, appears singularly tough, for the reasons outlined above.

The best French clientele has given up Monte Carlo as a winter resort momentarily because it is fashionable to prefer winter sports to the sunny Riviera just now. Monte Carlo's chance for a comeback seems therefore to lie in its possibility to attract as a summer resort. But, first, its beaches must be demined, and train, air and road communications improved tenfold over what they are today—a big job on today's disorganized Continent.

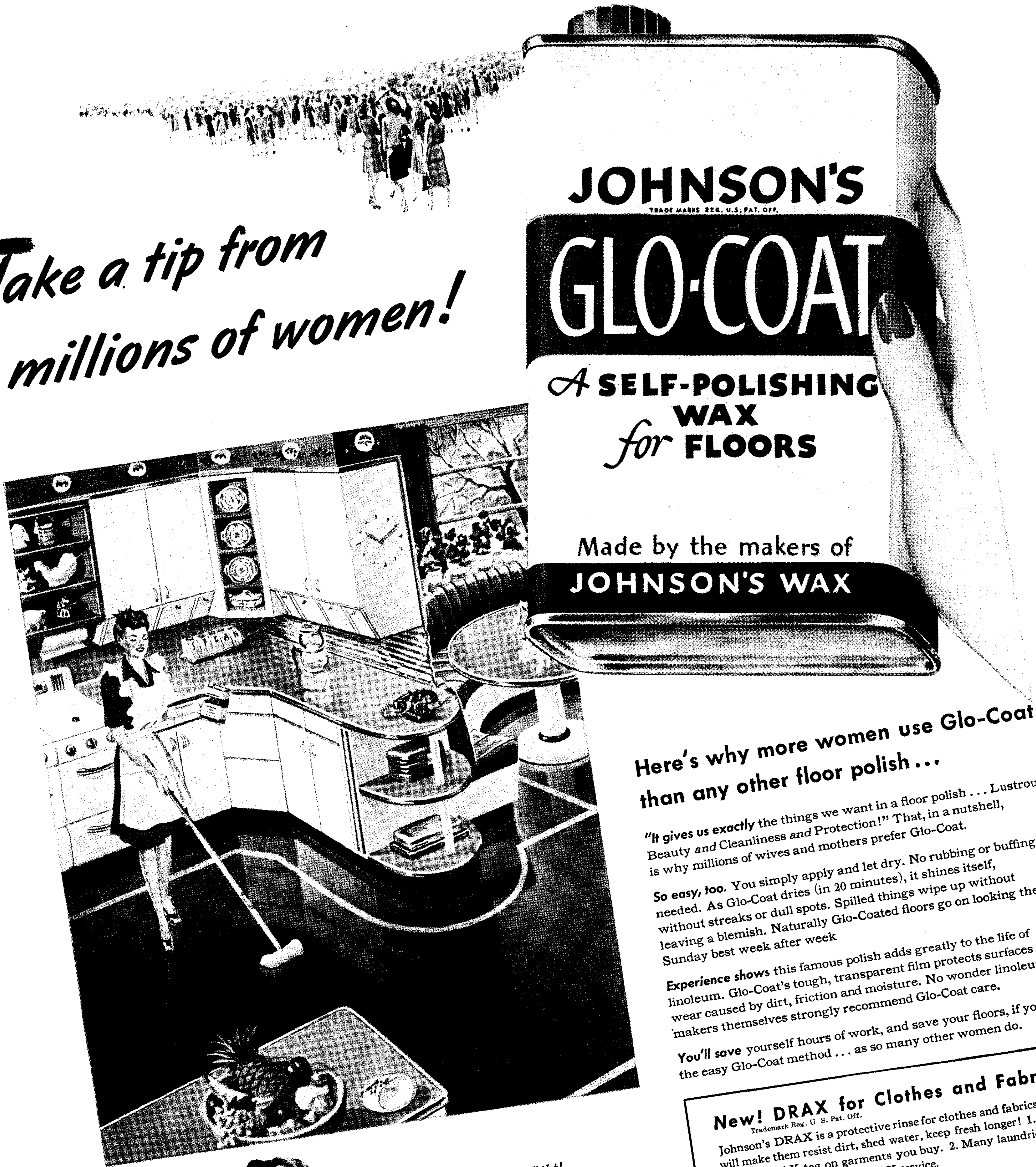
In the final analysis, Monte Carlo can count on big business only if and when international relations become normal. Unfortunately, there is nothing tiny Monaco can do to help speed that day.

THE END



COLLIER'S "That's Mr. Steger. He's the key man around here" VIRGIL PARTCH

Take a tip from millions of women!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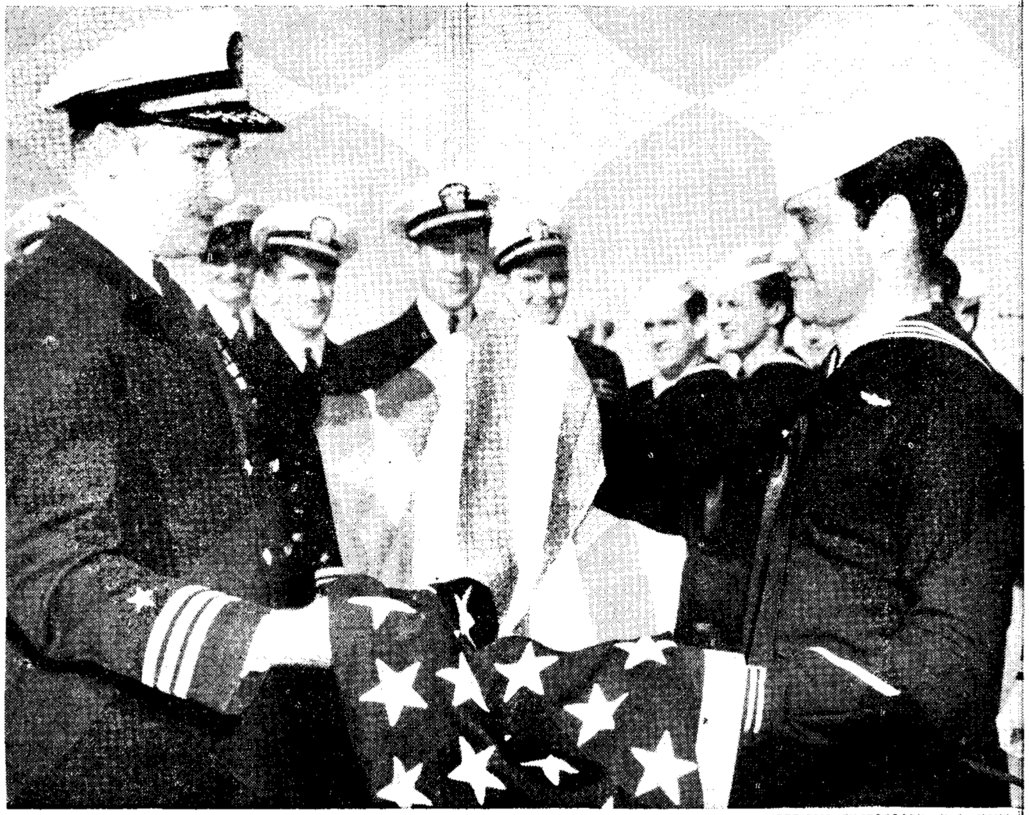
ASLEEP ON THE DEEP

BY JIM MARSHALL

The Navy is storing two mighty fleets, but they'll be ready for action within a few days, if war comes again



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY

Commander J. H. Ashley, USN, presents sub's prized battle flag to J. A. Martinez, Torpedoman 1/c, who has served on her since her commissioning

LIKE a prudent housewife who wraps her silver, stores her bedding, dust-covers her furniture and makes all secure before closing a home she's not going to live in for a while, the American Navy is carefully storing away two mighty fighting fleets. In them will be more than 2,600 ships, from submarines and small patrol boats and landing craft, up to superbattleships and outsize carriers. They will be stored in two fleets—the Thirteenth on the East Coast; the Nineteenth on the West Coast.

Each of these fleets, in tonnage, gun power, speed and efficiency, will be far ahead of the entire Navy as it floated at six o'clock Sunday morning, December 7, 1941. Each will be able to boast, with some truth, that it is a greater fleet than any on the seas.

Estimates of how long it'll take to unpack, re-equip, load with ammunition, fuel, food, planes, bombs and a thousand other things—if another war starts—range from ten days to three months. Just how effective the fleets will be depends on how soon the next war comes. For they will grow obsolete and out-of-date, as all ships do. No one knows today, for example, whether the battleship still will rule the waves, or whether it will be as useless as a rowboat armed with a popgun.

Younger Navy men tend to the belief the day of the battleship is over. Most of the admirals, who loved the big ships, are retiring and dying off. The youngsters think more of planes than of 16-inch guns and torpedo tubes. But when you have several hundred million dollars tied up in battleships and battle cruisers, the temptation is to save them—just in case.

The Navy produces figures to prove that this laying-up of two potent battle and supply fleets in storage is cheaper than scuttling the ships. The cost of preserving and sealing the vessels is about the same as the expense of dismantling equipment and taking it ashore, as would be done before the ships were towed to sea and the seacocks opened.

The theory about this removed-and-stored equipment is that it can be reinstalled on other ships. In practice some of it gets lost, some is forgotten, and some is fitted into ships needing spare parts. But every ship is an individual, and parts that come out of one often won't fit into another without a lot of expensive and time-wasting labor. Under the Navy's layaway plan, the ship remains a unit, all its equipment in place and much of it in working order.

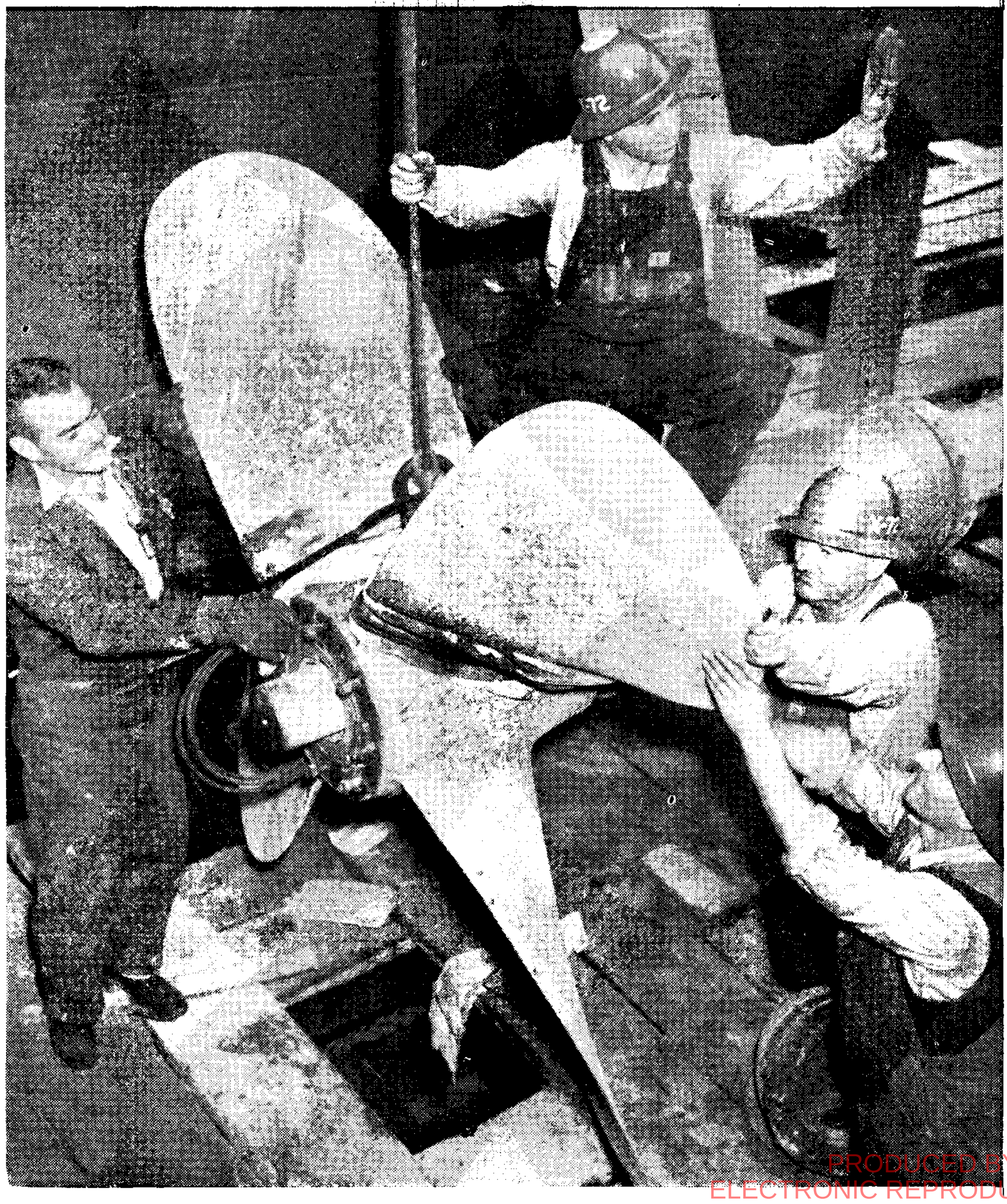
Rear Admiral Mahlon S. Tisdale, formerly a task group commander and commander of cruisers-destroyers Pacific Fleet, and now Commandant, U.S. Naval Base, San Francisco, told Collier's the "why" of the operation:

"There were days in the early part of the Pacific war when we had so little strength that a strong and strategically correct move by the Jap navy might have resulted in lengthening the war by months or years. It wasn't until the latter part of 1943 that our industrial production, as great as it was, was able to give us the strength to move onto the offense. The presence of a mighty force of ships, properly preserved, in 1941 would have meant an earlier termination of the war. The threat of that force might have prevented war. The threat of this force we are laying up may prevent another war. Or help to, anyway."

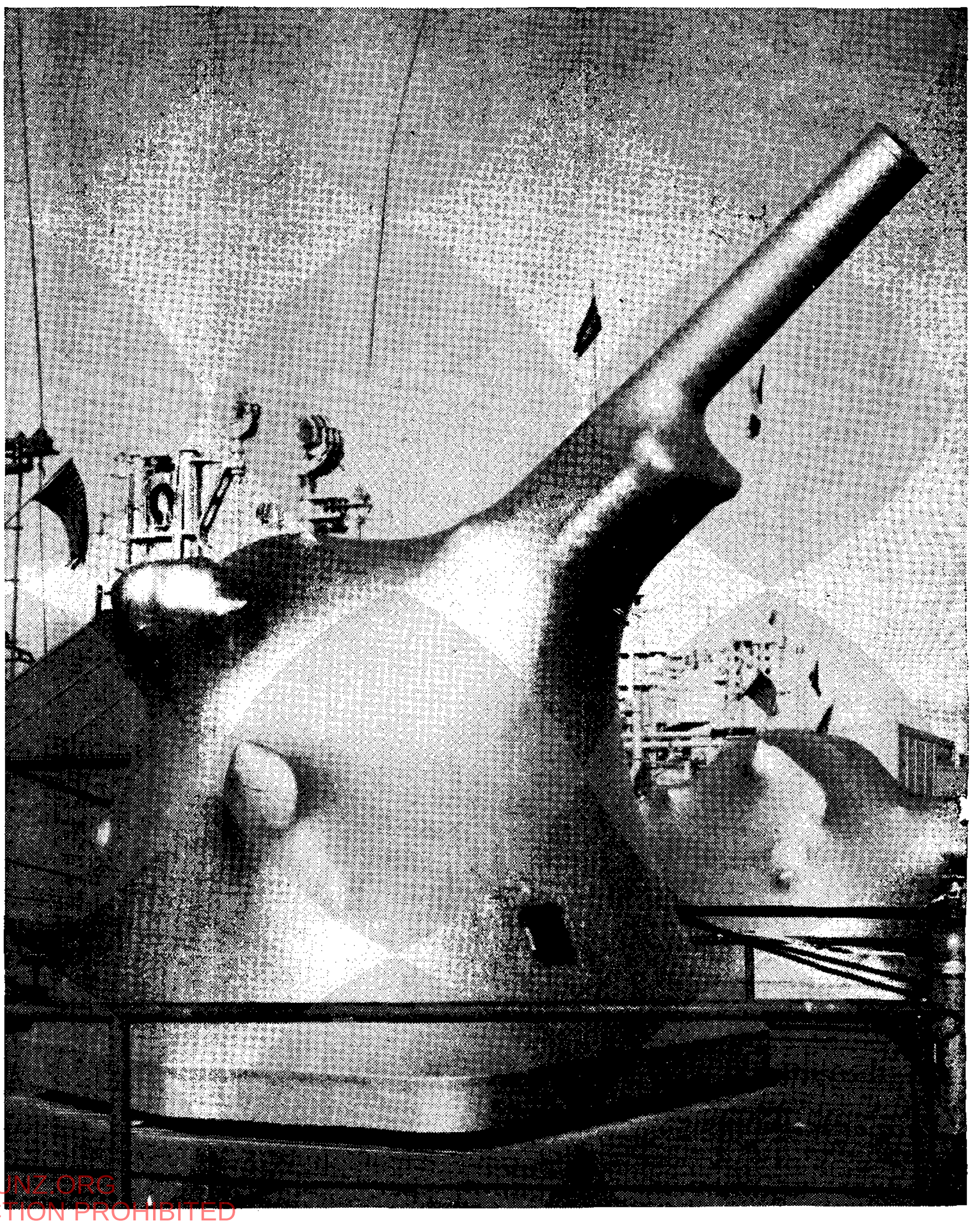
Among the ships put into storage are the new battle cruisers Alaska, Guam and Hawaii. The battleships California, New Mexico, Tennessee, Colorado, Maryland, West Virginia and South Dakota will be preserved among others. So will big carriers, including the Wasp, Hancock, Hornet, Yorktown, Intrepid, Bunker Hill, Lexington, Bon Homme Richard and Ticonderoga.

Famous heavy cruisers will be in the storage berths, the Baltimore and Boston,

(Continued on page 58)



Propellers are removed from shafts, secured on deck and painted with a preservative coating. Spare parts and tools are wrapped, tagged and stored



A rubbery cocoon keeps deck guns dry and ready for almost immediate action. Cover is sprayed over wooden frame much the same as a spider spins its web

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. . . which typewriter?

THE BOSS and the customer see only the finished letter, note its legibility and neatness. But the secretary appraises her typewriter by the amount of work she must turn out, and the time and effort required.

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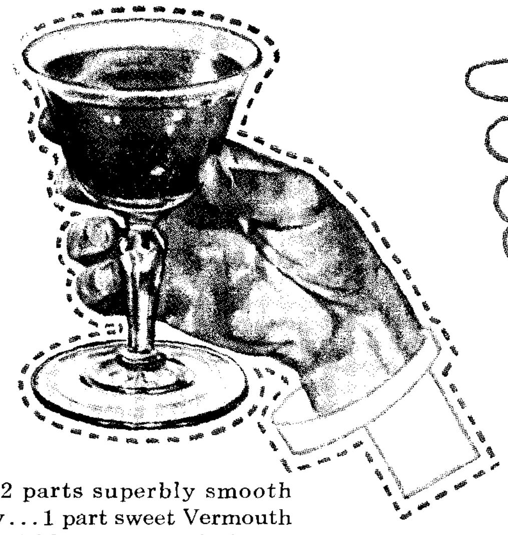
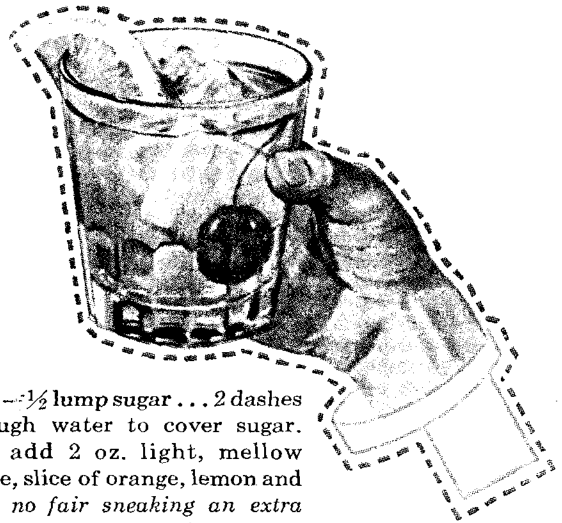
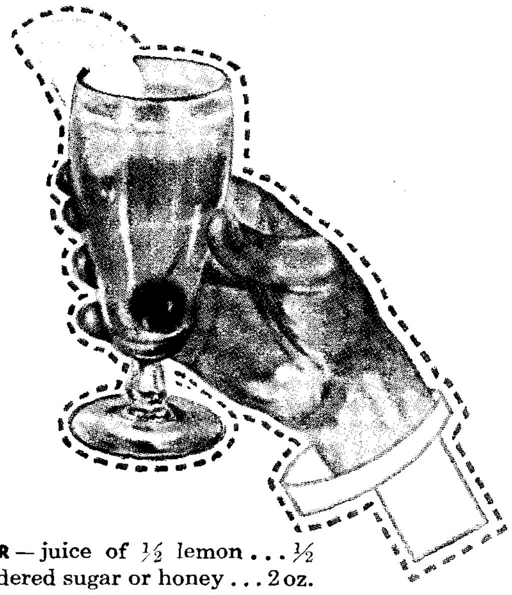


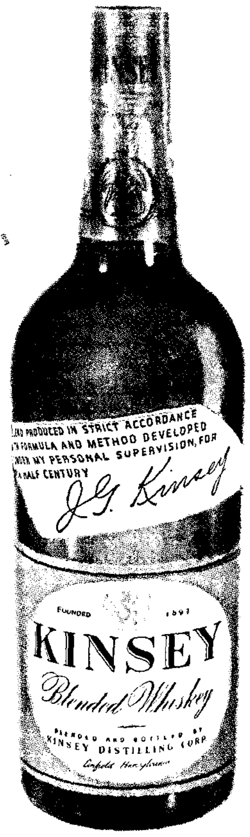
MANHATTAN—2 parts superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey . . . 1 part sweet Vermouth . . . 1 dash bitters. Add ice, stir (don't shake) . . . strain into glass . . . add cherry . . . and settle back for one of the finest Manhattans you ever tasted. (*Write us if we're wrong!*)



OLD-FASHIONED—½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . enough water to cover sugar. Muddle well, add 2 oz. light, mellow Kinsey, ice cube, slice of orange, lemon and a cherry. *And no fair sneaking an extra drink before you serve your guests!*



WHISKEY SOUR—juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon powdered sugar or honey . . . 2 oz. grand-tasting Kinsey. Add ice and shake, strain into glass. Add soda, decorate with half slice of lemon and a cherry. *How can you wait?*



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Experiment in Democracy

Continued from page 13

the Pacific and assigned to Colonel Smith. Captain William Moulton, assistant professor of German at Yale, was nabbed. Colonel Smith brought along a civilian, too, a scholarly gent named Dr. Henry W. Ehrmann, whose personal story rivals the Cloak and Dagger boys.

Ehrmann, born a German, was tossed into a concentration camp early in the thirties for underground activities. He escaped to France and early in the war fought against Germany with the French army. When France fell, his name headed a list of men whom Vichy France agreed in the armistice to surrender to Hitler. Again he escaped through the underground. Finally he wound up at Fort Eustis.

These are the headmen at Fort Eustis—young, vigorous, brilliant men. They are not the absent-minded, long-haired college professors of fiction. They talk your language and mine and they talk the language of the war prisoner. Their working day averages 15 hours. Trying to keep up with them had me groggy.

There are always at least 2,000 prisoners taking the course at Fort Eustis and they wear black prisoners' clothes with white-stenciled "P.W." on shirt and trousers. They look like Germans, all right, and for the first 24 hours I felt uneasy. I haven't seen friendly Germans since 1939. I talked to surly prisoners in Libya in '41 and to prisoners with hate-filled eyes who cursed us when we caught them in Sicily in '43 and to *Wehrmacht* officers, cold, contemptuous, whom we caught at Salerno. Last summer, and during the fall, I talked to German prisoners in France and in camps outside Berlin, and I hated them all as they hated me. So at first I shrank from shaking hands with these men at Eustis even after I'd read their records.

I kept thinking: These hands once heiled Hitler; they lighted the ovens at Buchenwald and Marienburg; they fired the 88s at Salerno and since 1933 they've killed 6,000,000 Jews and 12,000,000 Christians in 372 concentration camps (figures found in the German Chancellery when we entered it).

But gradually I noticed something different about these Germans at Fort Eustis. Their eyes were clear—not sullen; they laughed at one another's jokes; there was nothing furtive about them. They . . . they . . . well, damn it all, they were different.

Many Wanted to Read One World

I sat in their library and listened to the books they asked for—Wendell Willkie's One World was the Number One request. The Fall of the German Republic by R. T. Clark, Arnold Brecht's Prelude to Silence and the novels of Thomas Mann and John Steinbeck were popular. I sat with them, unseen in the dark movie theater, and heard their whispered enthusiasm for such films as Abe Lincoln in Illinois, The River, Wilson, and The Seventh Cross.

Twelve formal lectures are given in German to the prisoners at Eustis; the discussion groups reveal the men best. Groups of 40 or 50 meet twice daily with different staff officers leading the discussion in either German or English. The leader just starts the ball rolling and soon arguments wax hot and heavy. If the men do not agree with something the officer or sergeant who leads the group says, they are encouraged to interrupt and give their views.

Unknown to them, they are being judged. Each night, usually far into the night, the staff gathers at Colonel Alpheus Smith's house to discuss individual cases. "Is Hans ready to go back now or should he be returned to his prison camp in New Mexico? Is Frederick just "yessing" us? How about Werner? Let's remember that his father was a *Junker*. Sure, he's been well screened, but his background is doubtful. Let's keep him here for a while until we are sure—"

There are two dozen or so prisoners who have become permanent members of the camp. These are so completely "white" by every test including the lie detector that they are willing to remain and help instill democratic ideas into the minds of their fellow Germans. They honestly and thoroughly believe that Germany's only hope for the future lies in democracy. Many of them still bear the scars of Nazi beatings on their backs. They don't want Nazis masquerading as democrats to return to Germany with false reputations.

You can't always tell, no matter how well you investigate these men. Not long ago a highly intelligent officer with a fine record of two years' schooling in a Texas prison camp arrived at Eustis. The card from his prison camp read, "Exceptional. Highly co-operative. Spotless record past two years. A fine organizer." Neither Colonel Smith nor his associates were satisfied with the man. His answers were too pat.

"Let's see," Colonel Smith said, "if Berlin can give us anything on this man."

They cabled Berlin and found that everything his Texas prison camp record said was true. Sure he was intelligent. Sure he was a good organizer. He was such a good organizer that he had been sent to Spain in 1936 to reorganize Franco's air force.

P.S. He is still in a Texas prison camp.

Questions the Prisoners Asked

I sat in at a dozen discussion groups. Most of the prisoners talked colloquial English. I'd returned from Germany two months before and the men asked me a lot of questions. They wanted to know what Berlin looked like. Was it true that Schultz had been saved from a concentration camp and had been again put in charge of the Berlin police force? Did I agree with Pastor Niemoeller that Germany wasn't ready for democracy as yet? Were the 16- and 17-year-old youngsters as unregenerate in their allegiance to Hitler as ever?

"That's how they got a lot of us," a blond, stocky *ex-Luftwaffe* bombardier named Johann said bitterly. "Back in 1934, I was fourteen. On Sundays we of the Hitler *Jugend* went for hikes in the country. We had picnic lunches and wore uniforms and sang songs and were told we were the hope of Germany. What 14-year-old kid wouldn't have loved it? I was nineteen before I realized what a fool I'd been.

"I got out of it, all right. I was a farmer, lucky for me. They needed farmers. What are you giving the 12- and 13-year-old kids in Germany now? Have you started something like the Boy Scouts or the Y.M.C.A.?"

"That'll be your job when you get back," I said. "You guys are the ones who will have to do the converting."

"That's right," he said solemnly and he added, "A rough job it is. I don't know if we can do it but it's worth the try."

"I suppose most Germans at home hate the American troops who occupy the country," another said. "Is that true?"

"That's true enough," I said honestly.

"Has anyone in higher echelons ever thought of this?" he puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. "Has anyone ever thought of immediately getting all American, Russian, British and French troops out of Germany? Mind you, leave a few armored groups, perhaps a couple of divisions, on the border. Leave artillery and planes—just in case.

"But take all foreign troops out of Germany itself and say, 'Look, you're on your own. You people have to work out your own destiny. Find your own leaders without our help. Figure out a way of life and a political philosophy that will work for you and that won't bother the rest of the world. If you make a false move our planes and tanks are sitting right around the corner. But work out your own destiny.' Has anyone ever thought of that?"

"It's a new idea," I told him.

"You see, as long as armed soldiers are

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"Hi-Waist" design. Elastic waist band. Full seat coverage. No seams.

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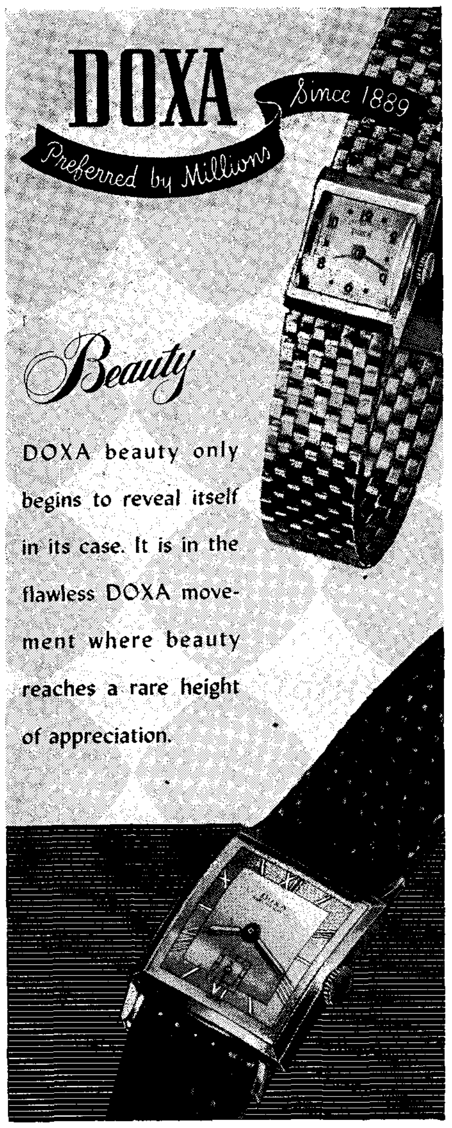
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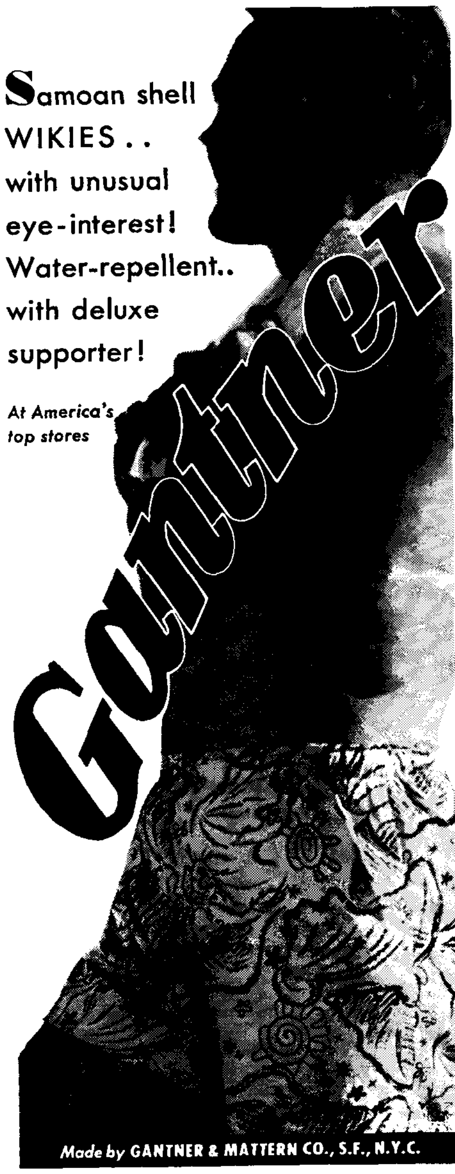
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parading the streets of Germany," he said earnestly, "they are a visible symbol that Nazis or other troublemakers can point at. They can keep the hatred alive if they are skillful. We will find it hard to answer them. But get out of Germany and maybe we can do something."

So it went, hour after hour. At night I found groups of men sitting around the grounds and I stood on the outskirts of their groups and listened to them.

"Today Colonel Smith gave us quite a talk," one was saying. "He didn't pull his punches. He admitted, much to our shocked surprise, that American democracy wasn't perfect. But he said that the trouble wasn't with democracy; the trouble was with some Americans. Some self-styled American leaders and their followers, he said, ought to start practicing democracy. Then he told us about the great benefits that Americans have, and he told us that a few bad Americans, a few bad things in the U.S.A. haven't spoiled democracy and can't spoil it, and finally he said that democracy was the best thing there is in human society. He's got something there."

That night there were church services at Fort Eustis. They are held every night at both the Protestant and Catholic chapels. There were very few Jews in the German army, none among the prisoners, so there is no synagogue at Fort Eustis. But twice each night both chapels are packed. Attendance is voluntary. No one checks up (or cares) who attends.

The Story of Gerhardt

I walked out of the Catholic chapel after vespers. I fell in step with one of the prisoners and he offered me a light for my cigarette. We got to talking. His first name was Gerhardt.

Gerhardt had been captured in Africa when the Afrika Korps was running from Montgomery. He'd been in this country, behind barbed wire, for two and a half years now.

I told him that I couldn't use his full name by rule of the Geneva Convention, but I could use his story. What had two and a half years in an American prison camp done to him? What was he going to do when he got back to Germany? (He was leaving in a week.) What part was he going to play in the rebirth of Germany?

"That's fair enough," he nodded. His English incidentally was almost perfect. "To begin with, I was always anti-Nazi. Now, wait a minute," he smiled. "I know there are no Nazis left. No German was ever a Nazi to hear us tell it. That's what you were thinking? Sure. Well, I was a teacher, an art teacher. I wasn't a really fine artist myself but I was a good craftsman and I could teach others. I didn't care about politics. It didn't bother me one way or another.

"But around 1937 it bothered me when Hitler's agents came into the classrooms and told us how to teach art. I said the hell with that and I quit. I went to work for an advertising agency; I was good enough to draw a cake of soap or a tube of tooth paste and make them look pretty. Then the agency was given the job of doing a campaign for the Nazi Party. They put me on it and when I found out what I was supposed to do I said the hell with it again.

"By now I knew Hitler was wrong. I didn't know what was right but I knew Hitler was wrong. This time it wasn't so easy to quit. They wanted to know why. I told them and three days later I was on trial at the People's Court. It seemed pretty silly to me until I was sentenced to three years. I was classed as a political enemy of Germany and wound up in the concentration camp at Sonneberg. They let me out in 1940 and put me into the army.

"If you want to check up on this, my card is in the colonel's office. When you people went into Berlin, they found the records of everyone who had ever been sent to a concentration camp. They found that my story was true. Okay?"

"Okay," I said, "Okay."

"I fought all right," he said. "I was with a good army, Rommel's Afrika Korps. It was our bad luck to meet up with Montgomery and his Eighth, and Monty knew how to use artillery. So we were beaten and I wound up in a New Mexico prison camp. I knew some English and went to work to learn more.

"We had classes. We didn't have to go. Some of us scoffed at what we were taught about democracy. Some of us didn't. We knew that National Socialism had failed. Even its military strength couldn't compare with that of the democracies. But what else was there? What kind of system could bring economic security to Germany again? Gradually a lot of us began to think that democracy was the only alternative. Not too many of us, mind you. In my camp we had about 20,000 men. Maybe about 2,000 thought as I did. They had never been Nazis either.

"Sometimes the others made it tough for us. But the life had gone out of them. You lose your spirit behind barbed wire. Me? When I get back I'm going to get a job teaching. I'm young enough—forty—and I can teach. But not art. Germany's hope, if she has any, lies among the children. If we can teach them the true value of democracy, that's the greatest service we can give our country. I'm going to teach in the elementary schools. With all its faults your kind of system seems to work pretty well. Maybe someday it will work for Germany." Suddenly he grinned. "I don't expect you to believe a word I've said."

"I just don't know," I confessed.

"I don't blame you." He sobered. "I hear a lot of my fellow prisoners talk about democracy and I know that a month after they're home they'll be longing for the old days when they could swagger around the street in uniform, pushing people around. But some of us have learned our lesson."

I had dinner with the prisoners that night. Afterward I went to Colonel Smith's house. His gang was there—good-looking Henry Smith of Brown; chunky, sandy-haired intense Casady; smiling imperturbable Bill Moulton of Yale; soft-spoken Henry Ehrmann. They live this educational project 24 hours a day. There they were, arguing about individual cases; about possible new methods of teaching. I sat listening rather humbly (something new for me).

"I've got an idea," Colonel Smith would say quietly. "Let's toss it around. Tear it to pieces, boys."

A Heated Round Table Debate

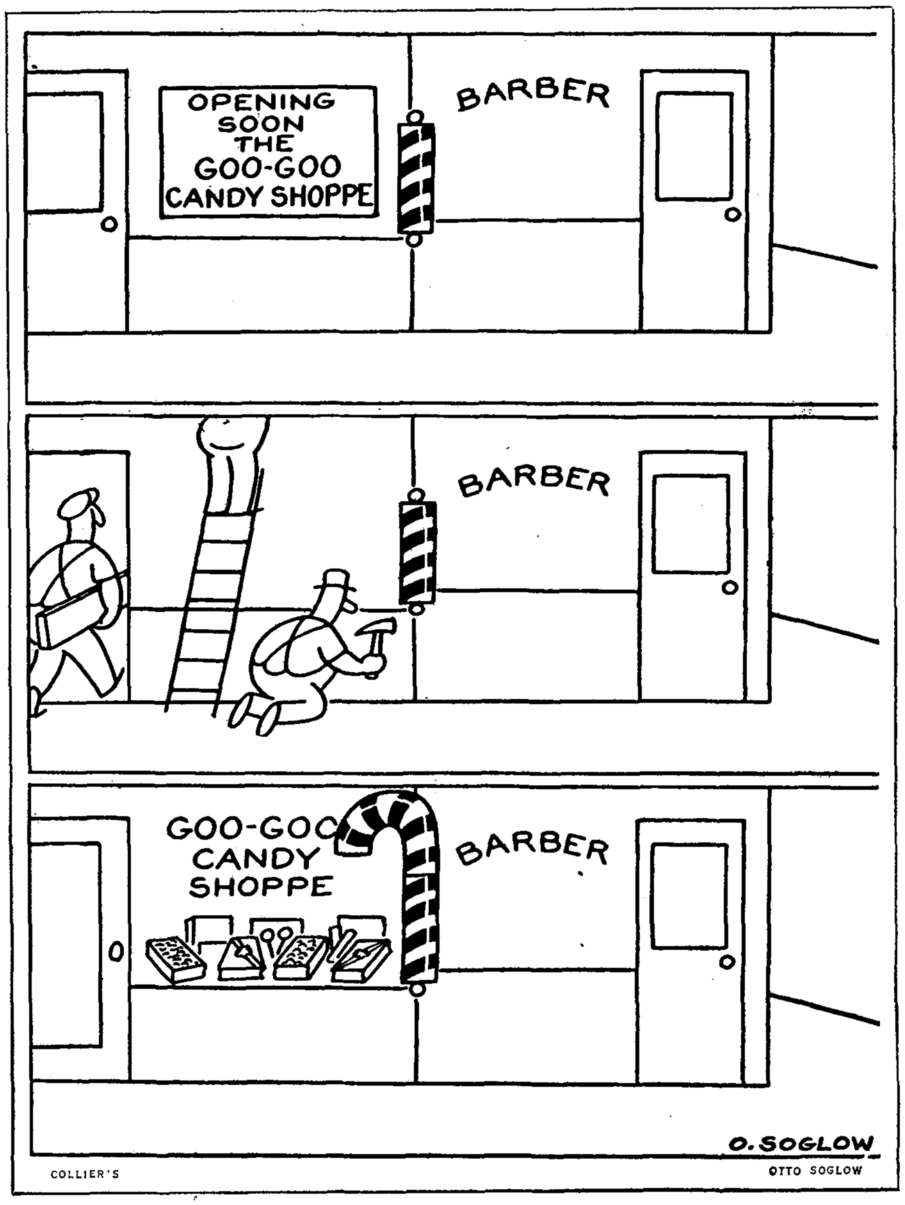
And the boys would, and soon something new and constructive would come out of it. As they argued heatedly, rank was forgotten. This was a group of highly intelligent men, each completely nuts about the work he was doing; each with perhaps highly individual ideas, but each knowing that the success of the program depended upon the cumulative talents of them all rather than the individual ideas of any of them. They finished at 2 A.M. exhausted, but they accomplished something. They had decided (among other things) that some 300 of this particular class of 2,000 taking the course were not deserving of immediate return to Germany. They'd go back to their prison camps for further seasoning.

"You see how we try to weed them out," said Colonel Smith. "We send back to Germany only those who we believe are really democrats in their hearts. We hope that in their home towns they run for office; we hope that those who are teachers and artists will exert their influence on their pupils. But we could be wrong. We're not claiming anything. Let's say we're hopeful without being too optimistic.

"You see, we're all teachers, and teachers are accustomed to disappointments. This is just an experiment we're trying, that's all."

"An experiment in democracy," I said.

THE END



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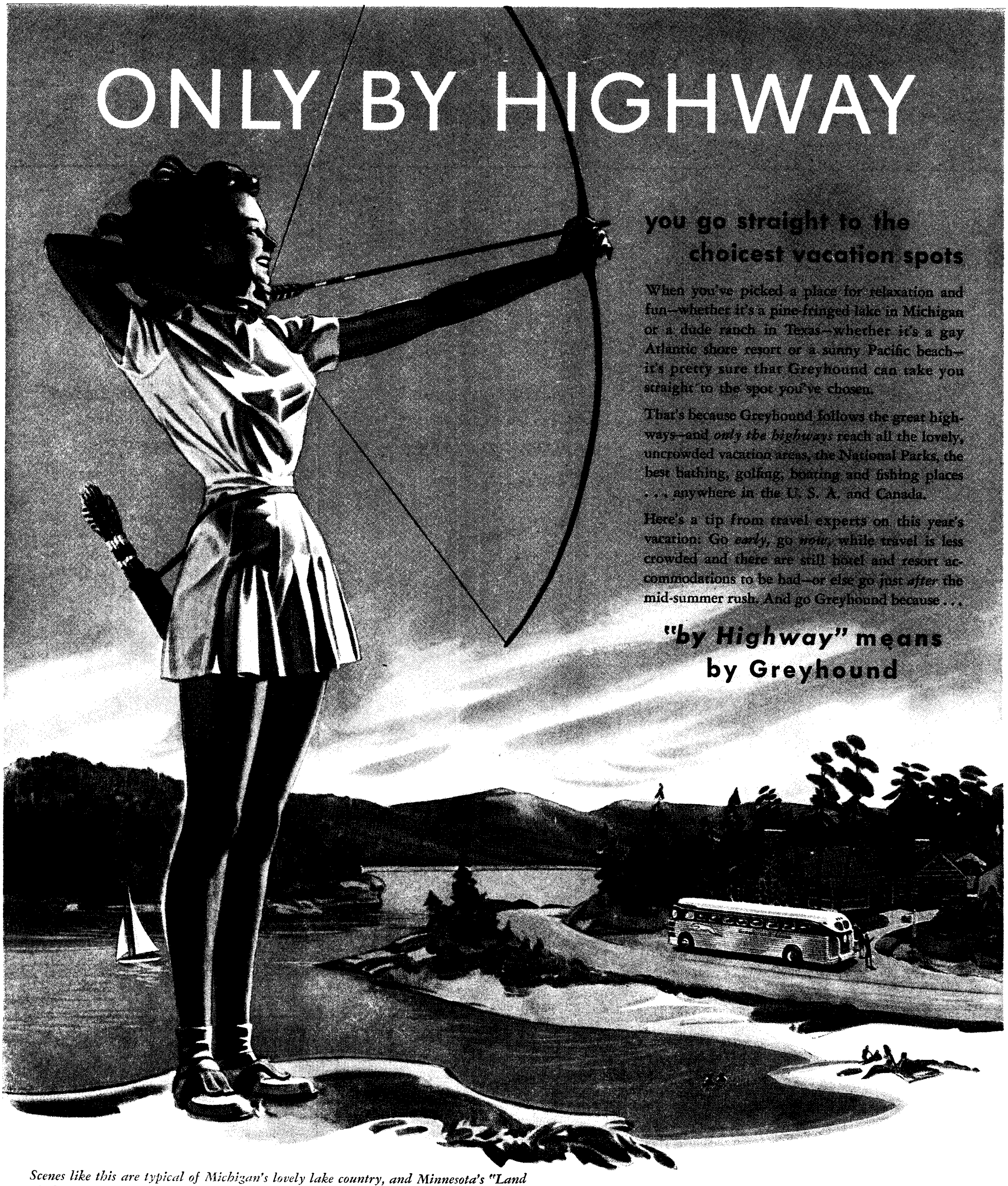

you go straight to the choicest vacation spots

When you've picked a place for relaxation and fun—whether it's a pine-fringed lake in Michigan or a dude ranch in Texas—whether it's a gay Atlantic shore resort or a sunny Pacific beach—it's pretty sure that Greyhound can take you straight to the spot you've chosen.

That's because Greyhound follows the great highways—and *only the highways* reach all the lovely, uncrowded vacation areas, the National Parks, the best bathing, golfing, boating and fishing places . . . anywhere in the U. S. A. and Canada.

Here's a tip from travel experts on this year's vacation: Go *early*, go *now*, while travel is less crowded and there are still hotel and resort accommodations to be had—or else go *just after* the mid-summer rush. And go Greyhound because . . .

"*by Highway*" means
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Scenes like this are typical of Michigan's lovely lake country, and Minnesota's "Land of sky blue waters"—along the Theodore Roosevelt Highway (U. S. 23 and U. S. 2).

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Famous favorites pick their favorite *Manhattan* Father's Day Ties!

"The light grounds strike the right note with me" says—

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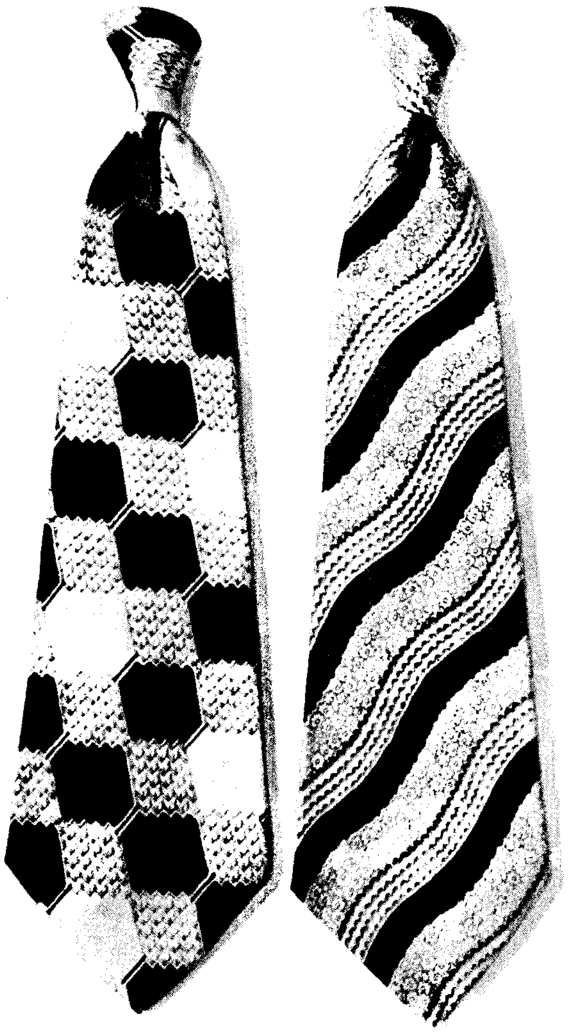

"I like the guys who like 'em bold" says—

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Star of the Smash Musical Hit "Follow the Girls"

You can count on "Manhattan" Ties for the same kind of quality you get in those famous "Manhattan" Shirts — extra care and craftsmanship in the making mean more satisfaction in the wearing.

"Geometrics hit the jackpot with me" says—

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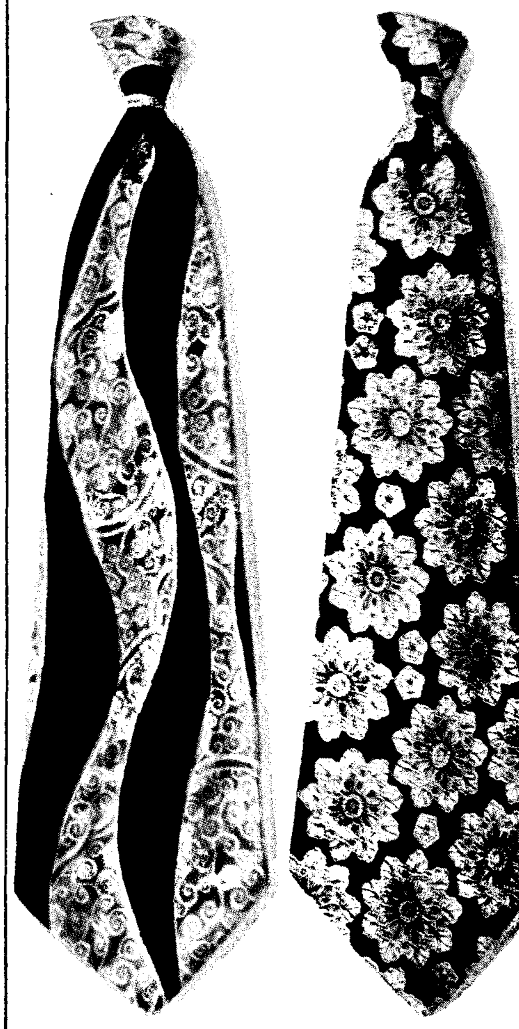
Only the finest materials money can buy are used in Chinese Moderne, and, like all "Manhattan" Ties, they're specially lined to knot well, lie flat and neat—and resist wrinkles.



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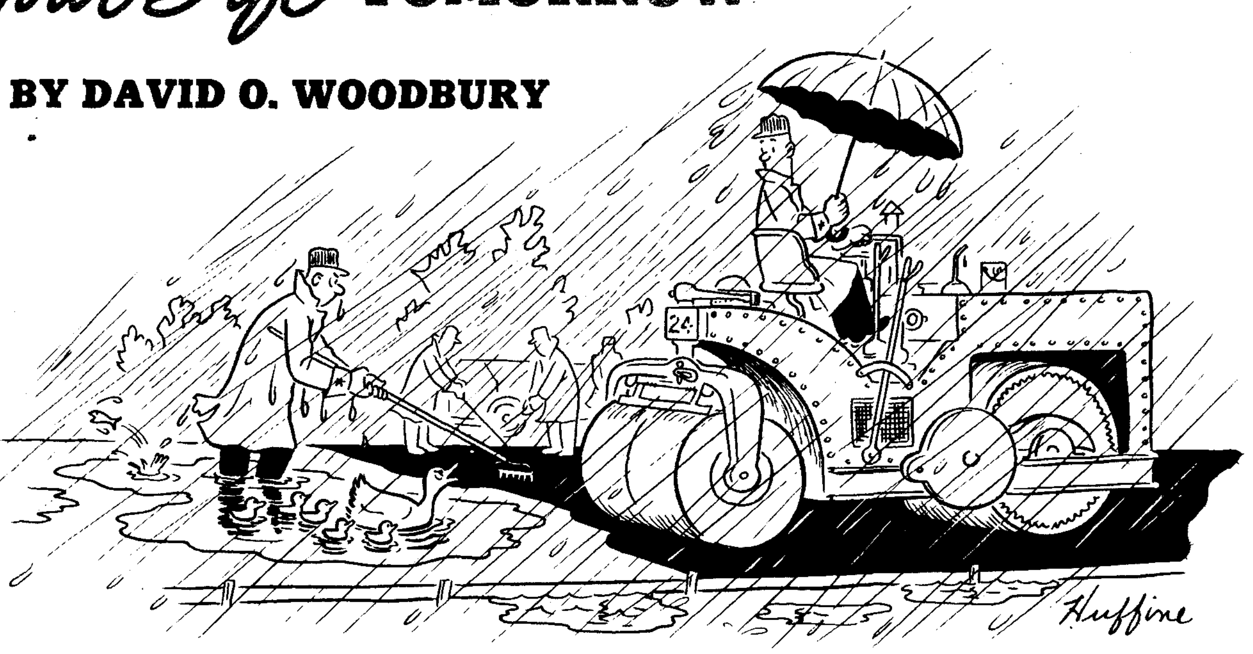
Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



DAVE HUFFINE

New Asphalt Treatment Defies Rain

Chemists have now developed a substance that will make hot asphalt stick to wet surfaces—something it would never do alone. Treated with this, the asphalt can be so firmly bonded with crushed rock and sand that the mixture can be used for surfacing highways even in a downpour of rain. Formerly, road making was often a victim of the weather. If the materials were wet, or even very damp, bonding was poor and the surfacing job had to be postponed till dry weather came. Roads laid with wet materials often peeled, stripped or went to pieces quickly.

The new substance is a liquid that can be added in small quantities when the asphalt is made at the refinery; or it can be mixed on the job. Not only does it protect newly laid road surfaces from severe storms but avoids the extra expense and delay of waiting for dry days. It also makes possible the patching of holes and cracks in old roads, even when they are filled with water.

Wrap the Freshness in

Choice apples, oranges and grapefruit will soon be coming to your table as fresh as if picked within the hour, though they may have been off the tree for weeks or months. The trick will be done by wrapping each fruit in a skin-tight jacket of Pliofilm, chemically designed to preserve that particular species. For some items the film will be only one ten-thousandth of an inch thick. Yet tests show that such perishables as apples will keep perfectly for 18 months or more.

The new wrapping is not merely a merchandising job; it is based on the chemistry of decay, which research has shown varies widely among hundreds of different products. Rubber chemists found that every variety requires a definite percentage of oxygen, carbon dioxide and water to keep it fresh, with no two species alike. By chemical modification or variation in film thickness, they were able to devise wrappings that would let in these balanced rations of chemicals, no more and no less, thus providing individual "storage lockers" for each piece of fruit.

Fruit will be wrapped by machine with the right film the moment it is picked. Plans are under way for packaging meats, fish and fresh vegetables in the same way.

New Deal in Ironing Boards

In the midst of your week's ironing the telephone rings, or some household emergency suddenly develops. You drop your iron flat on the board and run. When you come back ten minutes later, the sheeting that covers the board is burned.

Soon this familiar household tragedy will be impossible. A new ironing-board cover is coming, made of glass that can't burn, scorch or wrinkle out of shape. With it you need never stand the iron precariously on its back or bother with a metal holder. Leave it flat on the surface for hours and it will do no harm.

The new cover will be made of tight-woven glass cloth, fitted over the usual felt pad. It can stand iron temperatures up to 600 degrees without discoloration. A year's steady use will not darken it, nor give it that unpleasant odor that cotton picks up after much use. The glossy surface will make the iron slip easier, and it can be cleaned by wiping it with a damp cloth.

This Wet Match Still Lights

Now an ordinary kitchen match that will scratch and light when it is wet. It will light after it has been exposed in a damp house for months; it will light after floating in a glass of water for 24 hours.

"Water-resistant" matches were developed for the Army, for use in soggy climates, and for the Navy for lifeboat service. For a hundred years chemists had tried to make them and had failed. The new match is simply dunked in six different plastic solutions, all of them together drying on as a thin, transparent coating that covers about half the match. They should be on the market in a few months.

Watch for This . . .

A new type of sun goggles, called "gradient-density glasses," will soon be available. Used by aviators in the war, these glasses are darkest in the upper halves of their lenses so that the wearer's eyes are shielded from sky glare and bright sunlight, while his view straight ahead and down is not cut down at all. Especially good for motorists, golfers, boating enthusiasts. ★★★

Any Week

Continued from page 4

seventy-seven. However, we were only seventy-one out of the way and we do wish people wouldn't quibble.

AND Mr. Leonard Mehlman of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, has undertaken as pleasantly a futile assignment as we have heard of in some time. And we, as you know, are one of the Floundering Fathers of the United World Futileers. Mr. Mehlman is trying to prove that Harry Truman is not President—of the United States, that is. He says that he is out to prove that a man may become President only by action of the Electoral College or the House of Representatives.

MR. TIM J. HOWBLAND of Joliet, Illinois, is sick and tired of hearing that our colleges are "hotbeds of Communism." As Red Traps, says he, they're not to be compared with our jails and reformatories. "In the interests of national safety and to preserve the American Way of Life," he goes on, "our prisons and penitentiaries should be closed and kept closed. I am writing the Honorable John Rankin of Mississippi giving him the facts."

MR. SKIP BLODGETT of Atlanta, Georgia, was shocked by William Martin's short short story, One Package. "As an old horse player," writes Mr. Blodgett, "I wish to ask Mr. Martin where and at what track they have phones, public phones at that, located, as he says, in the shadow of the grandstand." Mr. Blodgett is right, as usual. There are no phones available to the customers at any race track in the country. Or at least if there are, the cops are not on their jobs.

WE DON'T think this will work but we've read worse ideas. Miss Nida Johnwhite of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, suggests that when the United Nations assembly is presently established here, the delegates and their trains organize themselves into a softball league. Not bad, not bad. But we got to thinking about the umpires—God help them! Suppose a Russian delegate was called out on strikes!

AND Miss Mary Emma Reace of Spokane, Washington, is writing a book about her grandfather. She will call it Growing Old Disgracefully. But she is having trouble with him. In her first chapter she writes that Gramps was even at that moment flirting with a girl young enough to be another granddaughter. "Flirting. Flirting?" he roared. "Wanna make a sissy of me right off at the start. I'm a-courtin' her."

THAT'S all, now, except that the Glenwood Herald has just arrived from Pope County, Minnesota, and Editor Oscar Berg has this to say: "Leo Moe is distributing some sales bills around town. He has a dandy short name. Uses only four letters—two of 'em twice." . . . W. D.

"To Dad with Love"

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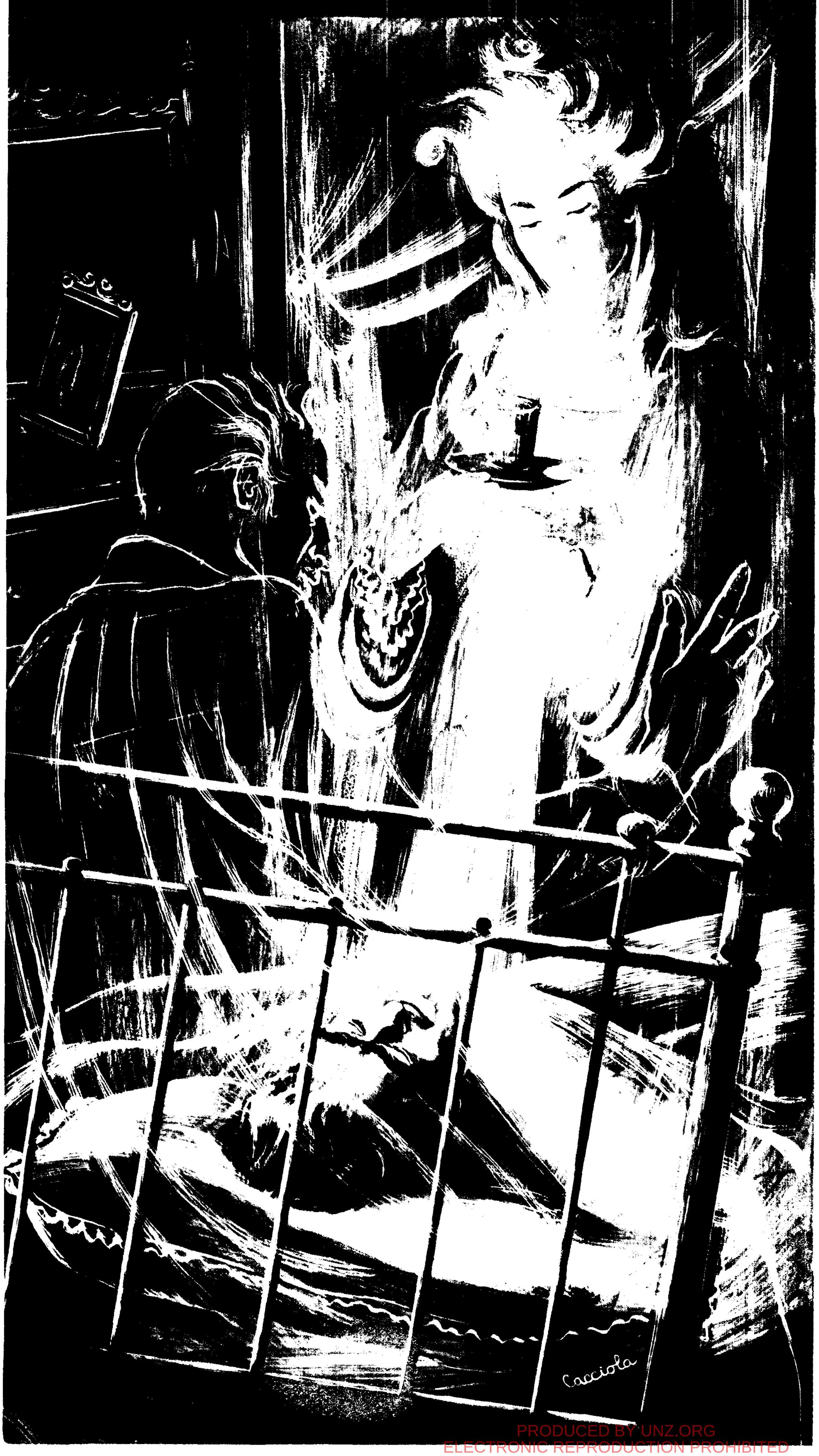
"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

THE HORSEHAIR TRUNK

BY DAVE GRUBB



In his mind, Marius held the strange secret of life and death; in his heart, a mad revenge; and in his hands, a fatal decision

TO MARIUS the fever was like a cloud of warm river fog around him. Or like the blissful vacuum that he had always imagined death would be. He had lain for nearly a week like this in the big corner room while the typhoid raged and boiled inside him. Mary Ann was a dutiful wife. She came and fed him his medicine and stood at the foot of the brass bed when the doctor was there, clasping and unclasping her thin hands; and sometimes from between hot, heavy lids Marius could glimpse her face, dimly pale and working slowly in prayer. Such a fool she was, a praying, stupid fool that he had married five years ago. He could remember thinking that even in the deep, troubled delirium of the fever.

"You want me to die," he said to her one morning when she came with his medicine. "You want me to die, don't you?"

"Marius! Don't say such a thing! Don't ever—"

"It's true, though," he went on, hearing his voice miles above him at the edge of the quilt. "You want me to die. But I'm not going to. I'm going to get well, Mary Ann. I'm not going to die. Aren't you disappointed?"

"No! No! It's not true! It's not!"

Now, though he could not see her face through the hot blur of fever, he could hear her crying; sobbing and shaking with her fist pressed tight against her teeth. Such a fool.

ON THE eighth morning Marius woke full of a strange, fiery brilliance as if all his flesh were glass not yet cool from the furnace. He knew the fever was worse, close to its crisis, and yet it no longer had the quality of darkness and mists. Everything was sharp and clear. The red of his necktie hanging in the corner of the bureau mirror was a flame. And he could hear the minutest stirrings down in the kitchen, the breaking of a match stick in Mary Ann's fingers as clear as pistol shots outside his bedroom window. It was a joy.

Marius wondered for a moment if he might have died. But if it was death it was certainly more pleasant than he had ever imagined death would be. He could rise from the bed without any sense of weakness and he could stretch his arms and he could even walk out through the solid door into the upstairs hall. He thought it might be fun to tiptoe downstairs and give Mary Ann a fright, but when he was in the parlor he remembered suddenly that she would be unable to see him. Then when he heard her coming from the kitchen with his medicine he thought of an even better joke. With the speed of thought Marius was back in his body under the quilt again, and Mary Ann was coming into the bedroom with her large eyes wide and worried.

"Marius," she whispered, leaning over him and stroking his hot forehead with her cold, thin fingers. "Marius, are you better?"

He opened his eyes as if he had been asleep.

"I see," he said, "that you've moved the pianola over to the north end of the parlor."

Mary Ann's eyes widened and the glass of amber liquid rattled against the dish.

"Marius!" she whispered. "You haven't been out of bed! You'll kill yourself! With a fever like—"

"No," said Marius faintly, listening to his own voice as if it were in another room. "I haven't been out of bed, Mary Ann."

His eyelids flickered weakly up at her face, round and ghostlike, incredulous. She quickly set the tinkling glass of medicine on the little table.

"Then how—?" she said. "Marius, how could you know?"

Marius smiled weakly up at her and closed his eyes, saying nothing, leaving the terrible question unanswered, leaving her to tremble and ponder over it forever if need be. She was such a fool.

It had begun that way, and it had been so easy he wondered why he had never discovered it before. Within a few hours the fever broke in great rivers of sweat, and by Wednesday, Marius was able to sit up in the chair by the window and watch the starlings hopping on the front lawn. By the end of the month he was back at work as editor of the Daily Argus. But even those who knew him least were able to detect in the manner of Marius Lindsay that he was a changed man —and a worse one. And those

(Continued on page 81)

With the speed of thought, Marius was back in his body under the quilt again and Mary Ann was coming into the bedroom, her large eyes wide and worried

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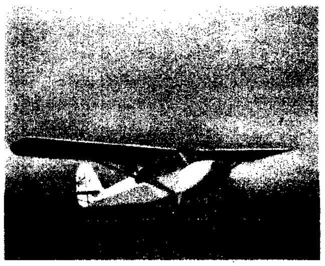

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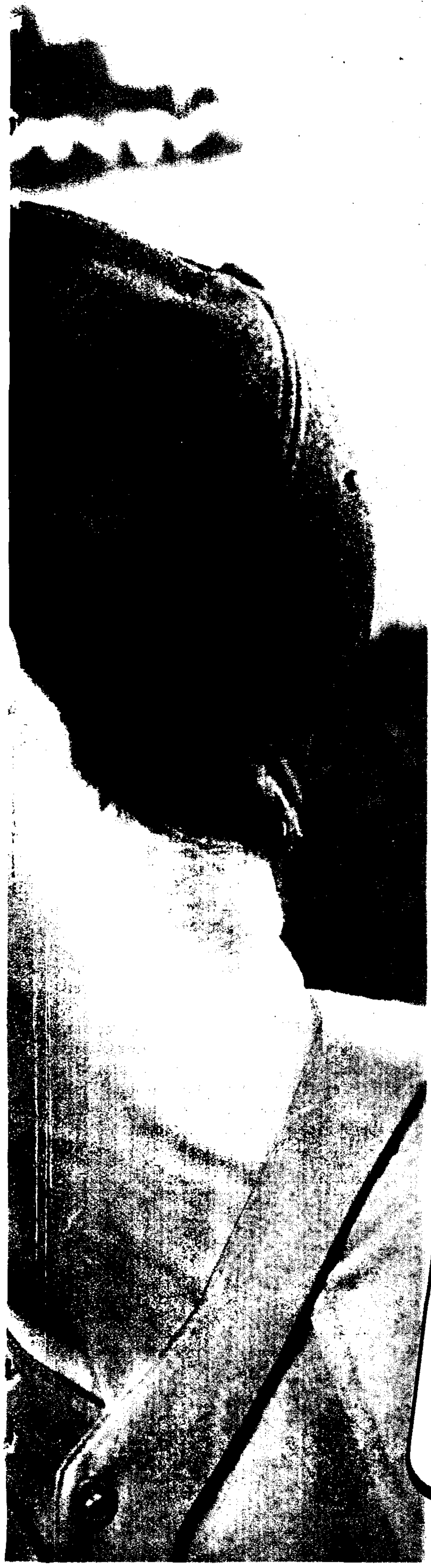

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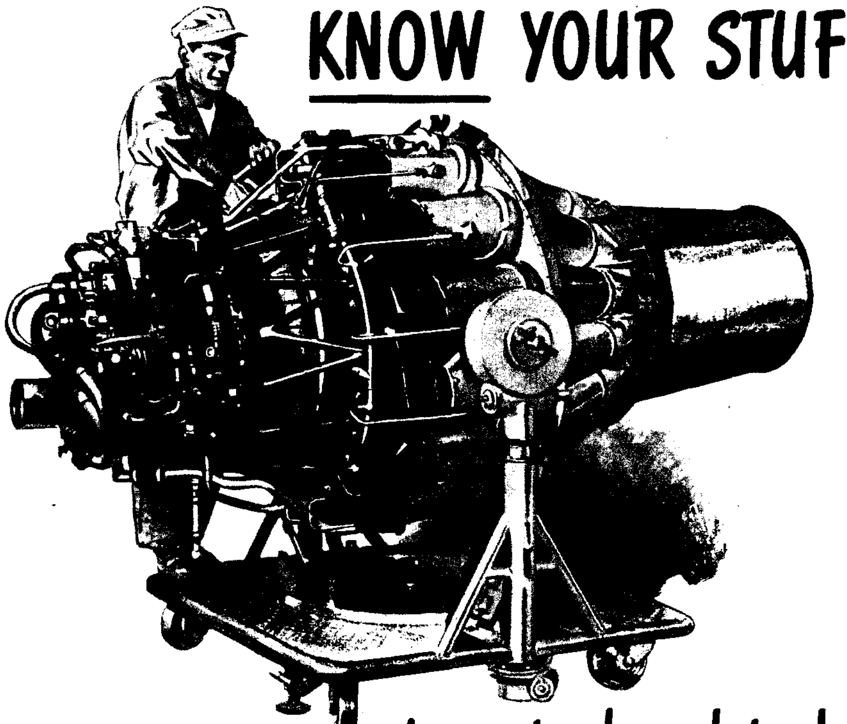
YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW YOUR STUFF



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	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER: 20 Years' Service	30 Years' Service
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	$138.00	$89.70	$155.25
Technical Sergeant	114.00	74.10	128.25
Staff Sergeant . .	96.00	62.40	108.00
Sergeant	78.00	50.70	87.75
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Private	50.00	32.50	56.25

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
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Pooches on Parade

Continued from page 21

of both man and beast. The show attracts entries from every state in the Union, from Canada, and, before the war, many from England. Exhibitors who bring their dogs by rail are met at the Madison railroad station by special expressmen who provide free trucking service to and from the show, a feature of no other dog show. Free busses are also on hand for the spectators.

The Delaware & Lackawanna trains that leave Hoboken at 8:15 and 9 A.M. on the morning of the show, carry special baggage cars for the dogs of exhibitors, and the dogs are also allowed in the smoking cars.

Each exhibitor is mailed exact instructions as to which gate to enter, and just where to unload. Having the tents completely encircling the judging field makes it possible to bench each dog almost in the ring where he is to be shown. For the uninitiated, it might be mentioned that a "bench" is one of the long rows of little three-sided plywood compartments in which the dogs are kept when they are not in the ring; a dog is considered benched when he is thereon. Benching them close to their own ring makes things much simpler for the professional handlers who show nearly all the dogs.

At Morris & Essex, the dogs do not have to be "benched" at all in the true sense of the word, a fact that is greatly appreciated by the dogs. A bench is provided for each dog entered, but he doesn't have to use it unless he's a dog that just likes benches. At most shows every dog entered must be on his bench at a certain time in the morning, and, except for short dashes to the rest room, stay there till the show is over that night so that the spectators, who have paid their money to walk around and look at dogs, will have some dogs to walk around and look at.

At Morris & Essex you are supposed to be on hand by ten in the morning, but you can be up and away in five minutes after your event is over if you want to leave. Mrs. Dodge, with some logic, maintains that a dog show should be run partly for the dogs. Also, of course, her show is so big that if a few hundred dogs want to go home at noon, they're hardly missed.

The show has never lasted later than six-fifteen in the evening, with an hour off for lunch. Have you ever tried to judge 4,000 dogs in seven hours? It makes a right busy day. Outdoor shows with only four hundred dogs have been known to finish the judging by the lights of automobiles drawn up about the judging ring. If the proceedings weren't kept strictly in hand, the Morris & Essex judging would be finished around the first of September.

The need for a minimum of chin-rubbing is firmly impressed on all the judges, some of whom have never before participated in a dog festival of this size. During the show each judge judges only one breed, and thus all breeds can be shown simultaneously. Morris & Essex has had as many as 71 rings all running at once, the blue ribbons flying through the air like confetti. The professional handlers are told in advance that nimbleness will be the watchword. Two to four boys are on hand in each ring to fly out and hustle in the next batch of dogs; toward evening, if things are running behind schedule, there will be as many as ten or more of these uniformed dog Mercuries assisting at each ring.

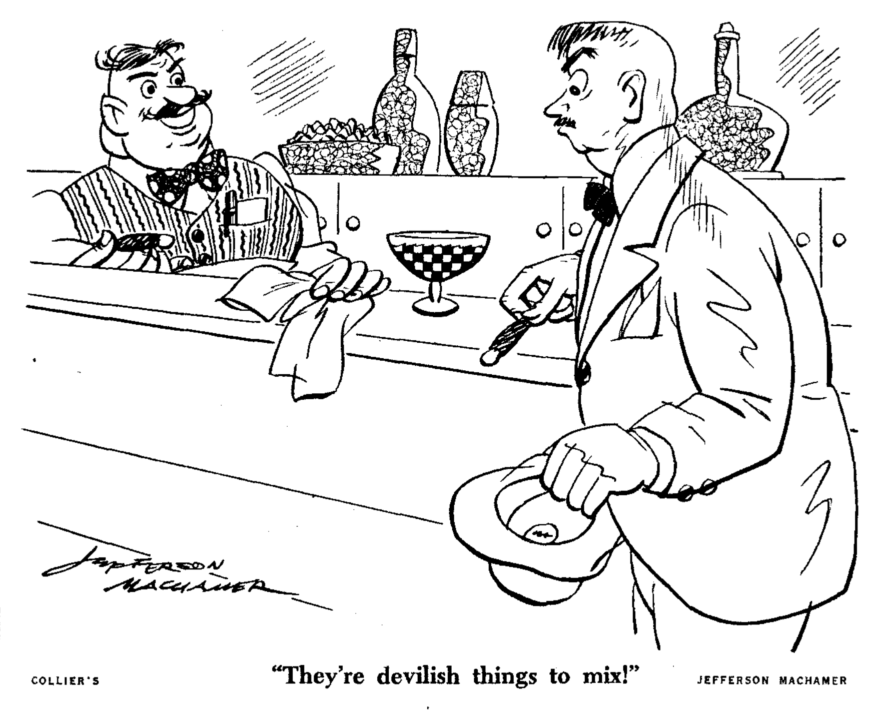
The Versatile Mr. Halley

The Morris & Essex Show is benched and superintended by George F. Foley, of Philadelphia, who handles nearly all the big dog shows in the East. Raymond L. Patterson, manager of Giralda Farms, is in charge of much of the readying of the premises. The actual manager of the show, however, the year-round sparkplug behind the scenes, is an engaging and peppery gentleman named McClure Halley. Mr. Halley, who had been in turn an automobile racer, dog breeder, Army officer, and art buyer, has been with the Dodges since 1920.

The show, as anyone might guess, gets its name from Morris and Essex counties in New Jersey. It has never been what is known as an all-breed show. The biggest number of breeds ever shown was 71, out of a total of 110 breeds now recognized by the American Kennel Club. This year, as the show gets under way again, the thirty most popular breeds of recent years will be shown, with the total entry expected to be somewhere around 3,000 dogs. It is difficult to estimate the dog attendance accurately. The number of dogs some of the people enter is astonishing. In 1936, the late Dr. Aristine Pixley Munn of Long Branch, New Jersey, appeared at the grounds on Saturday morning with four moving vans containing 101 dogs. The Morris & Essex prizes this year will be, as usual, extensive. The exhibitors will take home approximately $15,000 in cash and sterling silver trophies.

Mr. Dodge, a quiet and retiring man, has always liked horses more than dogs. He doesn't dislike dogs; it's just that in quantity he can take them or leave them alone. This Saturday, by request of Mrs. Dodge, he'll take them. Three thousand of them.

THE END



COLLIER'S "They're devilish things to mix!" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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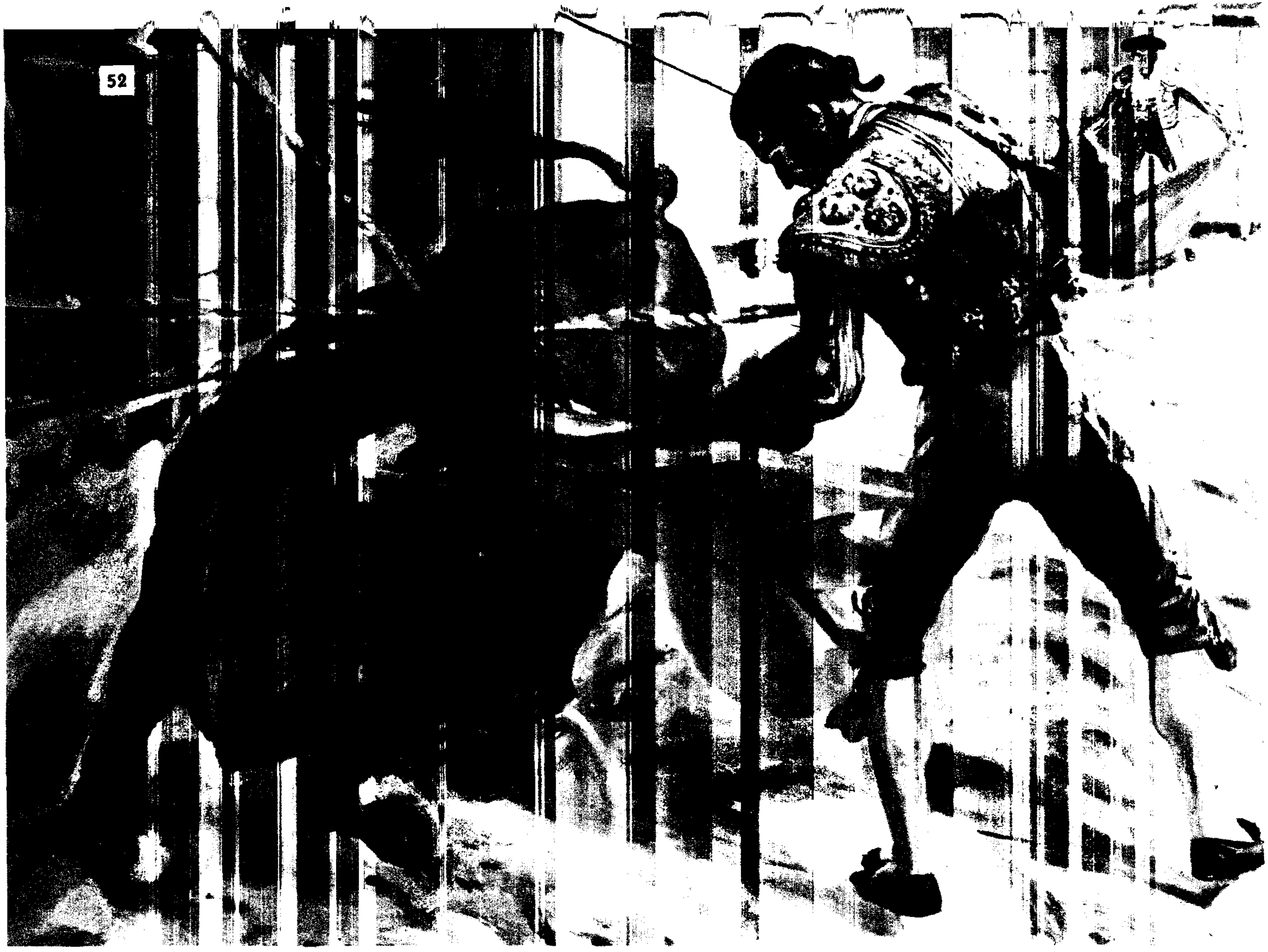


MOMENT OF TRUTH

A short short story complete on this page

BY P. J. ALEXANDER

SHE looked across at him down there by the wooden *barrera*, waiting for the bull to come out into the bright sanded ring.

He was a little pale under his tan, she thought, pale and taut as he always looked before the bull came out. He gently savaged the big scarlet cape and his tongue hesitated across the long upper lip once or twice. In the hard afternoon sunlight she could see the scar which slashed whitely down his neck from under the lobe of his ear, puckering that side of his face and making him ugly. The scar standing out very white now, signaling his fear, because, as she knew, he had great fear of the bulls and it was a long time since he had fought and he was wondering whether his reflexes were as quick; whether that left wrist had lost any of its supple cunning, whether he had recovered sufficiently from the last *cornada* which had torn open his chest, laying bare the breastbone, whether his courage had drained out of the wound with his blood and strength.

The strength had more or less returned and the blood in his veins was coursing strongly and easily again, but he could not yet be sure about the courage which had never failed him. But how could one ever be sure about courage?

She was aware that these things were passing in his mind as he awaited the bull: not the exact things, not the exact thoughts, but the general shape and tendency of them. He loved her and had often spoken of these waiting moments.

The bull was out now, standing still and uncertain, reconciling his eyes to the sudden light, scenting the air, the men, the blood of the horses on the sand, scenting the excitement. Then one of the *banderilleros* was running across the ring and dragging a cape behind, and the bull followed, hooking at the cape. Ah, he favored the right horn; that was his dangerous side; he must be worked from the left. She wanted to shout and tell her husband, knowing quite well that he would be watching closely to see which side the bull hooked, assessing the animal, searching for faults which he would correct with the cape and *muleta*.

He was beginning to work the bull with his cape, the heavy percale fighting cape, working delicately and closely. Now a *verónica* to the left, moving the cape in a long, low, controlled sweep, unhurriedly. A *verónica* to the right, oh, keep away from that right horn! Don't you know he hooks that side? Now watch him finish the linked *verónicas* with a *media verónica*, gathering the big cape to himself as he swings, seeming to wind the bull about him, fixing the animal in that position while he walks away. So easy! And the crowd roared its appreciation.

Tonight they would dine with the mayor and other important people, and it would be a fine dinner, with her sitting next to him, looking gay and lovely because he was alive and unhurt. He would eat slowly and with delicacy, smiling diffidently at their jokes, replying shyly to the windy rhetoric of their praise. They would talk much of the afternoon's fight, each vying with the other to impress him with their knowledge of the bulls. And he would not even listen because he never liked talking of those things, except to her sometimes.

The *faena*, the final third of the fight and the most dangerous was beginning. He was moving into the center of the ring to take the bull in the *pase de la muerte*, the pass of the dead one, walking slowly on his knotted, scarred legs. Not very hard or risky this pass, if one could dominate the nerves well enough to stand as though dead while the bull thundered past, following the gradually raised *muleta* to make a leaping arc.

BUT now the real danger came, and her mouth was dry. Citing the bull to charge, so that he might take him in a *pase natural*, the most dangerous, the most difficult and, oh yes, the most beautiful pass in bullfighting.

The bull coming in fast and straight, following the *muleta* well, he standing immobile and splendid in his gold brocade in the sun, head bent, swinging the little cloth lure slowly away and out, taking the horns right across his belly, almost leaning on them it seemed, the blood from the dart wounds on the bull's neck coming off on to his shirt; the man and bull forming a plastic unity of black and gold for a flashing moment which lasted hours while she lived and died, and the packed white faces of the crowd mouthed applause.

Working with quiet dominance by the horns, controlling the charge with that magic left wrist; a second *pase natural;* a third; he couldn't do a fourth, not four successive *naturals* so perfectly, so leisurely. No, he couldn't, must not, do a fourth; but he was doing it; had done it; sending the bull away again.

And then the bull charged suddenly and unexpectedly.

Perhaps he had not been able to control that last charge quite so perfectly as the others . . . perhaps . . . The big bull had turned with a terrible swiftness and charged. She watched, frozen. He stood statue still, as if surprised, not attempting to move from the animal's path; then took the bull past and away with a *pase de pecho,* as perfect as the *naturals.*

The tumult of the crowd reached a peak. She was trembling a little and her palms were wet. She had tried to stay away from the fights, but she never could. If he had to be gored to prove that no man is safe from the bulls, she must see it and have the agony of mind, must not excuse herself that, if it had to happen.

SHE loved the bullfight and hated it. Hated it when her man was fighting and found it almost tasteless without him. They used to go and watch many times before he became a full matador, when he was often out of work, and she would enjoy it but rarely with real emotion. Now they never went, except, of course, when he was fighting.

He had been very wild before they married, drinking and gambling greatly. But the responsibilities of a family and his love for her had gentled him. Yes, he was gentle. In his love-making, too. And when, as sometimes happened, she would respond with a sudden rough passion, he would tease her, holding her away from him, and he would say, "What's all this excitement for, this roughness? Why, you are more dangerous than the bull. You frighten me. Are you trying to kill me?"

And he would grin, the dark eyes searching her face waiting for an answer he knew she would not make. Then, swiftly slip his arms round her, crushing her against him, murmuring many things and leaving many unsaid.

And now he must kill the bull, and kill classically to end such a *faena*. This would be the worst, the very worst for her. To watch in high agony lest a careless wind push the *muleta* against him leaning there over the horns in the moment of truth as Spaniards call it, waiting lest the horn catch his thigh and throw him straddle-legged and ridiculous into the air; all grace and beauty lost to ugly, pitiful futility. Or lest the bull, unaccountably raising its head as the sword bit keenly, give the *cornada* in chest or neck. He would not survive another chest wound, she knew.

Those were chances which no matador whose honor would not permit him to kill in any way but perfectly, could ever eliminate. She saw every detail in a bright clarity of petrified fascination while he walked to the bull, stopped for that moment of quietness, watching the bull, the bull watching him.

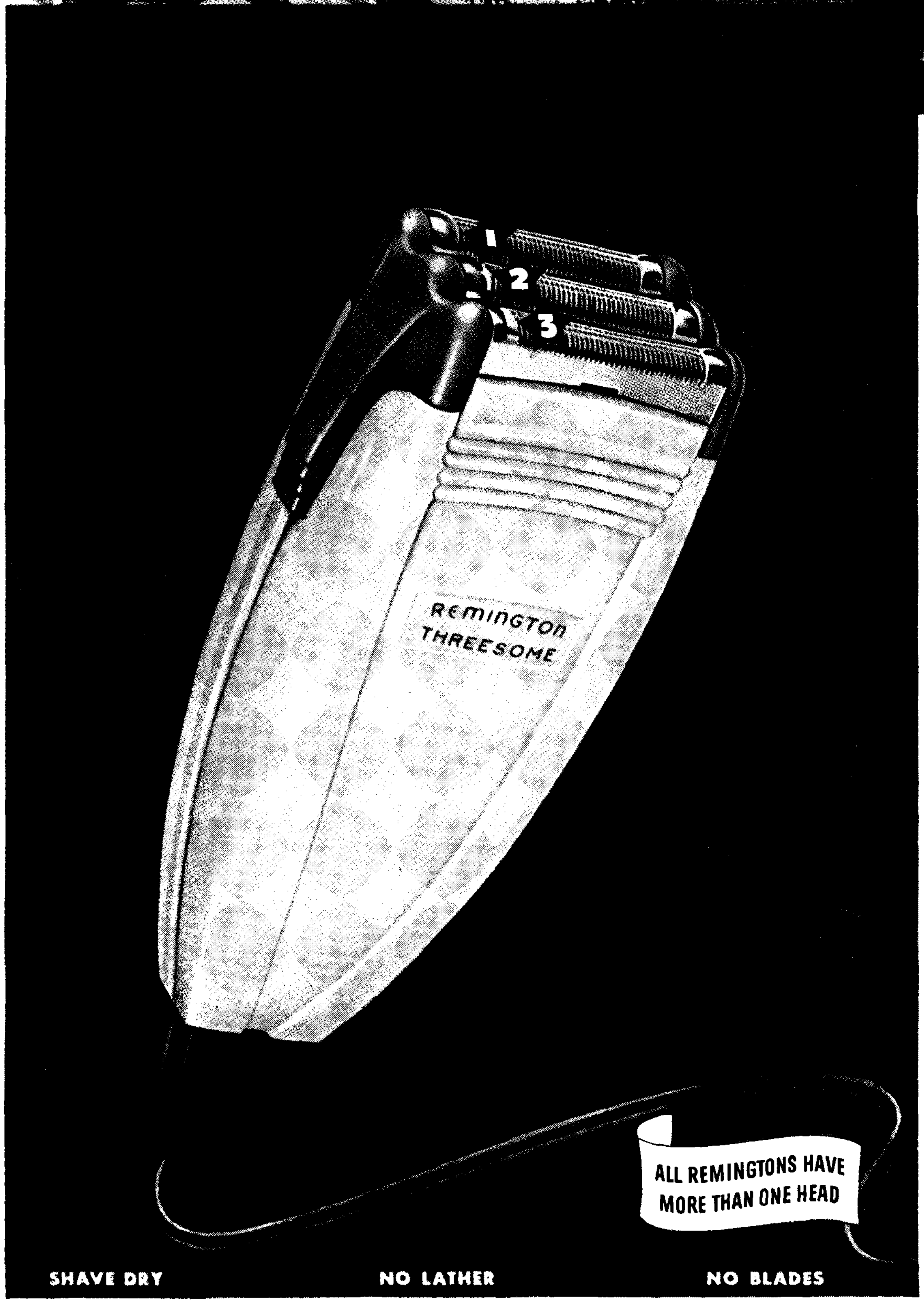
Now he was profiling, sighting arrogantly along the raised shining blade, the *muleta* drooping in his left hand. Now going in, leaning close over the horns, left arm down across his body, guiding cloth and bull, right arm pushing the sword in. Slowly, oh how slowly, the sword goes in, an inch at a time, drawing her stretched nerves out, an inch at a time.

The sun on his hair, on the brown still face, on his golden shoulders bent over the horns scraping along his arched belly, nothing faked or hurried, leaning right in after the sword and coming out by the flanks of a bull already dead. Killed.

She stood up, exultant with the crowd, but silent, letting the mounting noise wash over her. For the first time that afternoon she tasted the sun and the light warm wind in her hair and eyes and, somehow, in her heart. The *faena* was over and she was smiling.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

GET MORE POWER
ON THE HEAD END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Why not treat yourself to a Remington today? See the new Threesome at your dealer's. The price (OPA ceiling) is only $17.50. Remington Rand, Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada, Remington Rand, Ltd., Toronto.

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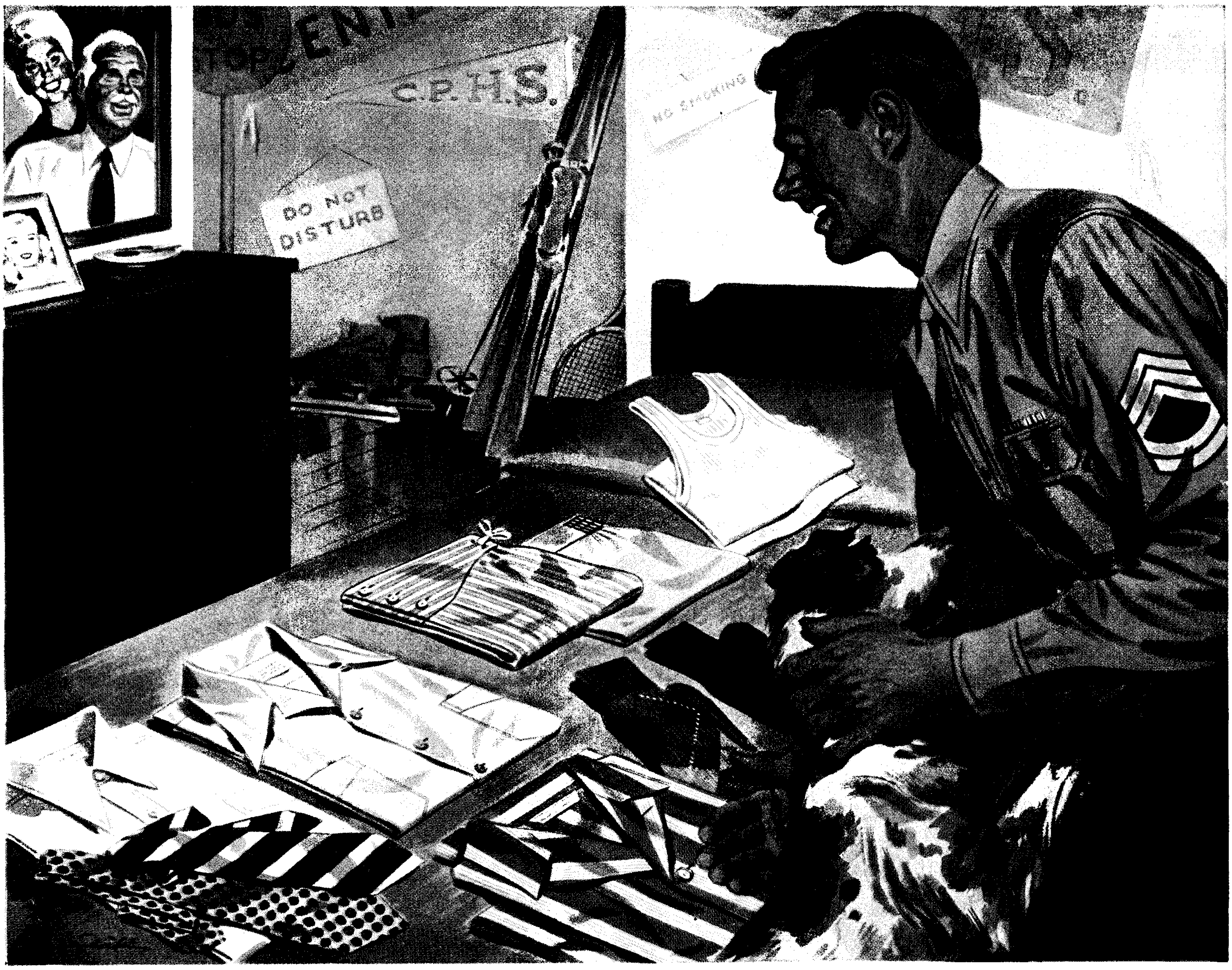


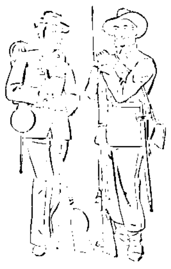
Welcome Home, Joe

Your favorite pie's a-baking. Your dog is foolish with joy. The girl next door is prettier than when you left. As for your folks . . . they're wonderfully the same.

Your cup of happiness is full . . . and it's a personal thing. So much so, we're diffident suggesting that we think we can add to your pleasure in returning to civilian life.

But . . . you *will* be wanting new men's wear, to help you look and *feel* like a civilian again. And we'd like to mention that Wilson Wear by Wilson Brothers will do just *that.*

Wilson Wear has been quality men's wear since 1864. When the boys in blue and grey exchanged their uniforms for civvies, the choice, handmade shirts of Wilson Brothers were in great demand. Thousands of World War II veterans are looking forward to their favorite Wilson Wear. *They'll have fun in new Skipper Sportswear . . . sleep like congressmen in Faultless Pajamas . . . cut a fine figure in form fitting shirts . . . and feel awfully good to possess again Super Shorts, Knit Underwear, Buffer Socks, Wilcrest Ties and other Wilson Wear items.* Supplies of this fine merchandise are still a little short, but there will be plenty for all as soon as conditions allow.



Wilson Brothers

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

Britain's Hot-Spot Man

Continued from page 23

out, guessing what the total number of fingers will be. The unique feature of the "finger game" is that the loser must take a drink. Clark Kerr became a sort of unrecognized, unofficial champion of China at this game.

Clark Kerr's secret may have been his relationship with Chiang Kai-shek and, equally important, his relations with Mme. Chiang. Any night when he was not holding open house himself he more than likely was at the Chiangs'. And many an evening Mme. Chiang would bustle him out to the kitchen, put him in an apron and tell him to get to work, helping her cooks prepare the meal.

If you ask the Chinese why they liked Clark Kerr—and it is an open secret that Chiang Kai-shek unofficially begged that he stay in Chungking rather than go on to Moscow—they will tell you that it was because of his patience and his informality.

"You must know," a Chinese told me, "that our life runs at a slower tempo than your life in the West. Clark Kerr understood that. He never hurried us. He never was nervous as many Westerners are. He knew our pace and he adjusted himself to it. Then, too, he was very informal. There was no 'side' about Clark Kerr."

Expert at Cutting Red Tape

The Chinese like to tell about the way he cut red tape. For example, there was the time when Chungking was sending a good-will mission to Burma. Relations between the Chinese and the Burmese were not very good. On the day the mission was scheduled to leave Chungking they had not yet received Burma visas for their passports. A member of the mission went to Clark Kerr seeking his advice. Clark Kerr's eyes twinkled.

"Give me the passports," he said. He took the packet, drew a quill from the stand on his desk and personally scrawled his own visa on each of the documents.

Five weeks after Pearl Harbor, Clark Kerr was ordered to Russia. It was a grim moment in the war. Everywhere in the Far East the Japanese were driving onward—Manila, Hong Kong and Singapore were lost, Burma and Java tottered. In Europe the Wehrmacht clutched at the throat of the Red Army. It was not yet clear that the Russian winter held an even firmer grip on the Germans. As he passed through India en route to his new post, Clark Kerr dropped a typically realistic warning. He did not believe the Japs would take India but "if I were here, I should make my arrangements on the basis of the war's coming to India and I should lose no time." His frankness contrasted refreshingly with the "officially optimistic" statements of the India Office.

Clark Kerr was sixty years old when he came to Russia—a tall, lean man with a youthful gleam in his gray-green eyes. Guessing, you might have said he was in his late forties, for there was a spring in his step and a lilt to his mind. In Russia, Clark Kerr quickly found he needed all the youth and spirit he could muster.

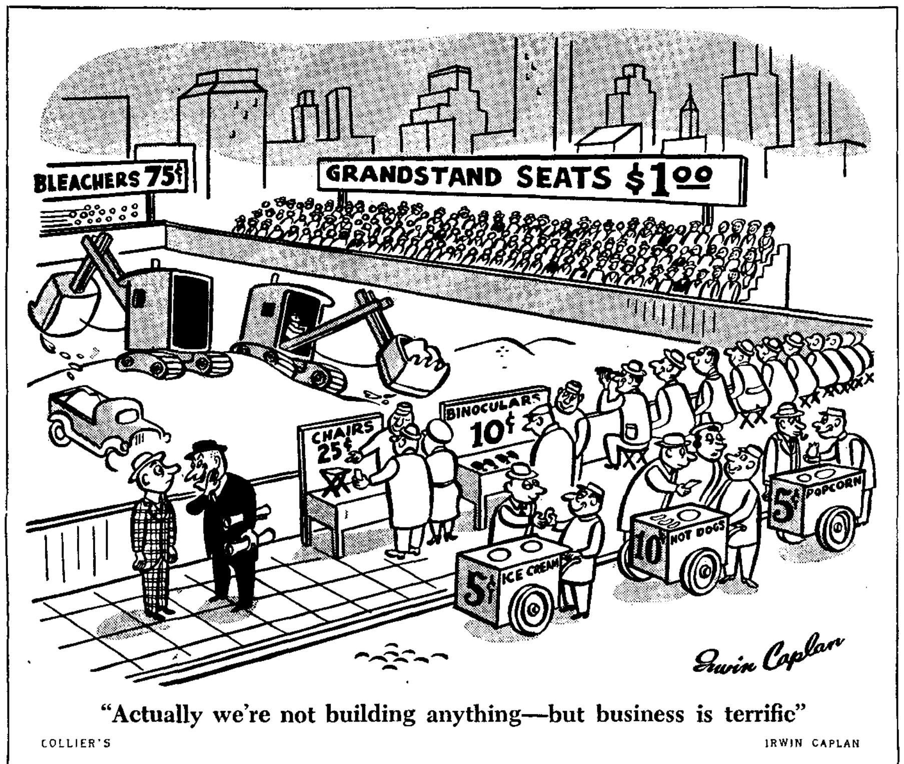
For there was no stream of bright Russian spirits beating a path to the door to relax in front of the roaring fireplace in the ambassador's private study, at the gloomy old embassy. Nor, of course, did Clark Kerr anticipate this, although the depth of his isolation continually depressed and mildly astonished him throughout his stay in Russia.

The task of a foreign ambassador in Moscow differs from most diplomatic assignments. In most capitals an ambassador has two principal functions—to keep his government accurately informed on the country to which he is accredited and to represent his government in negotiations. Normally an ambassador spends much of his time developing contacts and friendships which will aid him in these tasks.

But the Russians discourage relationships between diplomats and Soviet officials. There is no such thing as slipping off quietly with a Soviet commissar for a cocktail and settling a dispute over the drinks. No considerations of friendship, cordiality or even courtesy are allowed by Soviet officials to interfere with what they delight in calling the "hard logic of facts."

Thus, since his function at the Soviet Foreign Office consists largely of delivering notes and receiving replies, the most effective ambassador in Russia is the one who most accurately observes and analyzes Soviet trends. And an ambassador who can predict to his government in advance what the Russian reaction is likely to be to a given proposition is a genius.

Clark Kerr quickly formed a realistic picture of the Russian situation. He perceived that British-Russian collaboration during the war was superimposed upon a deep layer of mutual antagonisms and he did not make the mistake of some of his colleagues in supposing that the warborn friendship would melt away fundamental



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Yes, buy it now . . . for the Silvaire is ready and available. Time payments can be arranged. Strong All-Metal construction gives beauty plus low maintenance costs. It operates economically . . . costs no more per ground mile than a medium priced car.

Fly it with pleasure . . . fly it with ease. You'll discover new satisfaction in the Silvaire every time you take it up. You'll appreciate its high maneuverability . . . its splendid visibility . . . its fast cruising speed . . . its low landing speed that lets you come in and out of the smallest fields, safely and with ease.

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For business, for sport, for pleasure, for family flying . . . the Silvaire is the plane of the day. Remember—if you can drive a car, you can learn to fly a Silvaire. Send for complete information . . . find out how you can get a FREE flying course with your Silvaire.

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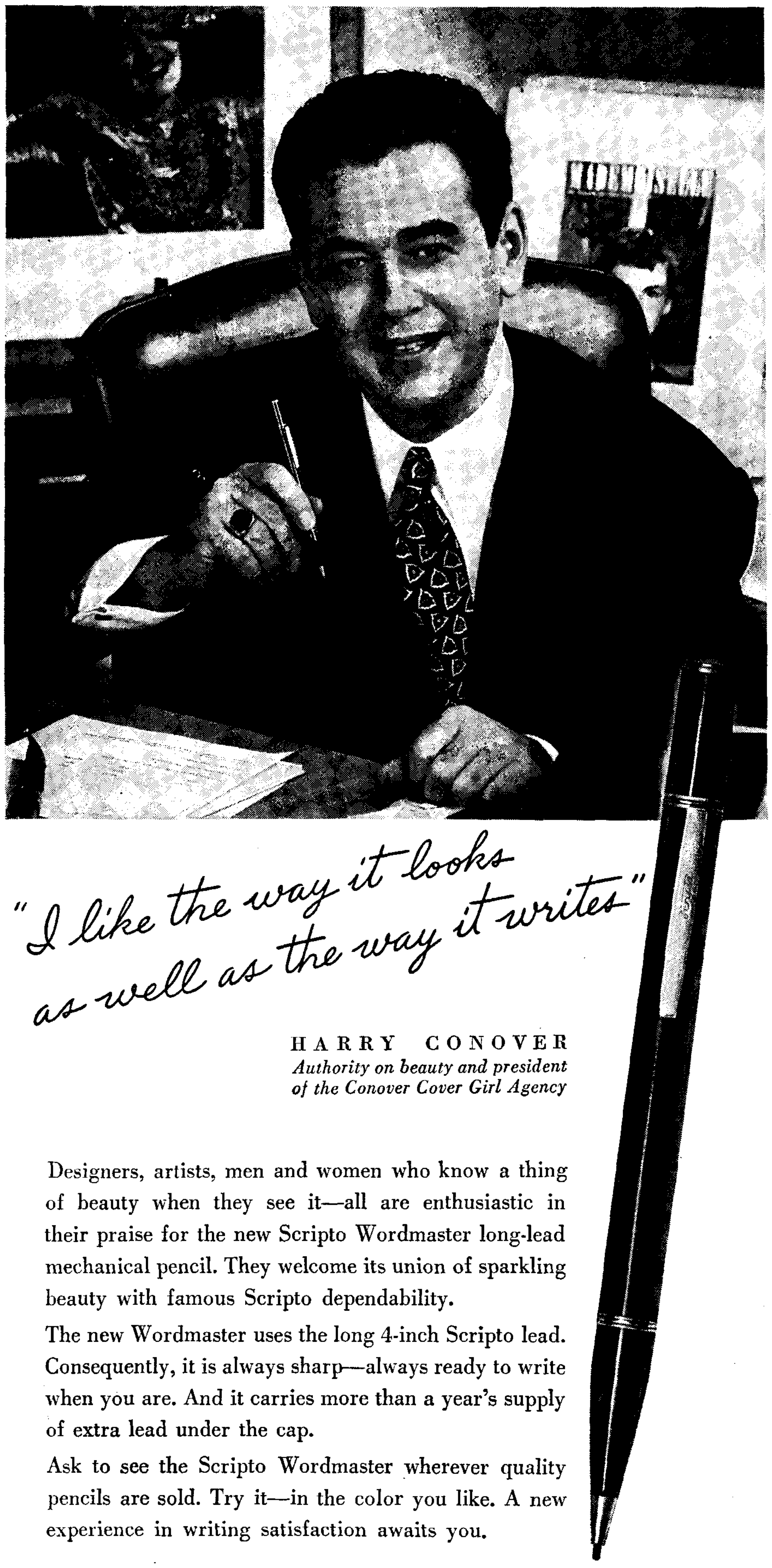
Authorities on beauty applaud the design of the new Scripto Wordmaster long-lead pencil



HARRY CONOVER
Authority on beauty and president of the Conover Cover Girl Agency

Designers, artists, men and women who know a thing of beauty when they see it—all are enthusiastic in their praise for the new Scripto Wordmaster long-lead mechanical pencil. They welcome its union of sparkling beauty with famous Scripto dependability.

The new Wordmaster uses the long 4-inch Scripto lead. Consequently, it is always sharp—always ready to write when you are. And it carries more than a year's supply of extra lead under the cap.

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differences. If Clark Kerr had any illusions about Russia, his first big assignment soon dispelled them. This was the August, 1942, conference in which Winston Churchill broke the news to Stalin that there would be no second front in Europe that year.

Accurately guessing that it was Churchill's idea to attack in North Africa instead of western Europe, Stalin leveled his most biting sarcasm at the Prime Minister. Churchill replied in kind. The atmosphere grew frigid when the Prime Minister appeared at a formal Kremlin dinner attired in his famous blue coveralls—his "siren suit." The Russians are great sticklers for etiquette and they were not amused at the Prime Minister's whim. Matters went from bad to worse and at one point, Churchill angrily ordered his plane made ready for a morning take-off. The Russians coldly informed him that he could not depart "due to weather conditions."

In this atmosphere Clark Kerr was at his best. "When the going got tough," a colleague reported, "and the Old Man and Uncle Joe were at it hammer and tongs, H. E. (for His Excellency—the ambassador's nickname among his intimates) would calm them down with some little gesture. It might be that he would ask Churchill a question which would lead the P.M. into a story. By the time the anecdote was told, the atmosphere was easier. Or he would pass a light remark to Stalin that broke the tension."

Clark Kerr's easy nonchalance, calm temper and quizzical wit went far to oil the diplomatic machinery at the conferences that followed—the Moscow Foreign Ministers' meeting, Teheran, Yalta, etc.

But since there was no hope of establishing intimate and casual relationships with the Russians, Clark Kerr tried other ways of getting the pulse of the country. He gathered in Moscow a brilliant staff of experts, headed by John Balfour, who had specialized in Russia ever since learning the language in a German prison camp during World War I. The British translators and interpreters were the best in Moscow, able to give Stalin's personal interpreter, the fabulous Pavlov, a few pointers on syntax. He even brought in military experts whose Russian interests were not limited to the ballerinas at the Bolshoi Theater.

No itinerant envoy or visiting fireman in Moscow was too trivial for the ambassador's attention. Each was invited to the embassy and before the fireplace in the study with a bottle of excellent Scotch close by, he invariably talked long and revealingly. It was typical of Clark Kerr that he was the only diplomat in Moscow to perceive the significance of the curious mission of Father Orlemanski to the Kremlin.

The Orlemanski Incident

Orlemanski, an American parish priest of Polish parentage, arrived in Moscow without advance notice. He came at Stalin's invitation but even after the Moscow press had unprecedentedly published pictures of the priest conferring with Stalin and Molotov at the Kremlin, no one at the American embassy was curious enough to ask him why he was there. Not so Clark Kerr. He invited the priest in and, over a drink or two, found that Stalin seemed hopeful of utilizing the Orlemanski visit as a gambit in an effort to come to some understanding with the Roman Catholic Church. The gambit proved useless, but its significance as an indication of Stalin's line in Catholic Poland was not lost on the British ambassador.

Clark Kerr devoted himself to study of the Polish situation—the key, in many respects, to Russia's relations with the West. Long before Winston Churchill could bring himself to it, Clark Kerr had repeatedly recommended that the London *emigré* regime be abandoned and a coalition formed around Stanislaw Mikolajczyk and members of the Union of Polish Patriots.

It is not too much to say that had his advice been followed when it first was given, most, if not all, of the subsequent Allied conflict over Poland would have been avoided. At the time Clark Kerr first made his recommendations, the Russians were not only willing but eager to allow Mikolajczyk to become Premier of Poland and to name more than half the Polish Cabinet.

In his quest for information about Russia, Clark Kerr noted that the only foreigners who had even limited freedom to travel about the country were the newspaper correspondents. Most diplomats either avoided correspondents like the plague or tolerated them as one of the crosses they had to bear. But Clark Kerr formed a firm alliance with a small group of newspapermen whose reports he found valuable. There was a hard kernel of self-interest at the core of the relationship—a need on both sides for information.

Not very long ago the ambassador said to me, "Why did you correspondents like to talk to me? Honestly, now, did I ever tell you anything?"

I replied, "Sir, you never told us anything—unless you wanted to. But the contest was always exciting and there was always the possibility that we might score a point and extract something from you."

Correspondents Start a Lobby

Out of this relationship was born the curious organization which was called the "Bring Clark Kerr to Washington Society"—a group of correspondents who lobbied half-jokingly, half-seriously for Clark Kerr's appointment to the Washington post.

Clark Kerr will be happier in Washington than in Moscow. He likes the fresh wind of American opinion and he likes the country. It is no heresy for a Scotsman to prefer New York to London and Clark Kerr does.

His informality will go well with Americans too—and that same informality was possibly the most spectacular attribute of his stay in Russia. The Russians dress their diplomats up in fancy uniforms with gold braid and they jealously insist on their prerogatives. It baffled them completely when Clark Kerr stripped to his trousers in the fitful spring sun of Moscow and proceeded to spade up the embassy back yard and plant cabbages, carrots and lettuce. The Russians had seen many strange foreigners but never an ambassador who received his callers minus his shirt and persuaded them to doff their coats and vests and get busy with shovel or spade.

His absence of "side" and his cool humor got a workout late one night when a short circuit started a fire in a corridor just outside his bedroom. He awakened to find the room filled with smoke. Groping his way to a telephone he gave the alarm and then seized a fire extinguisher and fought the flames. With the aid of two or three members of his staff, the fire was extinguished just as the panting Moscow fire department roared up in front of the embassy. Clark Kerr thanked the firemen and assured them that the blaze had been put out.

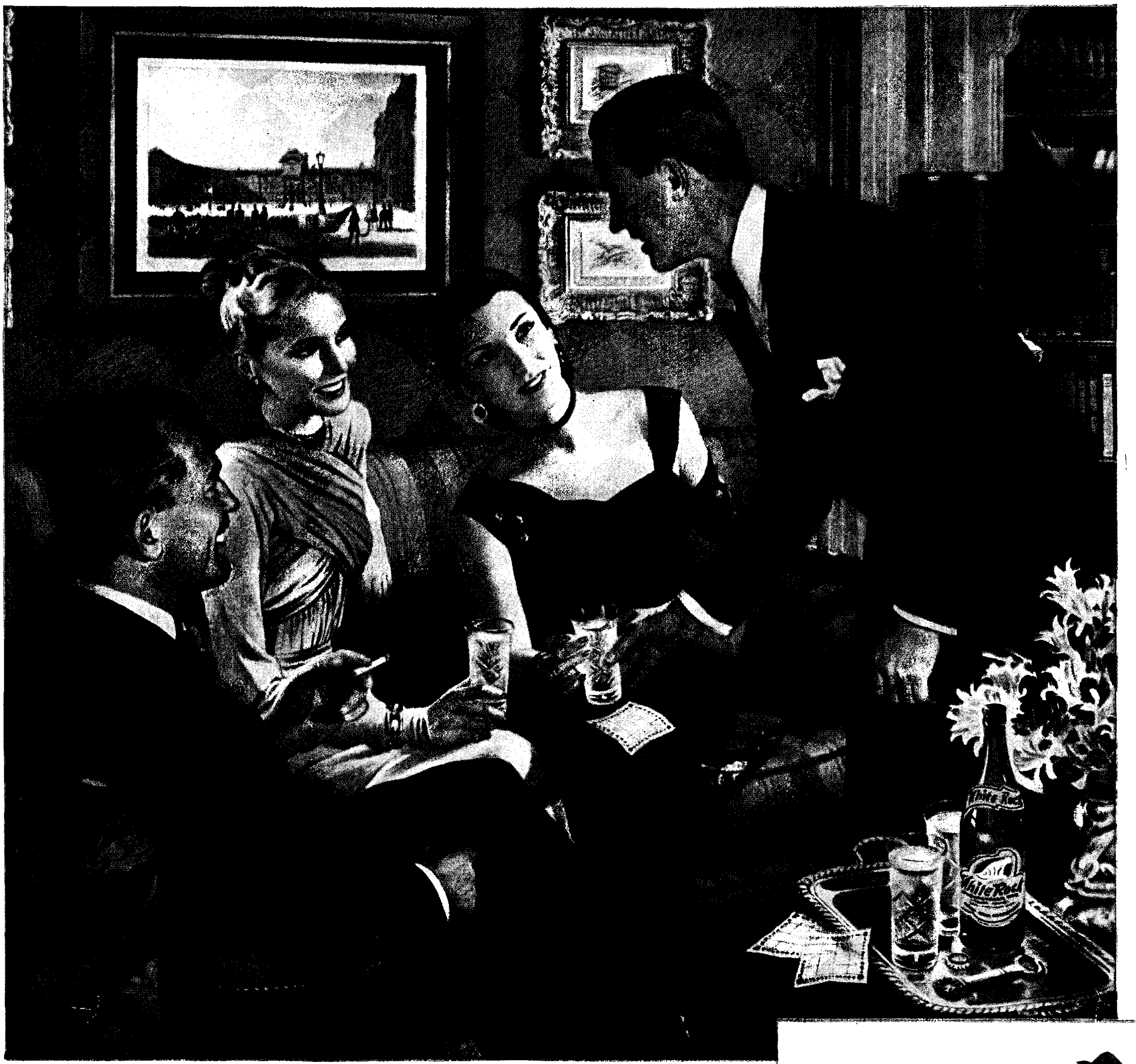
He was just about to retire when the chief of the Moscow fire department arrived, full of apologies and offering to discharge the whole Moscow River section of the department for their gross neglect in allowing the British ambassador's home to catch fire. Clark Kerr thanked the perspiring official and assured him that he had taken no offense at the crossed wires—after all even in England there was no very firm belief that electricity was here to stay.

Friends of Clark Kerr have predicted that he will prove to be the most successful British ambassador to Washington of modern times. To analyze their feeling, you must know Clark Kerr. He had prepared his mind for retirement last year following Churchill's defeat, but this was before he and Bevin had got acquainted. Probably both of them were somewhat surprised at how well they got on

"You have no idea how good Bevin is," Clark Kerr said.

"Don't be misled about Kerr," Bevin commented. "He is an able man."

THE END



You'll enjoy the taste tonight... And feel the difference tomorrow!

With the first sip you can taste the difference, when you mix with White Rock sparkling water.

For the minerals in White Rock give it a distinctive *tang* that brings out the best in drinks — points up your enjoyment as everyday mixers can't possibly do.

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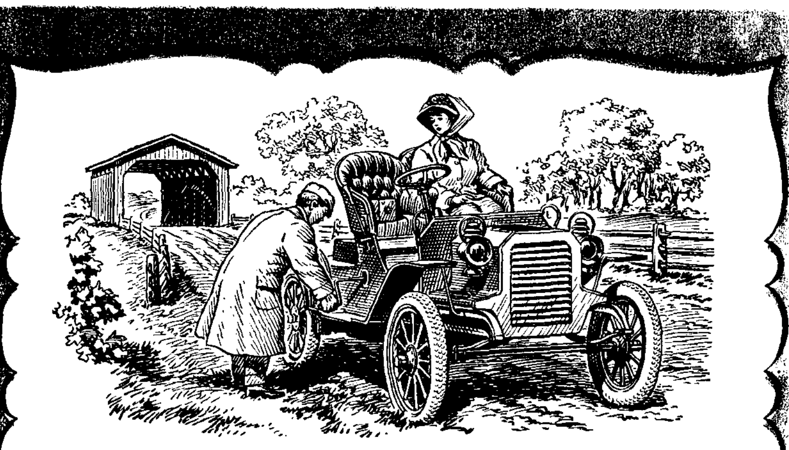
That is why White Rock costs a bit more than other mixers — and why so many people find it well worth it.

Why not always use White Rock? It makes such a difference, tonight and tomorrow!

White Rock *keeps you sparkling, too!*



WHEN SIDE-WINDERS
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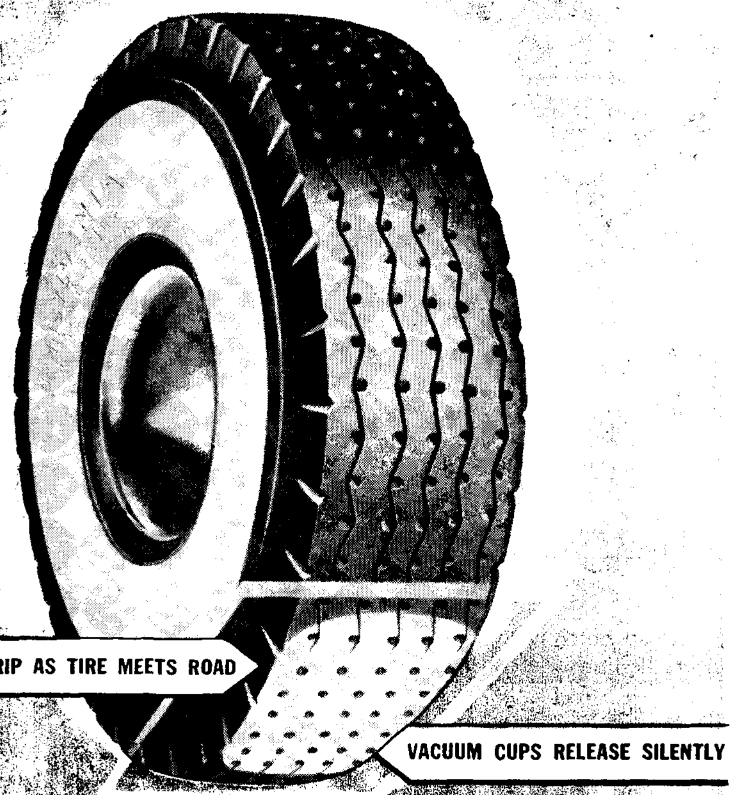
When engines were still under the seat and steering wheels on the right, Pennsylvania was already an old hand at producing quality tires. Best known of all was the Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup whose singing suction tread was famous the world over. . . . Pennsylvania has now developed the *Silent* Vacuum Cup Tire, combining the unsurpassed non-skid qualities of the old Vacuum Cup with the quiet of a smooth tire. . . . The *Silent* Vacuum Cup will be manufactured when the right materials become available. Until they do, you can buy no finer tires than those your Pennsylvania dealer now has for sale.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TIRES
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Silent Vacuum Cup
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Asleep on the Deep

Continued from page 38

Canberra, Quincy and Pittsburgh; light cruisers like the San Juan, Santa Fe, Vincennes, Biloxi, Birmingham, San Diego, Reno, Flint, Oakland and Mobile.

All West Coast destroyers will be lined up at San Diego; East Coast destroyers at Charleston, South Carolina. Other Western storage plants will be at Bremerton, Washington; Alameda, Mare Island and Stockton, California, and at Tongue Point on the Columbia River in Oregon. East Coast storage will be at Boston, Philadelphia, New London, New York, Norfolk, Virginia, and in the St. Johns River, Florida, and Sabine River, Texas, areas. The Eastern Fleet is commanded by Rear Admiral O. M. Read; the Western by Rear Admiral W. K. Kilpatrick.

A few of the ships will remain in commission; most will not. The small vessels—mine layers, landing craft and submarines, for example—will be tied up in half dozens. *Five will be in dead storage; the sixth will* be a live ship, manned by a skeleton crew. From time to time, this live ship will be decommissioned and one of the dead ships brought to life again. The main object of this will be to train crews to get ships back into commission quickly, if they're ever needed. The big battleships, cruisers and carriers will carry skeleton crews of several score officers and men, mainly for housekeeping and training.

You get a good idea of how ships are readied for storage by watching the boys work on the Tinosa, a four-year-old submarine veteran, at Mare Island Navy Yard, Vallejo, California. The Tinosa's conning tower carries twenty-two small Jap flags, indicating that many enemy ships sunk in her eleven war patrols.

The sub's crew cleans, overhauls and puts in perfect operating condition the main engines and motors, the pumps, air compressors, steering and diving motors and all the other complicated equipment. "RPC"—a thin rust-preventative compound—is flushed through the engines, sprayed or brushed on all uncoated metal surfaces. Then each piece of equipment is tagged with a card stating what treatment has been given, the date, and detailed instructions as to what must be done before the equipment is used again. Each of the boat's four Diesel engines, for instance, only has to have its lube oil, fuel oil and cooling-water systems filled before it is ready to put out its full horsepower.

Periscopes are lifted from the shears, hull openings plugged and the periscopes themselves are stored aboard a tender. Electronic gear—radios, radar and sonar sets—are carefully cleaned and blown out to remove all dust; tubes are replaced and the gear is put in perfect operating condition.

Each of the thousand and one spare parts and tools is checked against the ship's allowance list, tagged, wrapped in paper or stowed away in chests. Files in the ship's office show the location and number of each item on board.

The actual preservation process then begins. Propellers are removed, secured on deck, and painted with a preservative coating. All hull openings, except those which will later be used for the dehumidification process, are covered with welded patches, and all connections from tanks to sea are closed and sealed. The outer hull is sandblasted clean of paint, then coated with anticorrosive paint and hot plastic preservative.

Putting the Guns to Bed

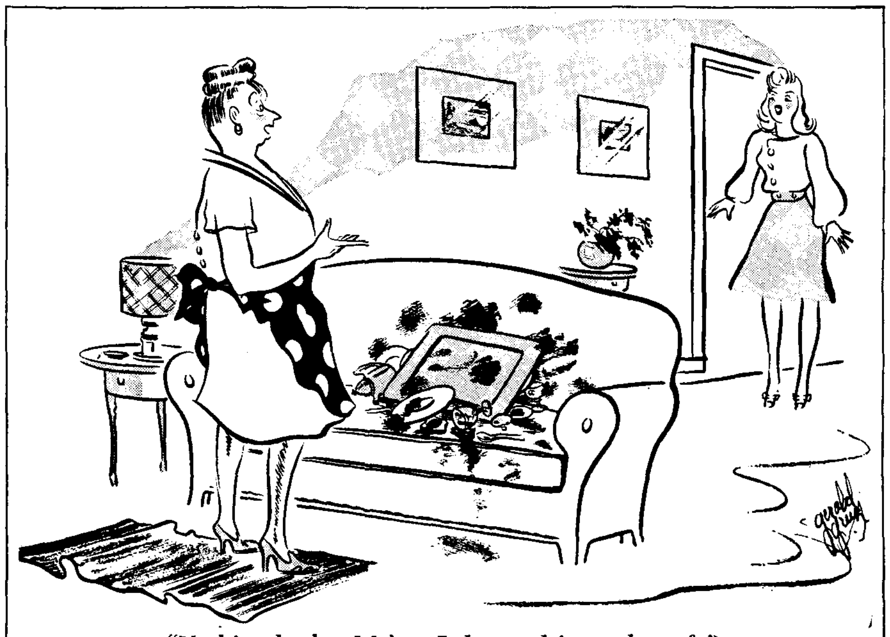
The boat's huge storage batteries are removed, the electrolyte drained, and the cells *cribbed and wedged back in place bone-dry.* The deck guns and 20-mm. guns—star performers of many a "battle surface" against Jap picket boats—are "packaged" in airtight cocoons which will keep them dry and ready for immediate use once the package is stripped off. Over a wooden padded frame, a rubbery net is blown from spray guns, as a spider spins his web. Several coats of special formula paint finish the job.

A small clear "window" is left in the cocoon, and a package of desiccant, silica gel, is placed just inside after the cocoon is dehumidified. A glance through the window at the color of the desiccant indicates whether the desired dryness is being maintained.

The dehumidifying machine is set up on the after main deck, with piping led down the conning-tower hatch. The machine, a sensitive, electrically operated, recirculating device, literally makes the sub "breathe," exhaling damp air and inhaling dry air continuously. Its operation is automatically controlled by humidistats in each compartment, and by a master recorder-controller, to maintain the air inside the ship constantly at 25-30 per cent relative humidity.

The decommissioning ceremony is the submarine's final "performance." Her officers and men, lined at attention on deck, hear the bugler blow retreat, and make their last salute to the vessel's ensign as it is slowly lowered from the staff on the after gun platform. Decommissioning orders are read, and the prized colors are presented to the "oldest man on board"—not oldest in age, for he may be a 24-year-old chief torpedoman's mate—but with the longest service on board—perhaps a "plank owner" who put the vessel in commission and served with her throughout her fighting career.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Nothing broke, Ma'm. I dropped it on the sofa" GERALD GREEN

Echo of An Old Refrain

Continued from page 11

in love with this powerful-bodied, hard-eyed man who could put such expressions of fear and of respect on the faces of other men; who could know what he wanted and move so surely and quietly toward getting it. Yes, she was in love with Mr. Hatrack—in her thoughts she still referred to him as Mr. Hatrack although he was Gus to her now—and that was the funniest and most incredible part of the whole thing, she was later to tell Flotsie, the powder-room attendant, and Millicent, her best friend.

"Imagine—just imagine it if you can—*me* actually falling in *love* with him. But I did. I am. I'm really crazy about the funny-looking old guy."

And her voice would grow soft and her eyes misty while Flotsie and Millicent agreed that they certainly wouldn't have believed it, and you could just knock them over with a feather, they were that surprised.

GUS was surprised, too, when he was finally convinced. Surprised and pleased that it should all have worked out so neatly. And now, on the occasion of their first wedding anniversary, as she walked across the privileged and expensive threshold of the Thirty-Forty Club, Margot couldn't help but think all over again how lucky she was to have got everything she wanted without, in a sense, having to pay for any of it. Because here she was, wrapped in mink, young and lovely, with a thousand dollars a month to spend on clothes alone, and married to a man she loved.

Dorrie had never believed for a minute that Margot was in love with Gus. She had even come to Margot's apartment once, bursting in on her unexpectedly, and screaming:

"So there you are. You're the woman who took my husband from me! Well, he'll do the same thing to you—just wait, you blond little hussy. Just wait—" And then had collapsed in a small, plump, gray-haired heap of sodden and unlovely sobbing until Gus had gathered her up and taken her downstairs to a cab.

"Poor Dorrie," he had said when he came back. "Poor old Dorrie—"

There had been something awful about the way he said it, although his face had been grave and tender and sorry for the woman who'd once been his wife. There was no reason why Margot should have shivered, and yet she did shiver. She felt as though that red-eyed, weeping woman had put some witch's curse on her happiness.

"Irish superstition," Gus had laughed. "Come on now, let's forget it—"

And she had. There was no reason to remember it, since Gus was the soul of kindness and generosity and tenderness. He was so proud of her. Really, as she sometimes said, she could just cry when she looked at Gus' face and saw it all lit up, being so proud to think that anything so lovely should be his wife. After Dorrie, of course, he would feel that way—Dorrie who had been plump and plain and frankly middle-aged, making no effort to keep up. She was the exact counterpart of the wife of Gus' best friend and business partner, Tom Bender, and probably the reason Margot suddenly remembered Dorrie tonight was that she found Louise Bender just inside the door of the Thirty-Forty Club, in worried consultation with the headwaiter.

"I'm sure Mr. Bender had a table for us here. A table for two. It's our wedding anniversary and I especially asked to come here."

The headwaiter was doubtful and regretful and Margot in a sudden mood of atonement for what she had done to Dorrie, wanted, oddly, to do something nice for Louise Bender, although she had never liked her and she knew that Louise hated her.

"The wives' union," Gus had dismissed it when she once talked to him about Louise. "She's afraid someone like you might take Tom away from her. Louise needn't worry about Tom, though. The only thing he sees in life is a sales sheet." And Gus had laughed. "How'd you like to have a husband like that, baby? A walking business encyclopedia that took you for granted and didn't know whether you were wearing a dress or a barrel?"

"I'd hate it," Margot had told him. "One thing I love about you, Gus, is that you know everything I wear and whether my lipstick matches my nail polish and how long it's been since I had my hair done a new way."

"That's right, baby. You can't put a thing over on old Gus, can you?"

Gus hated to be seen with a dowdy-looking woman—he'd probably be furious to find Louise Bender headed for his table. Still, it was fun to be with a woman like Louise. Catty, nasty fun, Margot admitted in that instant of hesitation before she spoke to the other woman. A woman could look twice as beautiful, walking into a room beside a woman who wasn't beautiful at all—

"Louise," she purred, putting a crimson-tipped hand on the other woman's arm. "Louise, *darling!* Just imagine finding *you* here. I didn't know you ever came to places like the Thirty-Forty Club."

Louise's smile was stiff and unfriendly, and her voice was cool when she said that she didn't ordinarily but this was an *occasion*, this was their wedding anniversary. "And, of course," she said, "I've heard so much from Gus about the Thirty-Forty Club—"

"Of *course*," Margot said, accepting the dig. "And now you're here, and you and Tom *must* be our guests. This is our anniversary, too, you know."

"Yes," Louise said, suddenly, strangely quiet about it. "Yes, I know it is—"

I wish I hadn't asked you, Margot thought furiously. I wish I'd let you be put out, if you're still carrying the torch for your old friend, Dorrie. If she was hurt, it wasn't because of me—it was because he didn't love her any more. . . .

"Gus will be awfully glad to see you—"

"Will he?" Louise said. "We'd better leave word for Tom—"

Frank, the headwaiter, remembered Margot, of course, and he restored some of her good humor by telling her how well she looked. "Like a million dollars," he whispered in a small aside, winking. "Putting on a little weight, aren't you. It becomes you."

"Oh, a pound or two. I needed a little—"

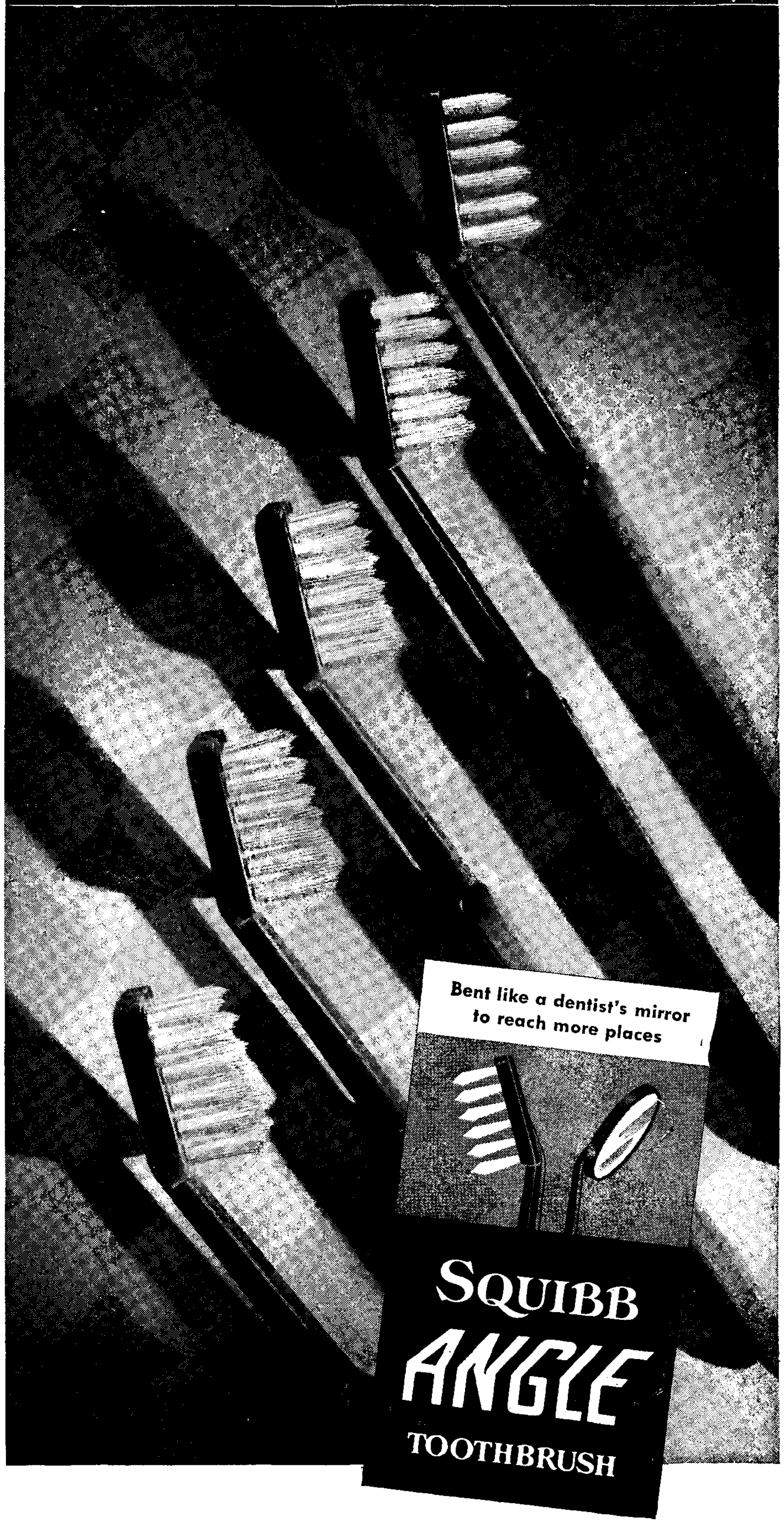
SHE had put on five, in all. She wondered whether it showed. Breakfasts in bed, afternoons shopping, no hours of rehearsal. Yes, married life certainly agreed with her, but she'd better watch herself. Before she knew it, she'd be looking like Louise, whose broad-hipped little self was marching down the aisle between the tables much as she must have marched down the aisles of women's clubs and D.A.R. assemblies. Margot couldn't help grinning at the thought and thinking: Poor Louise, the life she leads!

Gus was there ahead of her, as he always was—he said he liked to be sitting somewhere just to watch her walk toward him. "I like to think, 'Who's that beautiful blonde?' " he once had told her. "And then to pinch myself and remember you belong to me." . . .

Now he stood watching her as she walked toward him, his whole expression telling the roomful of smoking, drinking, eating people that this was his, demanding them to take a look because it was worth turning to see. And almost as though in response to his unspoken command, the heads turned and the eyes stared and it seemed to Margot she could almost hear the women murmuring:

"Yes, beautiful, but a little theatrical,

CLEANS BETTER



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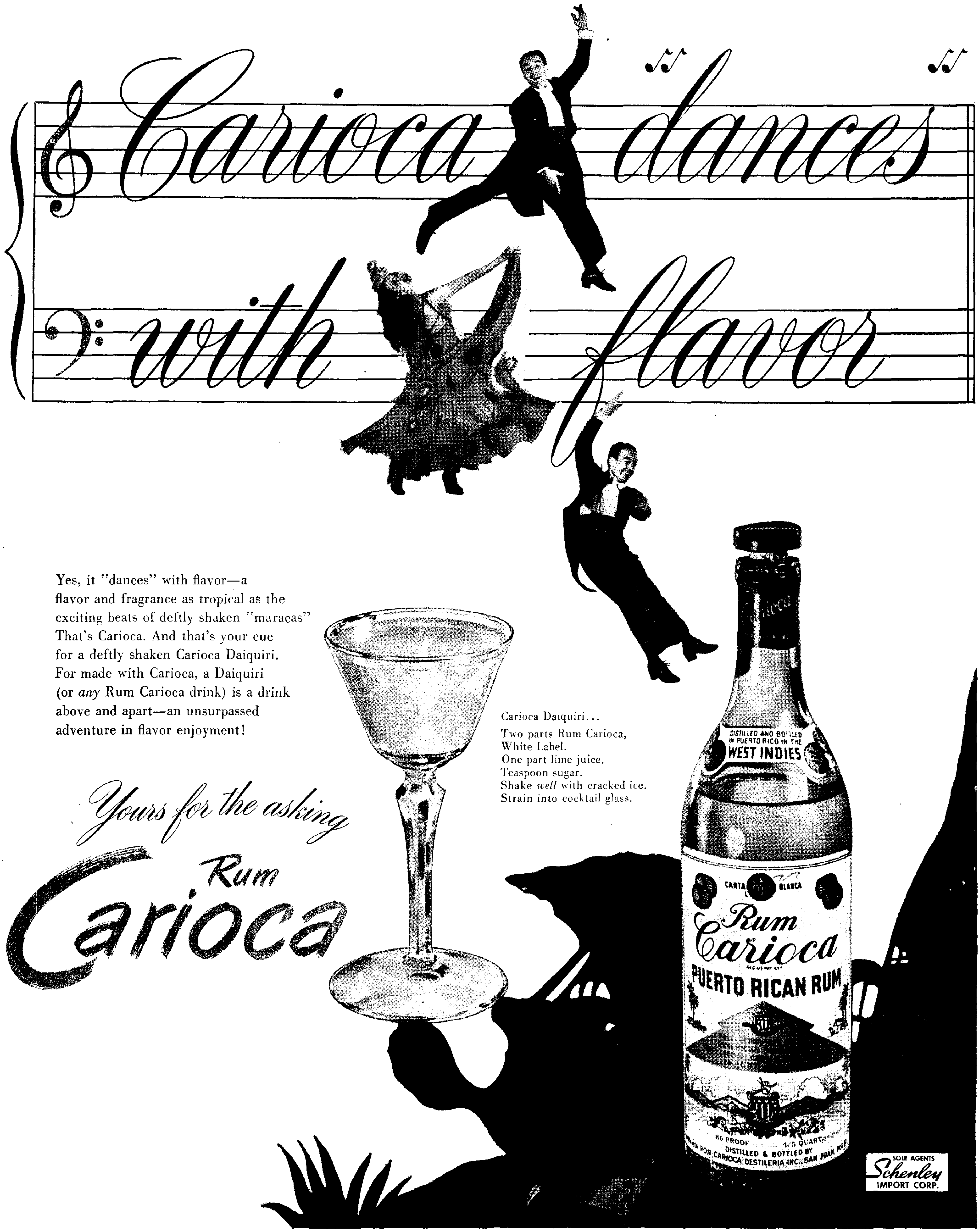
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don't you think?"—and the men not daring to say what they thought because of the inevitable: "If you'd buy *me* clothes like that—"

And now Gus was saying, "New dress, isn't it, baby? I like the color but I don't go for that new hipline. Makes you look a little heavy, don't you think?"

Margot frowned in annoyance, then wiped the frown away swiftly, remembering that frowns left lines and lines became wrinkles.

"Heavy!" she said, conscious of Louise's brown eyes fixed intently on them. "Why, darling, I was on the scales today and I'm down to a hundred and seven. You don't want me to be *emaciated,* do you?"

"It's just that dress," Gus decided. "I don't think I like it. Maybe you ought to go somewhere else for your clothes, baby. When you pay that much, you ought to get the best."

"Yes," Louise Bender said, "you certainly should, Gus. The very best." And her eyes met Gus' and she smiled in a way that Margot didn't like—an old-friend, we-understand-each-other smile that left everyone else out.

I don't like this woman, Margot thought, letting Gus help her out of the mink coat. I wish I hadn't asked her along. She's going to keep reminding us of Dorrie.

AND yet it wasn't of Dorrie that Louise spoke. All evening, in fact—even after Tom arrived—she kept talking of Margot, and she kept Gus talking of Margot as though the subject fascinated her. Margot knew she *ought* to feel pleased and flattered by such attention; it was absurd to feel uncomfortable, as though everything that was said held a meaning she couldn't grasp.

"Poor Margot," Louise said sympathetically, attacking her asparagus Hollandaise, "aren't you *starved?* Just one tiny omelet for dinner with all this gorgeous food around. Won't Gus let you eat *anything?* Gus," she turned to smile a gentle rebuke at his selfishness, "this child will starve to death—"

"Nonsense," Gus said, "it's always healthier to be underweight than overweight. Got to take off some of this middle myself one of these days. Worse on a woman, though. Makes her look old."

"Tom doesn't think I look old, do you, darling?"

Tom Bender looked at his wife absently. He was a thin, nice-looking, gentle-mannered man, so obviously in love with his wife that, as Margot had often said, it would bore her to death. "What?" he repeated. "Old? Of course, you don't look old. You're no glamor girl like Margot here, but then, what would an old fuddy-duddy like me be doing with a girl like Margot anyway, eh?"

"Well," Louise sighed, "it would be nice to be ten pounds slimmer—"

"But as long as you have a husband like Tom who just takes you for granted," Margot said, smiling sweetly, "what difference does it make?"

"None," Louise said good-naturedly. "I just eat away and the hips spread and nobody cares. Tom doesn't even know what I have on half the time. I wore a new dress tonight and do you know what he said? 'I always did like you in that dress, Louise.' Now I ask you," she threw out helplessly, "what's a wife to do?"

"I think it's awful," Margot said irritably, all at once hating the yellow, soggy omelet. "I think it's awful for a husband just to take a wife for granted."

"Do you, darling?" Louise said pleasantly. "Well, that's because you're young. Just wait until you grow older."

"She's got a good long time to wait for that," Gus said amiably, covering one of Margot's hands with his, "haven't you, baby? Twenty-two is no age to think of growing old."

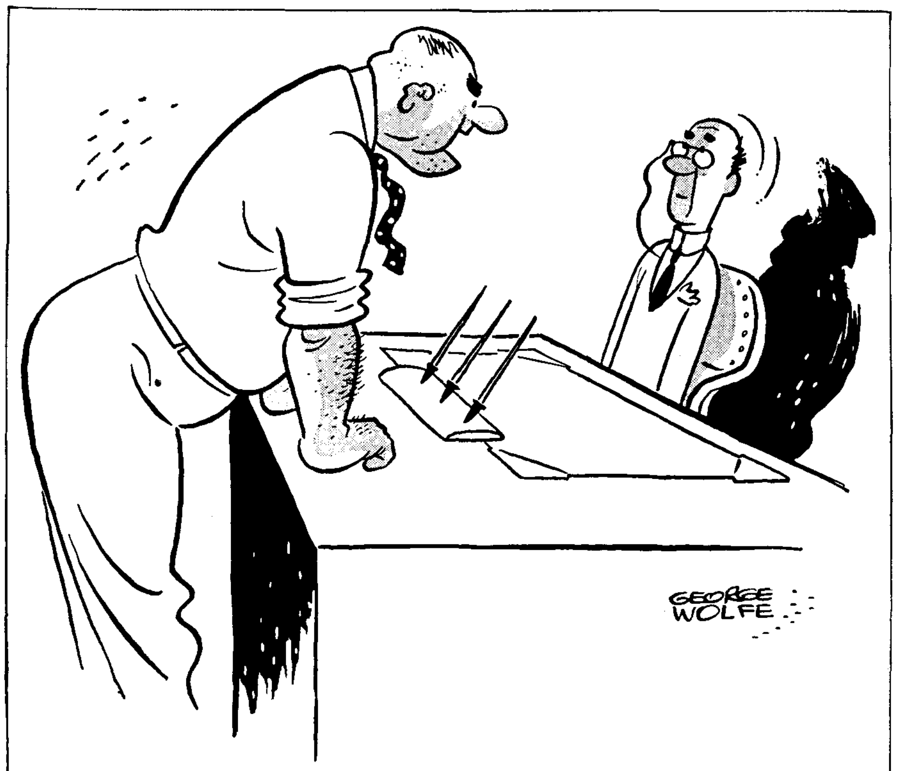
"Twenty-two?" Louise repeated in small, polite surprise. "Is that all you are, Margot?"

"Why?" Margot heard her own voice rasping the word, flinging it out viciously. Why was this woman unnerving her? What was happening that she couldn't understand? "Why, do I *look older?"*

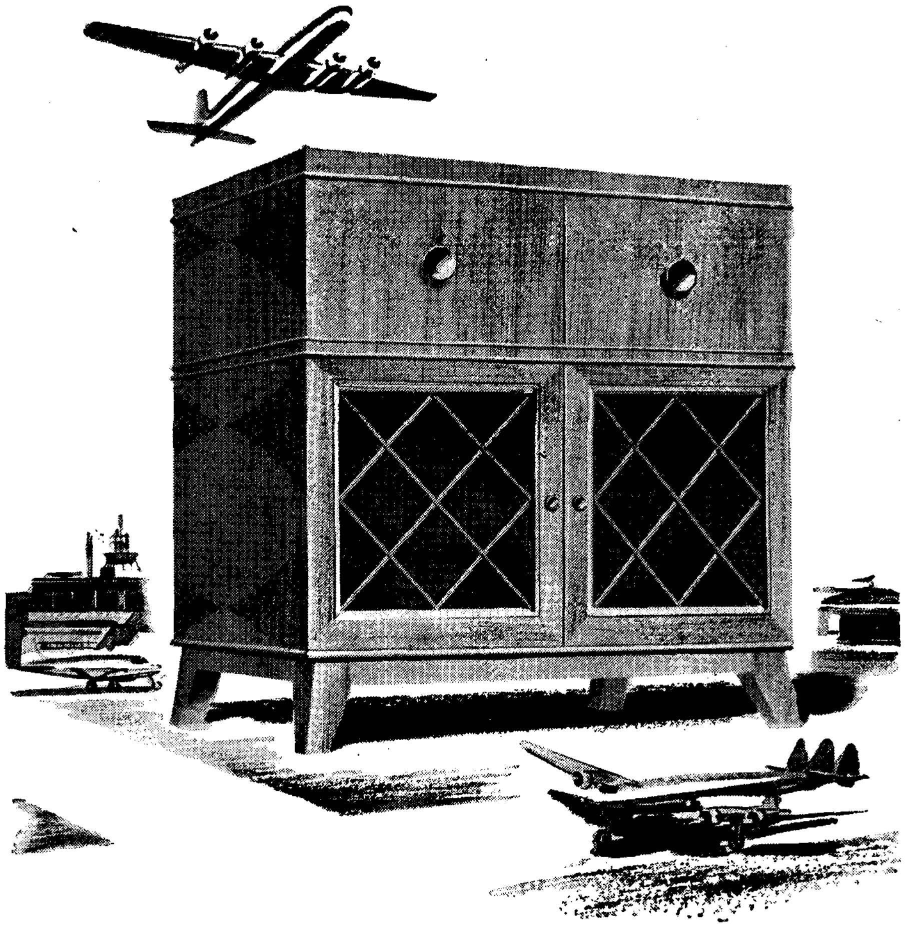
Louise looked pained and surprised at the venom in Margot's tone and even Gus was beginning to seem irritated and annoyed. Louise was definitely master of a bad situation.

"Why, no, darling," Louise said. "Of course you don't look older. I just—wondered. Goodness, Gus, Margot is practically young enough to be my daughter. I'm forty." And she said it as though it were something to be proud of.

The fool, Margot thought with that same senseless feeling of irritation; she could pass for thirty-five. Why admit to forty? She heard Tom say they were planning to go on to the theater and Margot wished now that they'd hurry up and go. But the Martinis had mellowed them both, and they seemed determined to linger here at Gus' table, frankly handholding now and looking, Margot thought, a little silly about it. If they would only go, she and Gus could sit on here, talking about the old days when Margot herself had been standing in the



COLLIER'S "Mr. Willet—I've come to hit you for a raise!" GEORGE WOLFE



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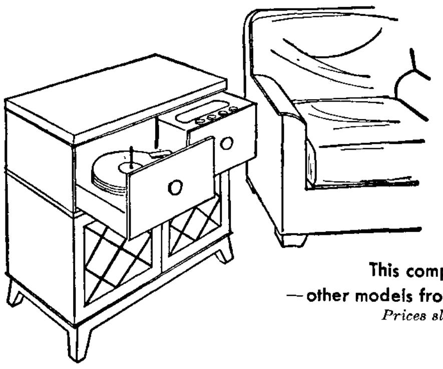

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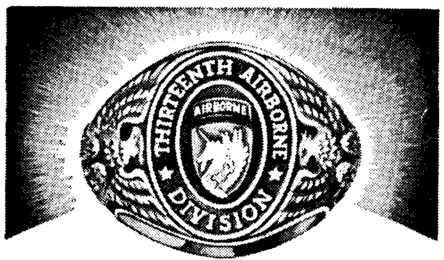

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wings while the house lights lowered and the spotlight suddenly flooded the tiny circle of polished floor. She was just deciding that she didn't dare remember any of that out loud with Louise sitting here, since Louise had been a friend of Dorrie's—*and a contemporary, don't forget, which makes her hate you twice as much*—when Louise herself leaned forward suddenly and said it for her:

"It must make you feel funny to sit out here and see all your old friends trooping out like this. And I hear there's a new girl, too. You told me, didn't you, Tom? Or was it Gus who told you? Anyway, *someone* told me she's supposed to be the most beautiful model in New York. She's terribly young—eighten or nineteen, I think, and she's blond, like you, Margot." And then she drew back, frowning, and she looked puzzled and disbelieving and she said in that endless, endless voice that Margot had come to hate, "Why, Margot—what in the world have you done to your hair?"

THE orchestra was blaring and waiters were making a great deal of noise hurrying to clear tables and bring drinks before the floor show came on. The spotlight was white and blazing and pitiless and Margot thought wildly: What? What's the matter with me? Why are they staring at me like that? Why is Tom Bender looking helpless and sorry? Why is he trying to break in, putting a hand firmly on Louise's arm to turn her while Gus keeps staring at the top of my head?

Her hand flew up as though she could feel whatever it was their eyes were searching out. The chorus was coming on now, the chorus of the most beautiful blondes in the world, chanting their tuneless number while their white legs flashed, and their silver slippers tapped across the polished floor to pass in parade within an inch of Gus' special table.

"What?" she said. "What's wrong? What have I done with it?"

"Nothing's wrong with it," Tom Bender said. "It's as beautiful as always, Margot." She had never heard his voice sound so kind and that frightened her, too, because she knew Tom Bender had been violently opposed to her marriage to Gus.

"Why, nothing's wrong with it, baby," Gus said slowly. "It's just this light. For a minute there it made your hair look almost white—just that one spot where the light hit it. Your hair's such a light shade of blond, baby, and that light on it—I guess Louise was sort of startled. It did look funny."

"Funny?" she repeated stupidly, and now her eyes went from face to face, searching out their secret, trying to know what it was that they all knew and she didn't know. "Why," she said shakily, "you're crazy. There's nothing funny about it—unless Emilie did something to it. I'll go inside and see," she said.

Flotsie would be there, in the powder room. Flotsie would be there and Flotsie knew her and Flotsie would tell her the truth.

She flew into the hot, smoke-filled little room and called out to her. Flotsie wouldn't lie to her. Flotsie loved her.

"It isn't gray, is it, Flotsie?" she said, pulling the smooth, shining page-boy apart with wild, shaking hands. "People don't go gray at twenty-two, do they?" And then, at Flotsie's cool, gray-eyed stare, "Oh, all right. At twenty-eight. People don't go gray at twenty-eight. They can't go gray at that age. Why, they'd be white by thirty—"

Poor Dorrie. Poor old Dorrie, came the echo in her mind.

"They gave you a bad rinse, honey," Flotsie was saying, and her voice sounded exactly as Tom Bender's had sounded. Margot remembered then, that Flotsie used to be jealous of her, so jealous that she couldn't hide it half the time. "With that platinum hair of yours and a lot of rinse to high-light it," she went on kindly, "it's bound to look—well, sort of silvery—in that spotlight."

"Yes," Margot said. "That's it, of course. Why didn't I think of it? I told Emilie to put a strong rinse on. I wanted to look beautiful tonight—"

And then she stopped because Louise was standing there in the doorway. Only it wasn't Louise, really. It was Dorrie Hatrack's best friend.

"His first wife," Louise said quietly, "was snow white before she was thirty. He hated it. He always said it made him feel old to be out with a woman who looked old. She used to spend a fortune on dyes and rinses but he always spotted them because Gus is a man who notices everything. He doesn't want a wife who'll grow old along with him, he wants a wife who'll stay young for him. Who'll do his starving for him and his suffering, leaving him free."

"Stop it," Margot said. "Stop it." She could feel the carefully enameled mask of her face splintering, falling apart, as this woman talked. The tiny lines, the almost imperceptible sag of the smooth young chin, the weariness that came from being up half the night, all seemed to be coming to life one by one as the mask splintered and broke apart and Louise went on with what she had come here to say:

"You gave it," she said, "so you ought to be able to take it. And maybe if you know what you're in for you can do something about it. Except that the more you worry, the worse it will get. That year you came in was the year Dorrie suddenly grew old."

"Why don't you let her alone?" Flotsie said. "Why don't you get out of here and let her alone?"

But it wasn't any use. All the echoes were wakened now, and they wouldn't stop. *You can't fool old Gus for a minute, baby,* and, *Don't you worry your pretty head about Dorrie. I'll take care of her,* and, *Poor old Dorrie*—

"Listen, honey," Flotsie said kindly, "you're more beautiful than that little blond hussy ever thought of being—"

WHAT little blond hussy? Margot left the powder room, her head ringing with unanswered questions: Why did Gus' head turn so reluctantly from the floor show now, to watch her approach his table? Why was Tom Bender suddenly getting up to leave, right in the midst of things, as though he had had all he wanted? Why did Gus look at her in a hard, examining way that was almost indecent? She was young, *young!* It was the light. And the rinse. And she told him so, adding:

"Gray. At twenty-two. I mean, really, darling!"

But she knew that Louise, standing there to say goodby, wasn't fooled. Louise knew the haunted look was there, now, and would stay, hastening the inevitable end. Knew Margot would be afraid of that hard, examining look in the eyes of the man who refused to relax and take his wife for granted out of love for her. Knew, as Margot herself now knew, that she would always dread bright sunlight, never knowing, never feeling secure. That she would always remember Dorrie, who had spent a fortune on dyes and rinses, battling the inevitable years.

"Well, say," Gus was suggesting casually, "before you folks go, what do you say we go backstage and let Margot say hello to all her old friends?"

Once Margot would have adored that; once she would have loved to sweep in, wrapped in mink and feeling superior to all the others, but now, suddenly, the suggestion held no appeal.

"Let's go somewhere else," she said. "I think I'm a little fed up with the Thirty-Forty Club."

"Are you?" Louise said smilingly, gathering up her purse. "That's strange, when everything began here for you and Gus. I guess that's why it's still such a favorite of Gus'—isn't it, Gus? And really, Margot, darling, you ought to come here more often when Gus enjoys it so."

And Margot said nothing, marching back up the aisle behind the plump, lucky little woman whose husband took her for granted.

THE END

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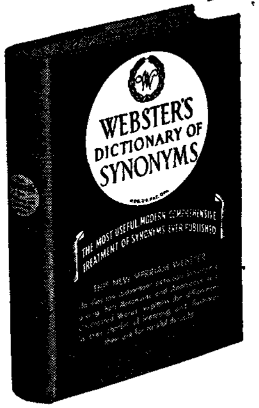
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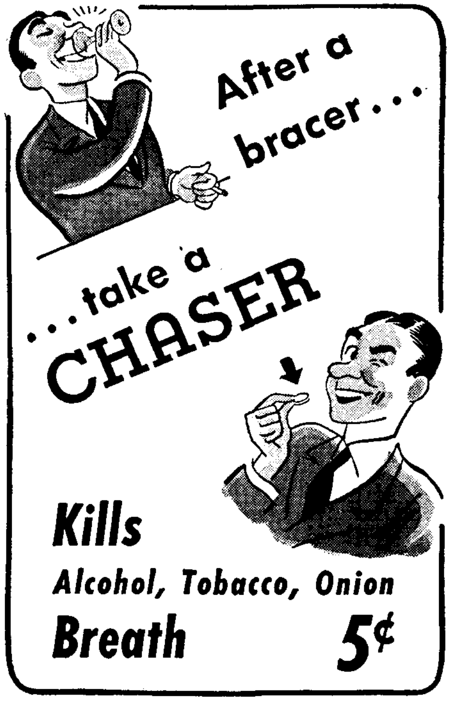

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The Outraged Heart

Continued from page 24

would feel we all liked him. That, I am sure, is very important with David. It must be so disheartening, you know, to feel you are clever and intellectual and yet nobody likes you any the better for it! But, of course, it would be rather a risk. He would probably lose the ring, or drop it at the last minute. I expect it would worry Edward too much. But it would be nice in a way to keep it to the same people we've had here for the murder."

Lady Angkatell uttered the last few words in the most conversational of tones.

"Lady Angkatell has been entertaining a few friends for a murder this autumn," Midge could not help saying.

"Yes," said Lucy meditatively. "I suppose it *did* sound like that. A party for the shooting . . . You know, when you come to think of it, that's just what it has been!"

Midge gave a faint shiver and said, "Well, at any rate, it's over now."

"It's not exactly over—the inquest was only adjourned, you know. And that nice Inspector Grange has got men all over the place simply crashing through the chestnut woods and springing up like jack-in-the-boxes in the most unlikely places."

"What are they looking for?" asked Edward. "The revolver that Christow was shot with?"

"I imagine that must be it. They even came to the house with a search warrant—the inspector was most apologetic about it, quite *shy*—but of course I told him we should be delighted. It was really most interesting. They looked absolutely *everywhere*. I followed them around, you know, and I suggested one or two places which even they hadn't thought of. But they didn't find anything. It was most disappointing . . . Poor Inspector Grange, he is growing quite thin and he pulls and pulls at that mustache of his. His wife ought to give him specially nourishing meals with all this worry he *is* having—but I have a vague idea that she must be one of those women who care more about having the linoleum really well polished than in exerting themselves to get together a tasty little meal. Which reminds me, I must go and see cook. Why don't you two have a nice walk and help the police look for the revolver?". . .

Hercule Poirot sat on the bench overlooking the chestnut groves above the swimming pool. He had no sense of trespassing since Lady Angkatell had very sweetly begged him to wander where he would at any time. It was Lady Angkatell's sweetness which Hercule Poirot was considering at this moment. From time to time he heard the cracking of twigs in the woods above or caught sight of a figure moving through the chestnut groves below him.

Presently Henrietta came along the path from the direction of the lane. She stopped for a moment when she saw Poirot, then she came and sat down by him.

"Good morning, Monsieur Poirot. I have just been to call upon you. But you were out. You look very Olympian. Are you presiding over the hunt? The inspector seems very active. What are they looking for, the revolver?"

"Yes, Miss Savernake."

"Will they find it, do you think?"

"I think so. Quite soon now, I should say."

She looked at him inquiringly. "Have you an idea, then, where it is?"

"No. But I *think* it will be found soon. It is *time* for it to be found."

"You do say odd things, M. Poirot!"

"Odd things happen here . . . You have come back very soon from London, Mademoiselle."

Her face hardened. She gave a short bitter laugh.

"The murderer returns to the scene of the crime? That is the old superstition, isn't it? So you *do* think that I—did it! You don't believe me when I tell you that I wouldn't—that I *couldn't* kill anybody?"

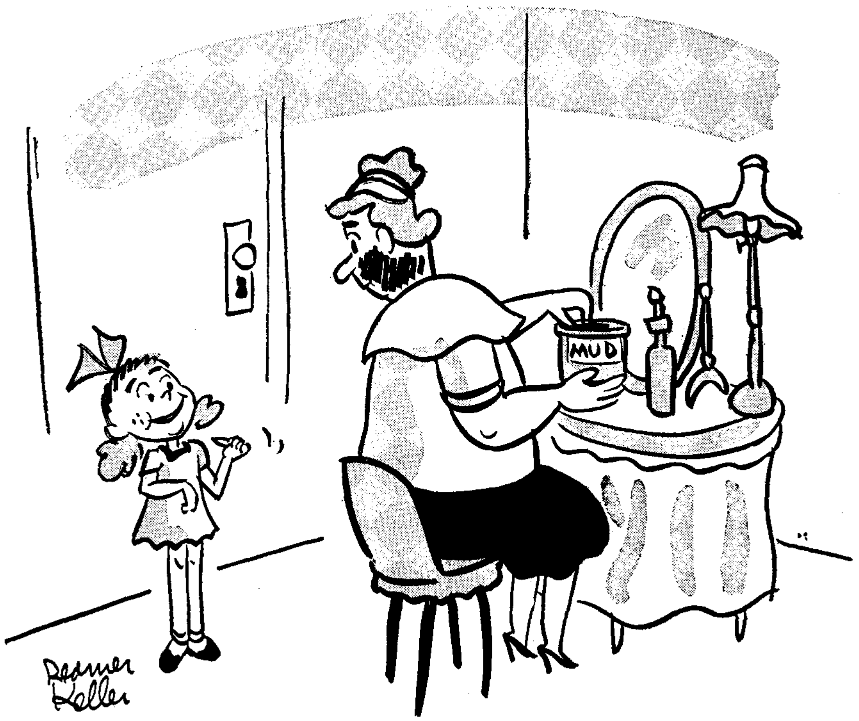
POIROT did not answer at once. At last he said thoughtfully:

"It has seemed to me from the beginning that either this crime was very simple—so simple that it was difficult to believe its simplicity—and simplicity, Mademoiselle, can be strangely baffling—or else it was extremely complex: that is to say, we were contending against a mind capable of intricate and ingenious inventions, so that every time we seemed to be heading for the truth, we were actually being led on a trail that twisted away from the truth and led us to a point which—ended in nothingness. This apparent futility, this continual barrenness, is not *real*—it is artificial, it is *planned*. A subtle and ingenious mind is plotting against us the whole time—and succeeding."

"Well?" said Henrietta. "What has that to do with me?"

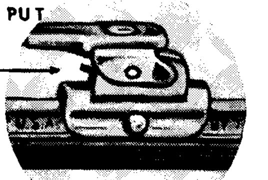
"The mind that is plotting against us is a creative mind, Mademoiselle."

"I see—that's where I come in?"



"It won't do any good, Mom. I'm that way every day and just look at this puss"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER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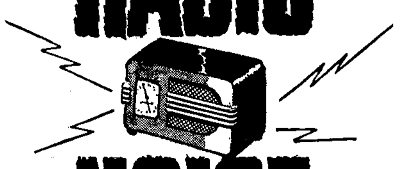

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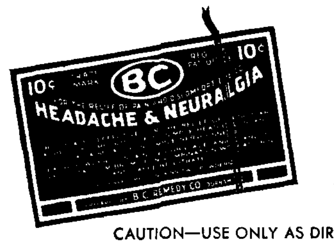

She was silent, her lips set together bitterly. From her jacket pocket she had taken a pencil and now she was idly drawing the outline of a fantastic tree on the white painted wood of the bench, frowning down as she did so.

Poirot watched her. Something stirred in his mind—standing in Lady Angkatell's drawing room on the afternoon of the crime, looking down at a pile of bridge markers, standing by a painted iron table in the pavilion the next morning and a question that he had put to Gudgeon.

He said, "That is what you drew on your bridge marker—a tree."

"Yes." Henrietta seemed suddenly aware of what she was doing. "Yggdrasill, M. Poirot." She laughed.

"Why do you call it Yggdrasill?"

She told him of the great ash tree, so named in Norse mythology, and of how, extending its roots over all the world, it stands as a symbol of the universe.

"And so, when you 'doodle'—that is the word, is it not?—it is always that tree you draw?"

"Yes. Doodling is a funny thing, isn't it?"

"Here on the seat . . . on the bridge marker on Saturday evening . . . in the pavilion on Sunday morning . . ."

The hand that held the pencil stiffened and stopped. She said in a tone of careless amusement, "In the pavilion?"

"Yes, on the round iron table there."

"Oh, that must have been on—on Saturday afternoon."

"It was not on Saturday afternoon. When Gudgeon brought the glasses out to the pavilion about twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, there was nothing drawn on the table. I asked him and he is quite definite about that."

"Then it must have been"—she hesitated for just a moment—"of course, on Sunday afternoon."

But still smiling pleasantly, Hercule Poirot shook his head.

"I think not. Grange's men were at the pool all Sunday afternoon, photographing the body, getting the revolver out of the water. They did not leave until dusk. They would have seen anyone go into the pavilion."

Henrietta said slowly, "I remember now—I went along there quite late in the evening—after dinner—"

POIROT'S voice came sharply, "People do not 'doodle' in the dark, Miss Savernake. Are you telling me that you went into the pavilion at night and stood by a table and drew a tree without being able to see what you were drawing?"

Henrietta said calmly, "I am telling you the truth. Naturally you don't believe it. You have your own ideas— What is your idea, by the way?"

"I am suggesting that you were in the pavilion on *Sunday morning after* twelve o'clock when Gudgeon had brought the glasses out. That you stood by that table watching someone, or waiting for someone, and unconsciously took out a pencil and drew Yggdrasill without being fully aware of what you were doing."

"I was not in the pavilion on Sunday morning. I sat out on the terrace for a while, then I got the gardening basket and went up to the dahlia border and cut off heads and tied up some of the Michaelmas daisies that were untidy. Then just before one o'clock I went along to the pool . . . I've been through it all with Inspector Grange. I never came near the pool until one o'clock, just after John had been shot."

"That," said Hercule Poirot, "is your story. But Yggdrasill, Mademoiselle, testifies against you."

"I was in the pavilion and I shot John, that's what you mean?"

"You were there and you shot Dr. Christow, or you were there and you saw who shot Dr. Christow—or someone else was there who knew about Yggdrasill and deliberately drew it on the table to put suspicion on *you*."

Henrietta got up. She turned on him with her chin lifted.

"You still think that I shot John Christow. You think that you can prove I shot him. Well, I will tell you this. You will never prove it. *Never!*"

"You think that you are cleverer than I am?"

"You will never prove it," said Henrietta and turning, she walked away down the winding path that led to the pool.

INSPECTOR GRANGE came in to Resthaven to drink a cup of tea with Hercule Poirot. The tea was exactly what he had had apprehensions it might be—extremely weak and China tea at that.

These foreigners, thought Grange, don't know how to make tea—you can't teach 'em. But he did not mind much. He was in a condition of pessimism when one more thing that was unsatisfactory actually afforded him a kind of grim satisfaction.

He said, "The adjourned inquest's the day after tomorrow and where have we got? Nowhere at all. What the hell—that gun must be somewhere! It's this damned country—miles of woods. It would take an army to search them properly. Talk of a needle in a haystack. It may be anywhere. The fact is, we've got to face up to it—we may *never* find that gun."

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

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"You will find it," said Poirot confidently.

"Well, it won't be for want of trying!"

"You will find it, sooner or later. And I should say sooner. Another cup of tea?"

"I don't mind if I do—no, no hot water."

"It is not too strong?"

"Oh, no, it's not too strong." The inspector was conscious of understatement. Gloomily he sipped at the pale beverage.

"This case is making a monkey of me, M. Poirot—a monkey of me! I can't get the hang of these people. They *seem* helpful—but everything they tell you seems to lead you away on a wild-goose chase."

"Away?" said Poirot. A startled look came into his eyes. "Yes, I see. *Away . . .*"

The inspector was developing his grievance. "Take the gun now. Christow was shot—according to the medical evidence—only a minute or two before your arrival. Lady Angkatell had that egg basket, Miss Savernake had a gardening basket full of dead flower heads, and Edward Angkatell was wearing a loose shooting coat with large pockets stuffed with cartridges. Any one of them could have carried the revolver away with them. It wasn't hidden anywhere near the pool—my men have raked the place, so that's definitely out."

Poirot nodded. Grange went on, "Gerda Christow was framed—but who by? That's where every clue I follow seems to vanish into thin air."

"Their stories of how they spent the morning are satisfactory?"

"The *stories* are all right. Miss Savernake was gardening. Lady Angkatell was collecting eggs. Edward Angkatell and Sir Henry were shooting and separated at the end of the morning—Sir Henry coming back to the house and Edward Angkatell coming down here through the woods. The young fellow David was up in his bedroom reading. (Funny place to read on a nice day, but he's the indoor bookish kind.) Miss Hardcastle took a book down to the orchard. All sounds very natural and likely, and there's no means of checking up on it. Gudgeon took a tray of glasses out to the pavilion about twelve o'clock. He can't say where any of the house party were or what they were doing. In a way, you know, there's something against almost all of them."

"Really?"

"Of course the most obvious person is Veronica Cray. She had quarreled with Christow, she hated his guts, she's quite likely to have shot him—but I can't find the least iota of proof that she did shoot him. No evidence as to her having had any opportunity to pinch the revolvers from Sir Henry's collection, no one who saw her going to or from the pool that day. And the missing revolver definitely isn't in her possession now."

"Ah, you have made sure of that?"

"What do you think? The evidence would have justified a search warrant but there was no need. She was quite gracious about it. It's not anywhere in that bungalow. After the inquest was adjourned, we made a show of letting up on Miss Cray and Miss Savernake, and we've had a tail on them to see where they went and what they'd do. We've had a man on at the Film Studios watching Veronica—no sign of her trying to ditch the gun there."

"And Henrietta Savernake?"

"Nothing there either. She went straight back to Chelsea and we've kept an eye on her ever since. The revolver isn't in her studio or in her possession. She was quite pleasant about the search—seemed amused. Some of her fancy stuff gave our man quite a turn. He said it beat him why people wanted to do that kind of thing—statues all lumps and swellings, bits of brass and aluminum twisted into fancy shapes, horses that you wouldn't know were horses—"

POIROT stirred a little. "Horses, you say?"

"Well, *a* horse. If you'd call it a horse! If people want to model a horse, why don't they go and *look* at a horse?"

"A *horse*," repeated Poirot.

Grange turned his head.

"What is there about that that interests you so, M. Poirot? I don't get it."

"Association—a point of the psychology."

"Word association? Horse and cart. Rocking horse? Clotheshorse. No, I don't get it. Anyway, after a day or two, Miss Savernake packs up and comes down here again. You know that?"

"Yes, I have talked with her and I have seen her walking in the woods."

"Restless, yes. Well, she was having an affair with the doctor all right, and his saying 'Henrietta' as he died is pretty near to an accusation. But it's not quite near enough, M. Poirot."

"No," said Poirot thoughtfully, "it is not near enough."

Grange said heavily, "There's something in the atmosphere here—it gets you all tangled up! It's as though they all *knew* something. Lady Angkatell now—she's never been able to put out a decent reason *why* she took out a gun with her that day. It's a crazy thing to do—sometimes I think she is crazy."

Poirot shook his head very gently.

"No," he said, "she is not crazy."

"Then there's Edward Angkatell. I thought I was getting something on *him*. Lady Angkatell said—no, hinted—that he'd been in love with Miss Savernake for years. Well, that gives him a motive. And now I

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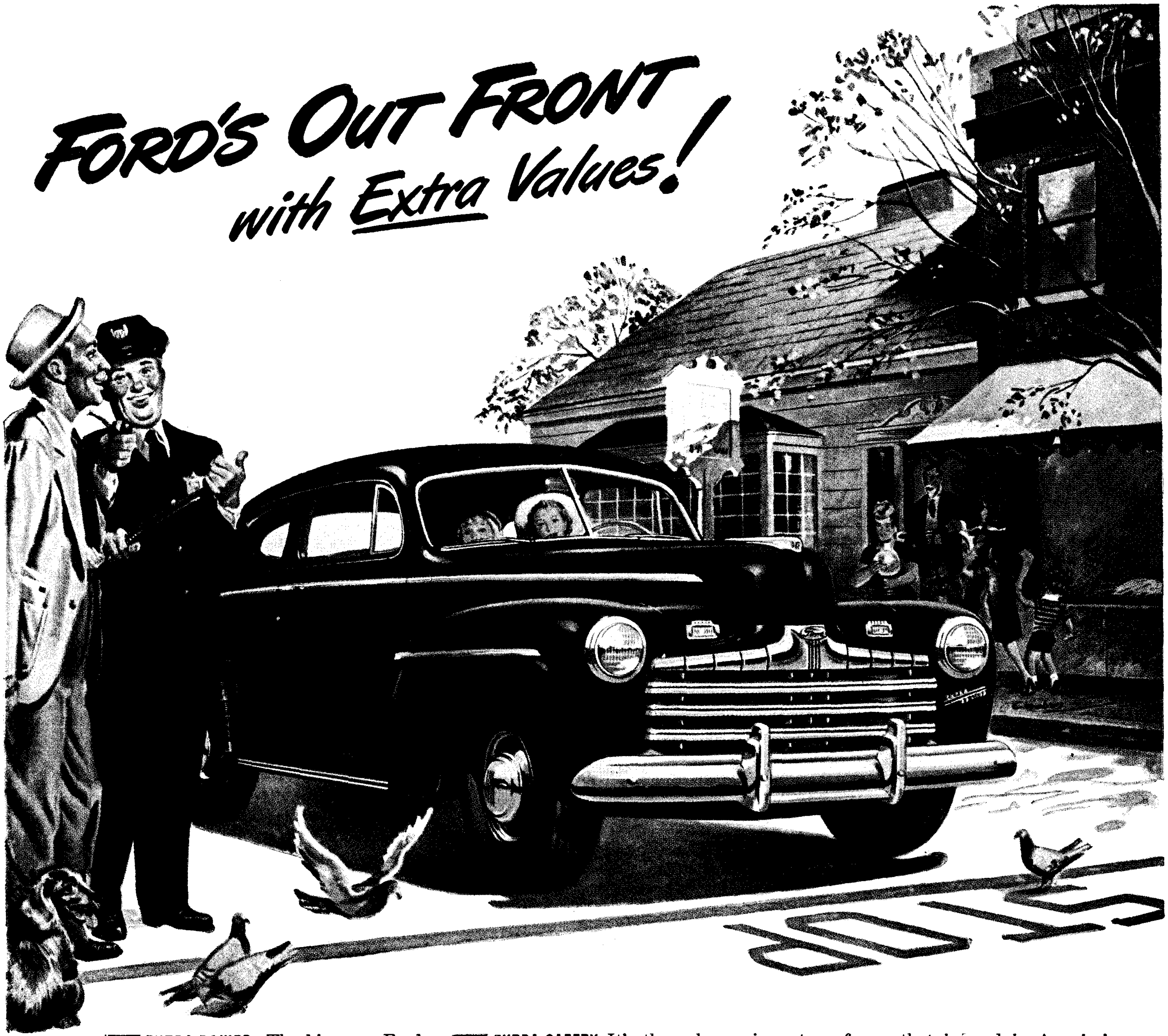

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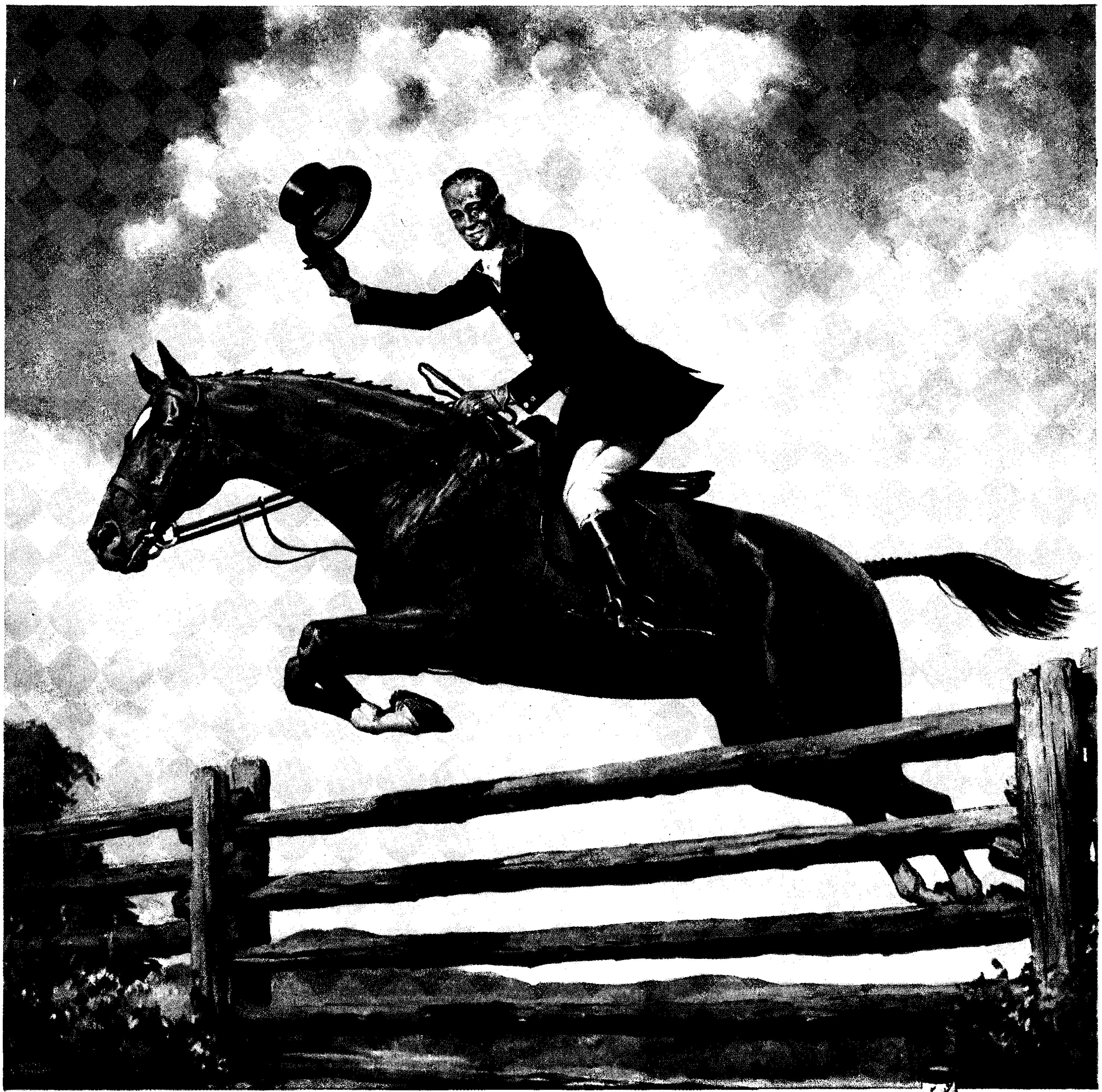

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find it's the *other* girl—Miss Hardcastle—that he's engaged to. So bang goes the case against *him*."

Poirot gave a sympathetic murmur.

"Then there's the young fellow," pursued the inspector. "Lady Angkatell let slip something about him—his mother, it seems, died in an asylum—persecution mania—thought everybody was conspiring to kill her. Well, you can see what that might mean. If the boy had inherited that particular strain of insanity, he might have got ideas into his head about Dr. Christow—might have fancied the doctor was planning to certify him. Not that that was Christow's line. But if the boy was a bit touched, he *might* imagine Christow was here to keep him under observation. He's got an extraordinary manner, that young fellow, nervous as a cat."

Grange sat unhappily for a moment or two. "You see what I mean? All vague suspicions—leading *nowhere*."

Poirot stirred again. He murmured softly, "*Away*—not *toward*. *From*, not *to*. *Nowhere* instead of *somewhere*. . . . Yes, of course that *must* be it."

Grange stared at him. He said, "They're queer, all these Angkatells. I'd swear, sometimes, that they know all about it. . . ."

Poirot said quietly, "*They do.*"

"You mean, they know, all of them, who did it?" the inspector asked incredulously.

Poirot nodded.

"Yes—they know. I have thought so for some time. I am quite sure now."

"I see." The inspector's face was grim. "And they're hiding it up between them? Well, I'll beat them yet. *I'm going to find that gun.*"

It was, Poirot reflected, quite the inspector's theme song.

Grange went on with rancor, "I'd give anything to get even with them—"

"With—"

"All of them! Muddling me up! Suggesting things! Hinting! Helping my men—*helping* them! All gossamer and spiders' webs, nothing tangible. What I want is a good solid *fact!*"

Hercule Poirot had been staring out of the window for some moments. His eye had been attracted by an irregularity in the symmetry of his domain.

He said now, "You want a solid fact? *Eh bien*, unless I am much mistaken there is a solid fact in the hedge by my gate."

They went down the garden path. Grange went down on his knees, coaxed the twigs apart till he disclosed more fully the thing that had been thrust between them. He drew a deep sigh as something black and steel was revealed.

He said, "It's a revolver, all right."

Just for a moment his eye rested doubtfully on Poirot.

"No, no, my friend," said Poirot. "*I* did not shoot Dr. Christow and I did not put the revolver in my own hedge."

"Of course you didn't, M. Poirot! Sorry! Well, we've got it. Looks like the one missing from Sir Henry's study. We can verify that as soon as we get the number. Then we'll see if it was the gun that shot Christow. Easy does it now."

With infinite care and the use of a handkerchief, he eased the gun out of the hedge.

"To give us a break, we want fingerprints. I've got a feeling, you know, that our luck's changed at last."

"Let me know—"

"Of course I will, M. Poirot. I'll ring you up."

POIROT received two telephone calls. The first came through that same evening. Inspector Grange was jubilant.

"That you, M. Poirot? Well, here's the dope. It's the gun all right. The gun missing from Sir Henry's collection *and* the gun that shot John Christow! That's definite. And there is a good set of prints on it. Thumb, first finger, part of middle finger. Didn't I tell you our luck had changed?"

"You have identified the fingerprints?"

"Not yet. They're certainly not Mrs. Christow's. We took hers. They look more like a man's than a woman's for size. Tomorrow I'm going along to The Hollow to speak my little piece and get a sample from everyone. And then, M. Poirot, *we shall know where we are!*"

"I hope so, I am sure," said Poirot, politely.

The second telephone call came through on the following day and the voice that spoke was no longer jubilant. In tones of unmitigated gloom, Grange said, "Want to hear the latest? Those fingerprints aren't the prints of anybody connected with the case! No, sir! They're not Edward Angkatell's, nor David's, nor Sir Henry's. They're not Gerda Christow's, nor the Savernake's, nor our Veronica's, nor her ladyship's, nor the little dark girl's! They're not even the kitchenmaid's—let alone any of the other servants!"

Poirot made condoling noises. The sad voice of Inspector Grange went on, "So it looks as though, after all, it *was* an outside job. Someone, that is to say, who had a down on Dr. Christow, and who we don't know anything about! Someone who put the gun in your hedge and then vanished into thin air!"

"Would you like *my* fingerprints, my friend?"

"I don't mind if I do! It strikes me, M. Poirot, that you were on the spot, and that taking it all round you're far and away the most suspicious character in the case!"

THE coroner cleared his throat and looked expectantly at the foreman of the jury.

The latter looked down at the piece of paper he held in his hand. His Adam's apple wagged up and down excitedly. He read out in a careful voice, "We find that the deceased came to his death by willful murder by some person or persons unknown."

Poirot nodded his head quietly in his corner by the wall. There could be no other possible verdict. . . .

Outside, the Angkatells stopped a moment to talk to Gerda and her sister. Gerda was wearing the same black clothes. Her face had the same dazed unhappy expression. This time there was no Daimler. The train service, Elsie Patterson explained, was really very good.

Lady Angkatell, clasping Gerda's hand, murmured, "You must keep in touch with us, my dear. A little lunch, perhaps, one day in London? I expect you'll come up to do shopping occasionally."

"I—I don't know," said Gerda.

Elsie Patterson said, "We must hurry, dear, our train," and Gerda turned away with an expression of relief.

Midge said, "Poor Gerda. The only thing John's death has done for her is to set her free from your terrifying hospitality, Lucy."

"How unkind you are, Midge. Nobody could say I didn't try."

"You are much worse when you try, Lucy."

"Well, it's very nice to think it's all over, isn't it?" said Lady Angkatell, beaming at them. "Except, of course, for poor Inspector Grange. I do feel so sorry for him. Would it cheer him up, do you think, if we asked him to lunch? As a *friend*, I mean."

"I should let well alone, Lucy," said Sir Henry.

"Perhaps you are right," said Lady Angkatell meditatively . . . "Well, anyway it's wonderful, isn't it, how everything always seems to turn out for the best?"

"Ye-es—"

"I know what you're thinking, Henry, but don't worry. I shall attend to it this afternoon."

"What are you up to now, Lucy?"

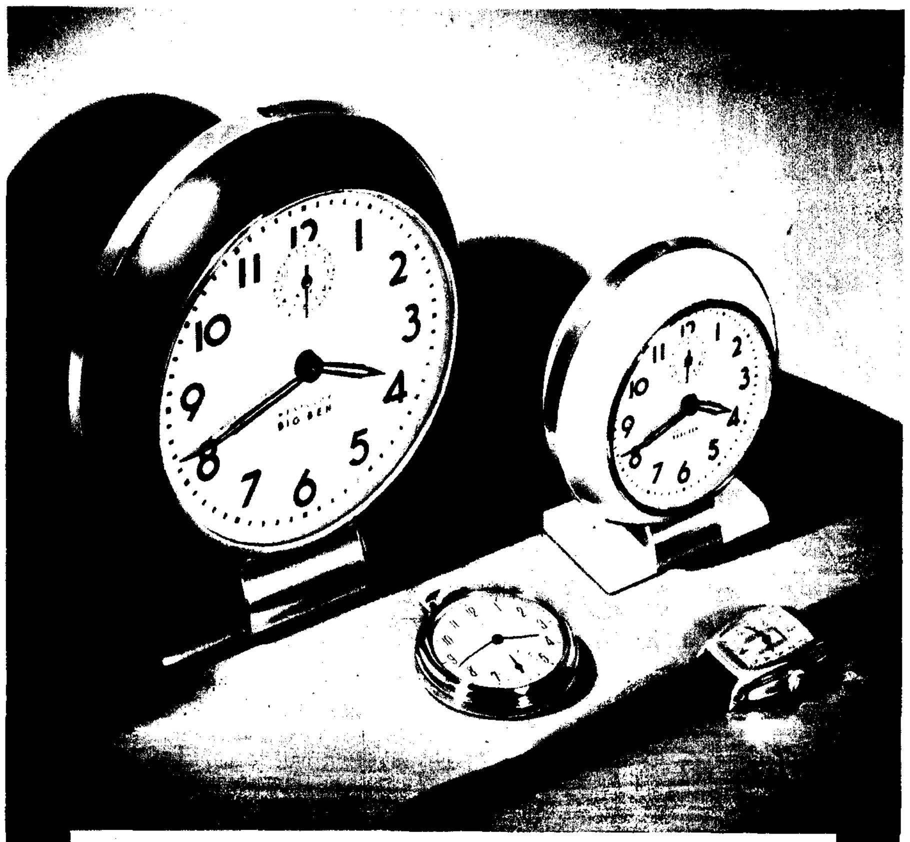
Lady Angkatell smiled at him.

"It's quite all right, darling. Just tucking in a loose end."

Sir Henry looked at her doubtfully. . . .

When they reached The Hollow, Gudgeon came out to open the door of the car.

"Everything went off very satisfactorily, Gudgeon," said Lady Angkatell. "Please tell Mrs. Medway and the others. I know how unpleasant it has been for you all, and I should like to tell you now how much Sir



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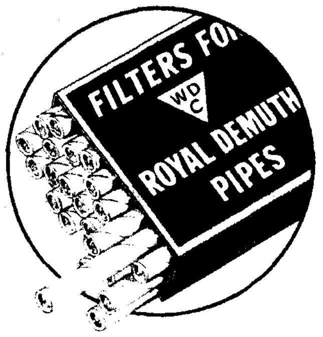

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Henry and I have appreciated the loyalty you have all shown."

"We have been deeply concerned for you, my lady," said Gudgeon.

"Very sweet of Gudgeon," said Lucy as she went into the drawing room, "but really quite wasted. I have really almost *enjoyed* it all—so different, you know, from what one is accustomed to. Don't you feel, David, that an experience like this has broadened your mind? It must be so different from Cambridge."

"I am at Oxford," said David coldly.

Lady Angkatell said vaguely, "The dear Boat Race. So English, don't you think?" and went toward the telephone.

She picked up the receiver and holding it in her hand she went on, "I do hope, David, that you will come and stay with us again. It's so difficult, isn't it, to get to know people when there is a murder? And quite impossible to have any really intellectual conversation."

"Thank you," said David. "But when I graduate I—"

Lady Angkatell interrupted him, looking down at the telephone receiver. "Now what am I doing with this thing?"

"Perhaps you were going to ring someone up," said David.

"I don't think so." She replaced it. "Do you like telephones, David?"

It was the sort of question, David reflected irritably, that she would ask; one to which there could be no intelligent answer. He replied coldly that they were useful.

"You mean," said Lady Angkatell, "like mincing machines? Or elastic bands? All the same, one wouldn't—" She broke off as Gudgeon appeared in the doorway to announce lunch, and the question of David's likes and dislikes was forgotten.

"SOMETIMES I think Lucy really is a bit touched," said Midge as she and Edward strolled over from the house and up toward the woods.

The lunch had been satisfying and with the inquest over, a weight had lifted from the atmosphere.

Edward said thoughtfully, "I always think Lucy has a brilliant mind that expresses itself like a missing-word competition. To mix metaphors—the hammer jumps from nail to nail and never fails to hit each one squarely on the head."

"All the same," Midge said soberly, "Lucy frightens me sometimes." She added, with a tiny shiver, "This place has frightened me lately."

"The Hollow?"

Edward turned an astonished face to her.

"It always reminds me a little of Ainswick," he said. "It's not, of course, the real thing—"

Midge interrupted, "That's just it, Edward—I'm frightened of things that aren't the real thing . . . You don't know, you see, what's *behind* them . . . It's like—oh, it's like a *mask*."

"You mustn't be fanciful, little Midge."

It was the old tone, the indulgent tone he had used years ago. She had liked it then, but now it disturbed her. She struggled to make her meaning clear—to show him that behind what he called fancy, was some shape of dimly apprehended reality.

"I got away from it in London, but now I get back here, it all comes over me again. I feel that everyone knows who killed John Christow . . . that the only person who doesn't know—is *me*."

Edward said irritably, "Must we think and talk about John Christow? He's dead. Dead and gone."

Midge put her hand on Edward's arm. "Who *did* kill him, Edward? We thought it was Gerda—but it wasn't Gerda. Then who was it? Tell me what *you* think? Was it someone we've never heard of?"

He said irritably, "All this speculation seems to me quite unprofitable. If the police can't find out, or can't get sufficient evidence, then the whole thing will have to be allowed to drop—and we'll be rid of it."

"Yes—but it's the not knowing—"

"Why should we want to know? What has John Christow to do with us?"

With *us*, she thought, with Edward and me? Nothing! Comforting thought—she and Edward, linked, a dual entity. And yet—and yet—John Christow, for all that he had been laid in his grave and the words of the burial service read over him, was not buried deep enough. John Christow was not dead and gone—for all that Edward wished him to be . . . John Christow was still here at The Hollow.

Edward said, "Where are we going?"

Something in his tone surprised her. She said, "Let's walk up onto the top of the ridge? Shall we?"

"If you like."

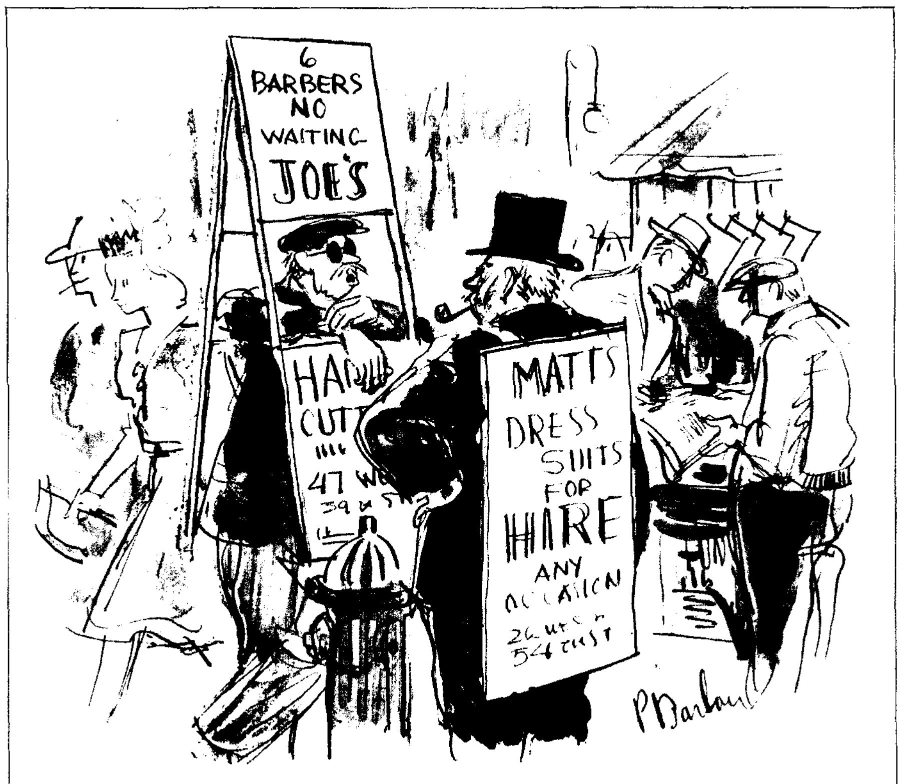
For some reason, he was unenthusiastic. She wondered why. It was usually his favorite walk. He and Henrietta used nearly always—Her thought snapped and broke off . . . *He and Henrietta*— She said, "Have you been this way yet this autumn?"

He said stiffly, "Henrietta and I walked up here that first afternoon."

They went on in silence.

They came at last to the top and sat on the fallen tree. Midge thought: *He and Henrietta sat here, perhaps . . .*

She turned the ring on her finger round and round. The diamond flashed coldly at her . . . *"Not emeralds,"* he had said.



"They're thinking of replacing me with a ten-second radio jingle"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

She said with a slight effort, "It will be lovely to be at Ainswick again for Christmas."

He did not seem to hear her. He had gone far away. She thought: He is thinking of Henrietta and of John Christow.

Sitting here he had said something to Henrietta or else she had said something to him. Henrietta might know what she didn't want but he belonged to Henrietta still. He always would, Midge thought, belong to Henrietta . . .

Pain swooped down upon her. The happy bubble-world in which she had lived for the last week quivered and broke.

She thought: I can't live like that—with Henrietta always there in his mind. I can't face it. I can't bear it . . .

The wind sighed through the trees—the leaves were falling fast now—there was hardly any golden left, only brown.

She said, "Edward!"

The urgency of her voice aroused him. He turned his head. "Yes?"

"I'm sorry, Edward." Her lips were trembling but she forced her voice to be quiet and self-controlled. "I've got to tell you. It's no use. I can't marry you. It wouldn't work, Edward."

He said, "But, Midge—surely Ainswick—"

She interrupted, "I can't marry you just for Ainswick, Edward. You—you must see that."

He sighed then, a long gentle sigh. It was like an echo of the dead leaves slipping gently off the branches of the trees.

"I see what you mean," he said. "Yes, I suppose you are right."

"It was dear of you to ask me—dear and sweet. But it wouldn't do, Edward. It wouldn't *work*."

She had had a faint hope, perhaps, that he would argue with her, that he would try to persuade her—but he seemed, quite simply, to feel just as she did about it. Here, with the ghost of Henrietta close beside him, he too, apparently, saw that it couldn't work . . . "No," he said, echoing her words, "it wouldn't work."

She slipped the ring off her finger and held it out to him.

She would, she thought, always love Edward, and Edward would always love Henrietta, and life was just plain hell . . .

She said with a little catch in her voice, "It's a lovely ring, Edward."

"I wish you'd keep it, Midge. I'd like you to have it."

She shook her head.

"I couldn't do that."

He said with a faint humorous twist of the lips, "I shan't give it to anyone else, you know."

It was all quite friendly. He didn't know —he would never know—just what she was feeling . . . Heaven on a plate—and the plate was broken and heaven had slipped between her fingers or had, perhaps, never been there.

THAT afternoon, Poirot received his third visitor.

He had been visited by Henrietta Savernake and by Veronica Cray. This time it was Lady Angkatell. She came floating up the path with her usual appearance of insubstantiality. He opened the door and she stood smiling at him.

"I have come to see you," she announced.

So might a fairy confer a favor on a mere mortal.

"I am enchanted, Madame."

He led the way into the sitting room. She sat down and once more she smiled.

Hercule Poirot thought: She is old—her hair is gray—there are lines in her face. Yet she has magic—she will always have magic . . .

Lady Angkatell said softly, "I want you to do something for me."

"Yes, Madame?"

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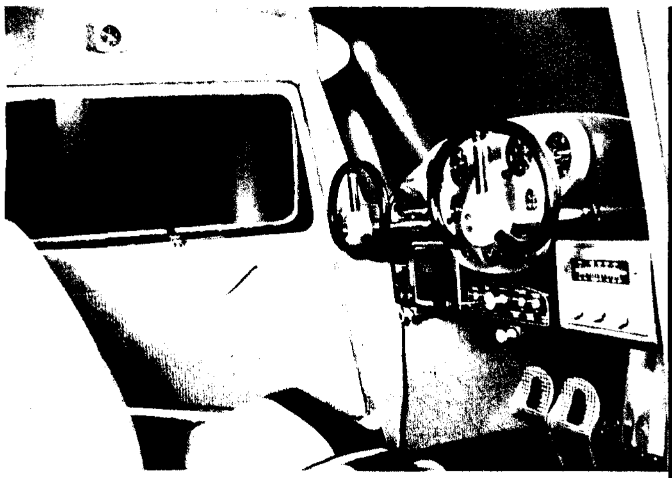

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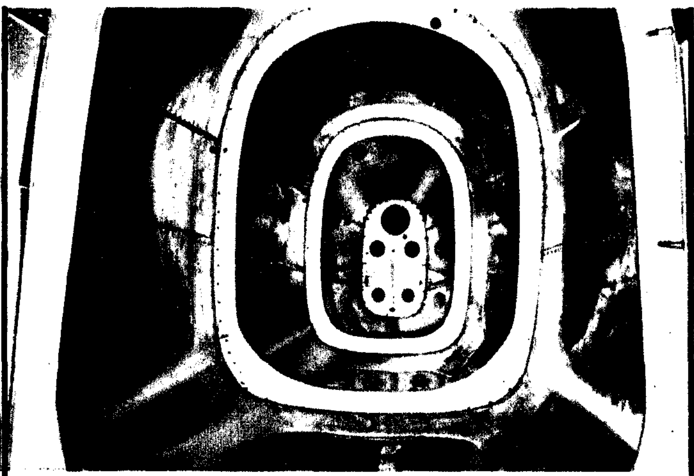

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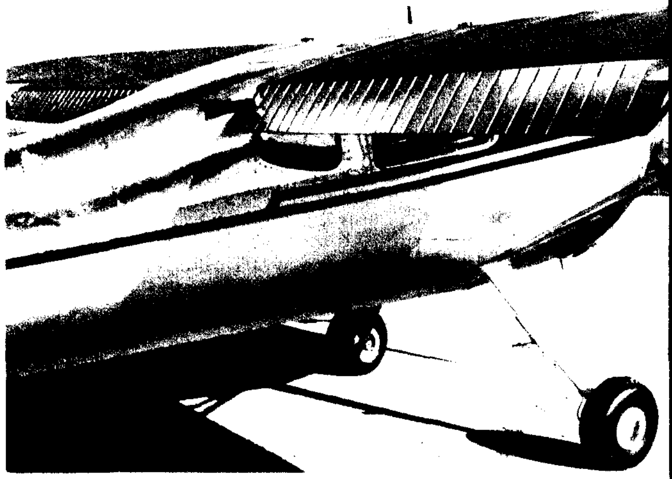

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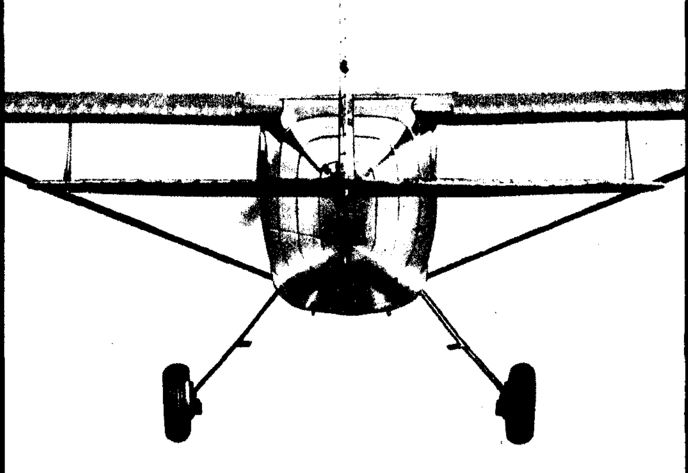

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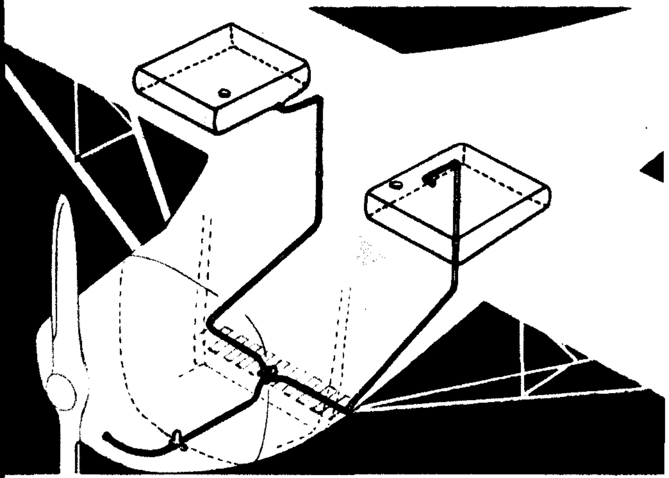

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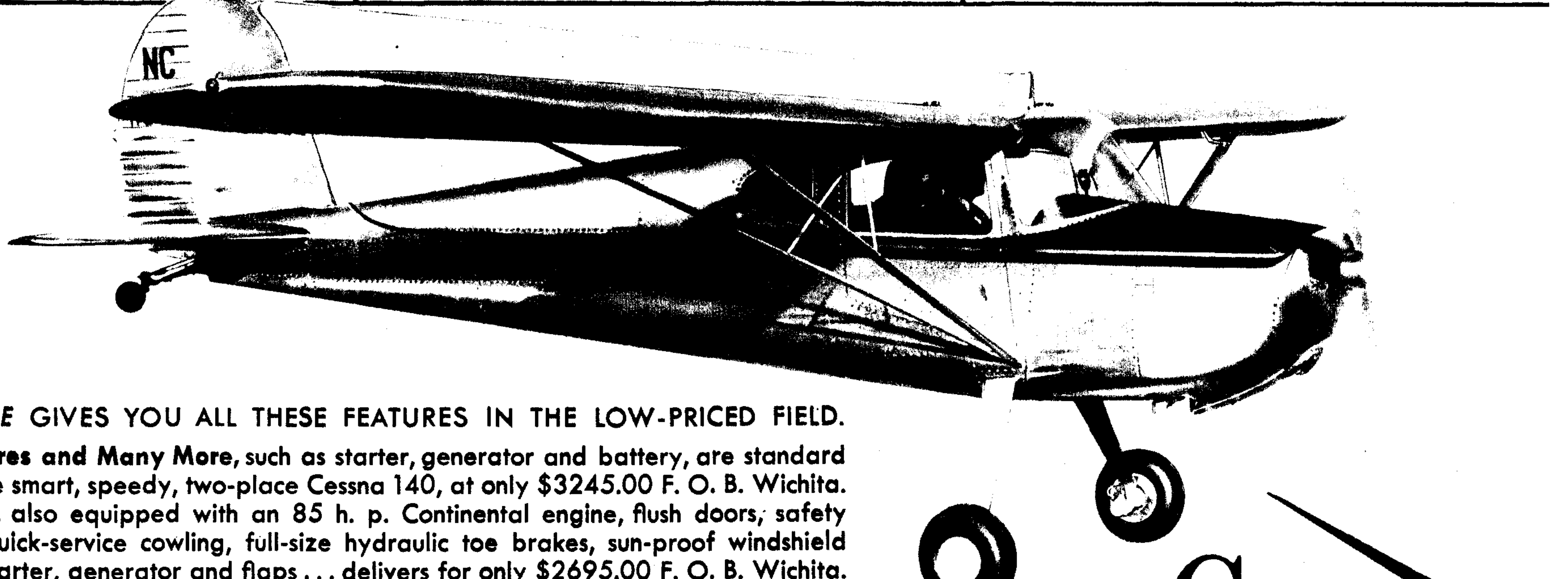

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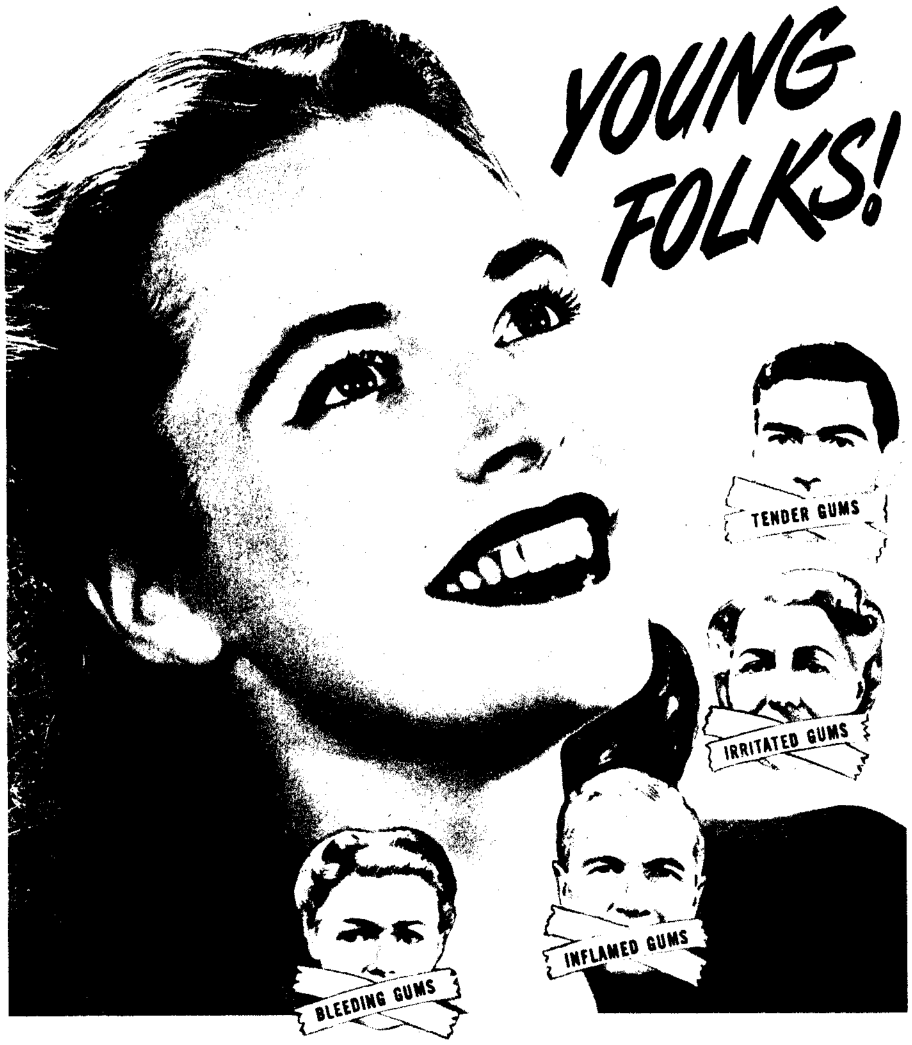

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"To begin with, I must talk to you—about John Christow."

"About Dr. Christow?"

"Yes. It seems to me that the only thing to do is to put a full stop to the whole thing. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

"I am not sure that I do know what you mean, Lady Angkatell."

She gave him her lovely dazzling smile again and she put one hand on his sleeve. "Dear Monsieur Poirot, you know perfectly. The police will have to hunt about for the owner of those fingerprints and they won't find him and they'll have, in the end, to let the whole thing drop. But I'm afraid, you know, that *you* won't let it drop."

"No, I shall not let it drop," said Hercule Poirot.

"That is just what I thought . . . and that is why I came. It's the truth you want, isn't it?"

"Certainly I want the truth."

"I see I haven't explained myself very well. I'm trying to find out just *why* you won't let things drop. It isn't because of your prestige—or because you want to hang a murderer (such an unpleasant kind of death, I've always thought—so *medieval).* It's just, I think, that you want to *know.* You do see what I mean, don't you? If you were to know the truth—if you were to be *told* the truth, I think—I think perhaps that might satisfy you? Would it satisfy you, M. Poirot?"

"You are offering to tell me the truth, Lady Angkatell?"

She nodded, saying nothing.

"You yourself know the truth, then?"

Her eyes opened very wide. "Oh, yes, I've known for a long time. I'd *like* to tell you. And then we could agree that—well, that it was all over and done with."

She smiled at him.

"Is it a bargain, Monsieur Poirot?"

It was quite an effort for Hercule Poirot to say, "No, Madame, it is not a bargain."

He wanted—he wanted, very badly, to let the whole thing drop—simply because Lucy Angkatell asked him to do so.

Lady Angkatell sat very still for a moment. Then she raised her eyebrows.

"I wonder," she said. . . . "I wonder if you really know what you are doing."

MIDGE lying dry-eyed and awake in the darkness turned restlessly on her pillows.

She heard a door unlatch, a footstep in the corridor outside passing her door . . . It was Edward's door and Edward's step . . .

She switched on the lamp by her bed and looked at the clock that stood by the lamp on the table. It was ten minutes to three.

Edward passing her door and going down the stairs at this hour in the morning. It was odd . . .

They had all gone to bed early, at half past ten. She herself had not slept, had lain there with burning eyelids and with a dry aching misery racking her feverishly.

She had heard the clock strike downstairs—had heard owls hoot outside her bedroom window. Had felt the depression that reaches its nadir at 2 A.M. Had thought to herself: I can't bear it—I can't bear it. Tomorrow coming—another day . . . Day after day to be got through.

Banished by her own act from Ainswick—from all the loveliness and dearness of Ainswick which might have been her very own possession.

But better banishment, better loneliness, better a drab and uninteresting life, than life with Edward and Henrietta's ghost. Until that day in the wood she had not known her own capacity for bitter jealousy.

And after all, Edward had never told her that he loved her. Affection, kindliness, he had never pretended to more than that. She had accepted the limitation, and not until she had realized what it would mean to live at close quarters with an Edward whose mind and heart had Henrietta as a permanent guest, did she know that for her Edward's affection was not enough . . .

Edward walking past her door, down the front stairs . . .

Uneasiness grew upon her. It was all part and parcel of the uneasiness that The Hollow gave her nowadays. What was Edward doing downstairs in the small hours of the morning? Had he gone out?

Inactivity at last became too much for her. She got up, slipped on her dressing gown and taking a flashlight, she opened her door and came out into the passage.

It was quite dark, no lights had been switched on. Midge turned to the left and came to the head of the staircase. Below all was dark too. She ran down the stairs and after a moment's hesitation switched on the light in the hall. Everything was silent. The front door was closed and locked. She tried the side door but that too was locked.

Edward, then, had not gone out. Where could he be? And suddenly she raised her head and sniffed.

A whiff—a very faint whiff of gas.

THE door to the kitchen quarters was just ajar. She went through it—a faint light was shining from the open kitchen door. The smell of gas was much stronger.

Midge ran along the passage and into the kitchen. Edward was lying on the floor with his head inside the gas oven which was turned full on.

Midge was a quick, practical girl. Her first act was to swing open the shutters. She could not unlatch the window and, winding a dish towel round her arm, she smashed it. Then, holding her breath, she stooped down and tugged and pulled Edward out of the gas oven and switched off the taps.

He was unconscious and breathing queerly, but she knew that he could not have been unconscious long. He could only have just gone under. The wind sweeping through from the window to the open door was fast dispelling the gas fumes. Midge dragged Edward to a spot near the window where the air would have full play. She sat down and gathered him into her strong young arms.

She said his name, first softly, then with increasing desperation: "Edward, Edward, Edward, *Edward. . . .*"

He stirred, groaned, opened his eyes and looked up at her.

He said very faintly, "Gas oven . . ." and his eyes went round to the gas stove.

"I know, darling, but why—*why?*"

He was shivering now, his hands were cold and lifeless.

He said, "Midge?"

There was a kind of wondering surprise and pleasure in his voice.

She said, "I heard you pass my door . . . I didn't know . . . I came down."

He sighed—a very long sigh as though from very far away.

"Best way out . . ." he said.

"But, Edward, why—*why?*"

He looked up at her and the blank cold darkness of his stare frightened her.

"Because I know now I've never been any good. Always a failure. Always ineffectual. It's men like Christow who do things. They get there and women admire them. I'm nothing—I'm not even quite alive. I inherited Ainswick and I've enough to live on—otherwise I'd have gone under. No good at a career—never much good as a writer. Henrietta didn't want me. No one wanted me. That day—at the Berkeley—I thought—but it was the same story. You couldn't care either, Midge. Even for Ainswick you couldn't put up with me. . . . So I thought better get out altogether."

Her words came with a rush. "Darling, darling. You don't understand. It was because of Henrietta—because I thought you still loved Henrietta so much."

"Henrietta?" He murmured it vaguely, as though speaking of someone infinitely remote. "Yes, I loved her very much."

And from even farther away she heard him murmur, "It's so cold . . ."

"*Edward*—my darling." Her arms closed round him firmly.

He smiled at her, murmuring, "You're so warm, Midge—you're so warm . . ."

Yes, she thought, that was what despair

was. A cold thing—a thing of infinite coldness and loneliness. She'd never understood until now that despair was a cold thing. She had thought of it as something hot and passionate, something violent, a hot-blooded desperation. But that was not so. *This* was despair—this utter outer darkness of coldness and loneliness. And the sin of despair, that priests talked of, was a cold sin, the sin of cutting oneself off from all warm and living human contacts . . .

Edward said again, "You're so warm, Midge." And suddenly with a glad proud confidence she thought: But that's what he *wants*—that's what I can give him! They were all cold, the Angkatells—even Henrietta had something in her of the will-o'-the-wisp, of the elusive fairy coldness in the Angkatell blood . . . Let Edward love Henrietta as an intangible and unpossessable dream. It was warmth, permanence, stability that was his real need. It was daily companionship and love and laughter at Ainswick.

She thought: What Edward needs is someone to light a fire on his hearth—and *I* am the person to do that.

EDWARD looked up. He saw Midge's face bending over him, the warm coloring of the skin, the generous mouth, the steady eyes and the dark hair that lay back from her forehead like two wings.

He saw Henrietta always as a projection from the past. In the grown woman he sought and wanted only to see the seventeen-year-old girl he had first loved. But now, looking up at Midge, he had a queer sense of seeing a continuous Midge—he saw the schoolgirl with her winged hair springing back into two pigtails, he saw its dark waves framing her face now and he saw exactly how those wings would look when the hair was not dark any longer but gray . . .

Midge, he thought, is *real* . . . The only real thing I have ever known . . . He felt the warmth of her, and the strength—dark, positive, alive, *real!* Midge, he thought, is the rock on which I can build my life . . .

He said, "Darling Midge, I love you so, never leave me again . . ."

She bent down to him and he felt the warmth of her lips on his, felt her love enveloping him, shielding him, and happiness flowered in that cold desert where he had lived alone so long. . . .

Suddenly Midge said with a shaky laugh, "Look, Edward, a black beetle has come out to look at us. Isn't he a *nice* black beetle? I never thought I could like a black beetle so much!"

She added dreamily, "How odd life is. Here we are sitting on the floor in a kitchen that still smells of gas all amongst the black beetles and feeling that it's heaven."

He murmured dreamily, "I could stay here forever."

"We'd better go and get some sleep. It's four o'clock. How on earth are we to explain that broken window to Lucy?"

Fortunately, Midge reflected, Lucy was an extraordinarily easy person to explain things to.

TAKING a leaf out of Lucy's own book, Midge went into Lucy's room at six o'clock.

She made a bald statement of fact.

"Edward went down and put his head in the gas oven in the night," she said. "Fortunately I heard him and went down after him. I broke the window because I couldn't get it open quickly."

Lucy, Midge had to admit, was wonderful.

She smiled sweetly with no sign of surprise.

"Dear Midge," she said, "you are always so practical. I'm sure you will always be the greatest comfort to Edward."

After Midge had gone, Lady Angkatell lay thinking. Then she got up and went into her husband's room which for once was unlocked.

"Henry—"

"My dear Lucy! It's not cockcrow yet."

"No, but listen, Henry, this is really important. We must have electricity installed to cook by and get rid of that gas stove."

"Why, it's quite satisfactory, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, dear. But it's the sort of thing that gives people ideas, and everybody mightn't be as practical as dear Midge."

She flitted away. Sir Henry turned over with a grunt. Presently he awoke with a start just as he was dozing off.

"Did I dream it," he murmured, "or did Lucy come in and start talking about gas stoves?"

Outside in the passage, Lady Angkatell went into the bathroom and put a kettle on the gas ring. Sometimes, she knew, people liked an early cup of tea . . . Fired with self-approval she returned to bed and lay back on her pillows, pleased with life and with herself.

Edward and Midge at Ainswick—the inquest over— She would go and talk to Monsieur Poirot again. A nice little man—

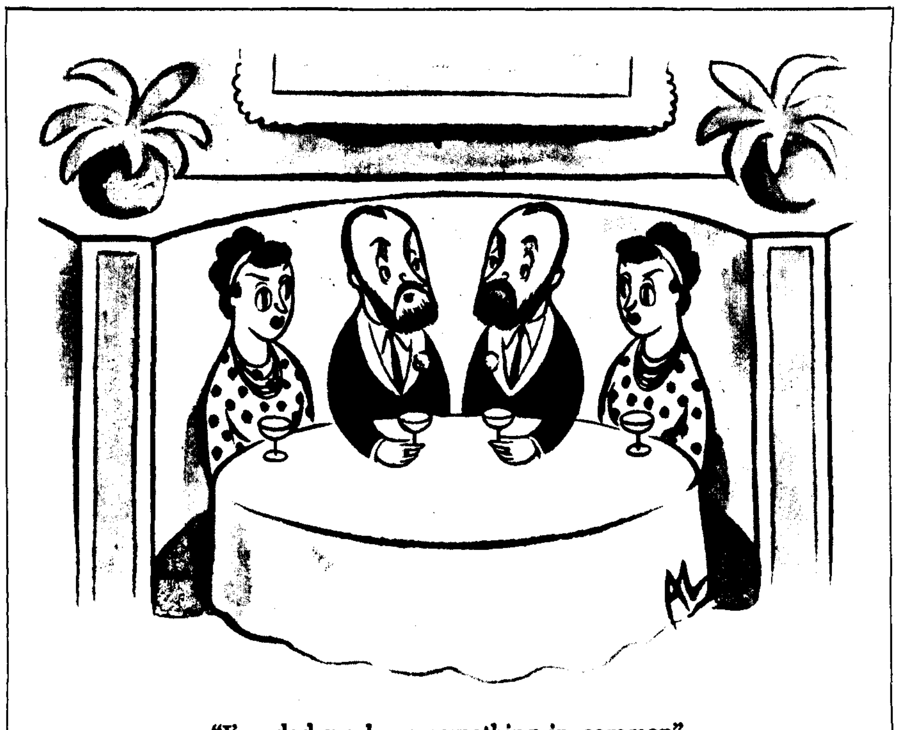
Suddenly another idea flashed into her head. She sat upright in bed.

"I wonder, now," she speculated, "if she has thought of *that*."

She got out of bed and drifted along the passage to Henrietta's room, beginning her remarks as usual long before she was within earshot.

"—and it suddenly came to me, dear, that you *might* have overlooked that."

Henrietta murmured sleepily, "For heav-



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en's sake, Lucy, the birds aren't up yet!"

"Oh, I know, dear, it *is* rather early, but it seems to have been a very disturbed night—Edward and the gas stove and Midge and the kitchen window—and thinking of what to say to Monsieur Poirot and everything—"

"I'm sorry, Lucy, but everything you say sounds like complete gibberish. . . . Can't it wait?"

"It was only the holster, dear. I thought, you know, that you might not have thought about the holster."

"Holster?" Henrietta sat up in bed. She was suddenly wide-awake. "What's this about a holster?"

"That revolver of Henry's was in a holster, you know. And the holster hasn't been found. And of course nobody may think of it—but on the other hand somebody might—"

Henrietta swung herself out of bed. She said, "One always forgets something—that's what they say! And it's true!"

Lady Angkatell went back to her room. She got into bed and quickly went fast asleep.

The kettle on the gas ring boiled and went on boiling . . .

GERDA rolled over to the side of the bed and sat up.

Her head felt a little better now but she was still glad that she hadn't gone with the others on the picnic. It was peaceful and almost comforting to be alone in the house for a bit.

Elsie of course had been very kind—very kind—especially at first. To begin with, Gerda had been urged to stay in bed for breakfast, trays had been brought up to her. Everybody urged her to sit in the most comfortable armchair, to put her feet up, not to do anything at all strenuous.

They were all so sorry for her about John. She had stayed cowering gratefully in that protective dim haze. She hadn't wanted to think, or to feel, or to remember.

But now, every day, she felt it coming nearer—she'd have to start living again, to decide what to do, where to live. Already Elsie was showing a shade of impatience in her manner. "Oh, Gerda, don't be so *slow!*"

It was all the same as it had been—long ago, before John came and took her away. They all thought her slow and stupid. There was nobody to say, as John had said, "I'll look after you."

Her head ached and Gerda thought: I'll make myself some tea.

She went down to the kitchen and put the kettle on. It was nearly boiling when she heard a ring at the front door.

The maids had been given the day out. Gerda went to the door and opened it. She was astonished to see Henrietta's car drawn up to the curb and Henrietta herself standing on the doorstep.

"Why, Henrietta!" she exclaimed. She fell back a step or two. "Come in. I'm afraid my sister and the children are out, but—"

Henrietta cut her short.

"Good. I'm glad. I wanted to get you alone. Listen, Gerda, *what did you do with the holster?*"

Gerda stopped. Her eyes looked suddenly vacant and uncomprehending. She said, "Holster?"

Then she opened a door on the right of the hall.

"You'd better come in here. I'm afraid it's rather dusty. You see, we haven't had much time this morning—"

Henrietta interrupted again urgently.

She said, "Listen, Gerda, you've got to tell me. Apart from the holster everything's all right—absolutely watertight. There's nothing to connect you with the business. I found the revolver where you'd shoved it into that thicket by the swimming pool. I hid it in a place where you couldn't possibly have put it—and there are fingerprints on it now which they'll never identify. So there's only the holster. I must know what you did with that."

She paused, praying desperately that Gerda would react quickly.

She had no idea why she had this vital sense of urgency, but it was there. Her car had not been followed from The Hollow—she had made sure of that. She had started on the London road, had filled up at a garage and had mentioned that she was on her way to London. Then, a little farther on, she had swung across country until she had reached a main road leading south to the coast and Bexhill.

Gerda was still staring at her. The trouble with Gerda, thought Henrietta, was that she was so slow.

"If you've still got it, Gerda, you must give it to me. I'll get rid of it somehow. It's the only possible thing, you see, that can connect you now with John's death. *Have* you got it?"

There was a pause and then Gerda slowly nodded her head.

"Didn't you know it was madness to keep it?" Henrietta could hardly conceal her impatience.

"I forgot about it. It was up in my room," Gerda said. "When the police came up to Harley Street, I cut it up and put it in the bag with my leather work."

Henrietta said, "That was clever of you."

Gerda said, "I'm not quite so stupid as everybody thinks."

She put her hand up to her throat. She said, "John—*John*—" Her voice broke.

Henrietta said, "I know, my dear, I know."

Gerda said, "But you can't know . . . John wasn't—he wasn't—" She stood there, dumb and strangely pathetic. She raised her eyes suddenly to Henrietta's face. "It was all a lie—everything! All the things I thought he was! I saw his face when he followed that woman out that evening. Veronica Cray! I knew he'd cared for her, of course, years ago, before he married me, but I thought it was all over."

Henrietta said gently, "But it *was* all over."

Gerda shook her head.

"No. She came there and pretended that she hadn't seen John for years—but I saw John's face . . . He went out with her. I went up to bed. I lay there trying to read—I tried to read that detective story that John was reading. And John didn't come. And at last I went out . . ."

Her eyes seemed to be turning inwards, seeing the scene.

"It was moonlight. I went along the path to the swimming pool. There was a light in the pavilion. They were *there*—John and that woman . . ."

Henrietta made a faint sound.

Gerda's face had changed—it had none of its usual slightly vacant amiability. It was remorseless, implacable.

"I'd trusted John. I'd believed in him—as though he were God. I thought he was the noblest man in the world—I thought he was everything that was fine and noble . . . And it was all a *lie!* I was left with nothing—nothing at all. I—I'd *worshiped* John!"

HENRIETTA was gazing at her, fascinated. For here, before her eyes, was what she had guessed at and brought to life, carving it out of wood. Here was The Worshiper—blind devotion thrown back on itself, disillusioned—dangerous . . .

Gerda said, "I couldn't bear it! I had to kill him! I *had* to—you do see that, Henrietta?" She said it quite conversationally, in an almost friendly tone.

"And I knew I must be careful because the police are very clever. But then I'm not really as stupid as people think! If you're very slow and just stare, people think you don't take things in—and sometimes, underneath, you're laughing at them! I knew I could kill John and nobody would know because I'd read in that detective story about the police being able to tell which gun a bullet has been fired from. Sir Henry had shown me how to load and fire a revolver that afternoon. I'd take *two* revolvers. I'd shoot John with one and then hide it and let people find me holding the other and first they'd think *I'd* shot him and then they'd find he couldn't have been killed with that revolver and so they'd say I hadn't done it after all!"

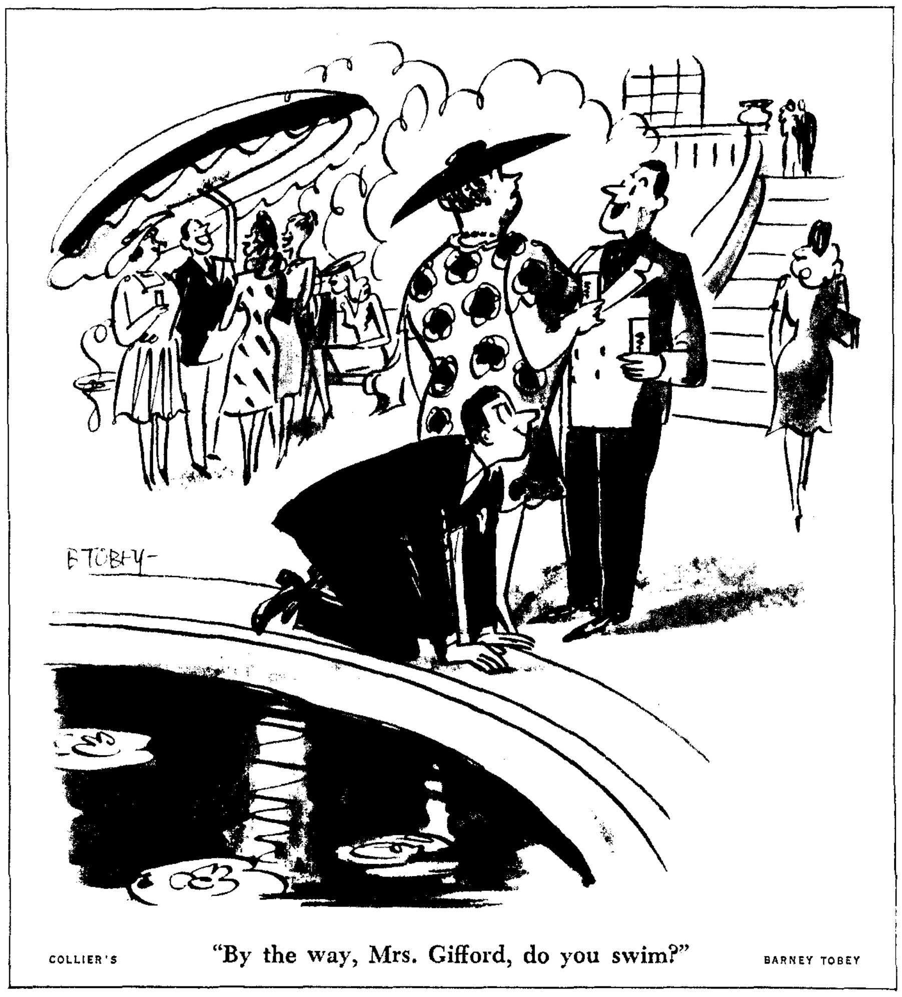
She nodded her head triumphantly.

"But I forgot about the leather thing. It was in the drawer in my bedroom. Surely the police won't bother about that *now?*"

"They might," said Henrietta. "You'd better give it to me, and I'll take it away with me. Once it's out of your hands, you're quite safe."

She sat down. She felt suddenly unutterably weary. Gerda said, "You don't look well. I was just making tea."

She went out of the room. Presently she



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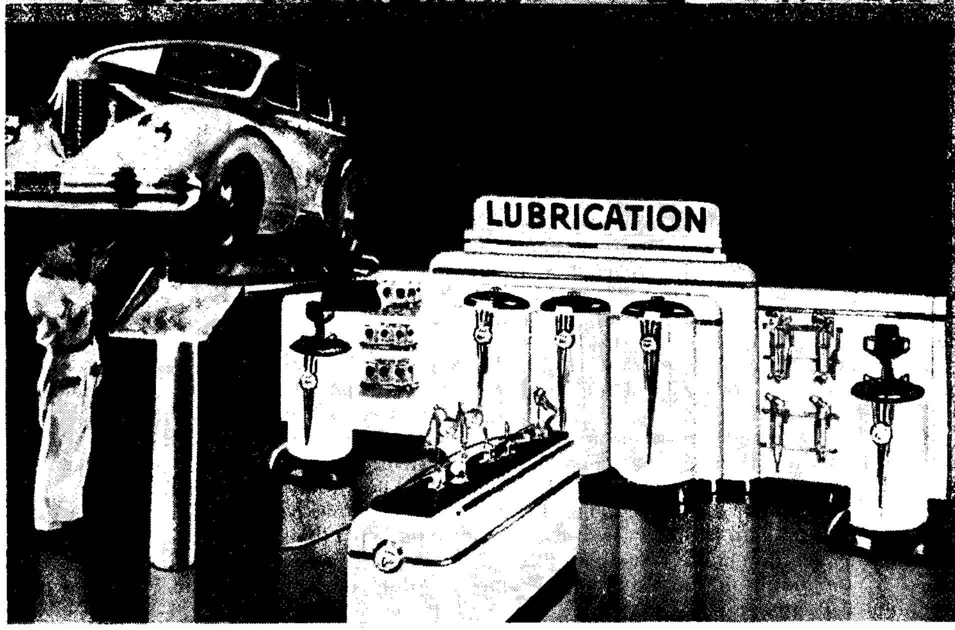

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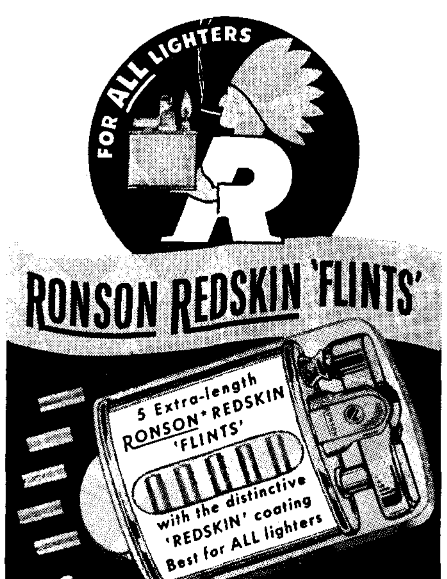
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came back with a tray. On it was a teapot, milk jug and two cups. The milk jug had slopped over because it was overfull. Gerda put the tray down and poured out a cup of tea and handed it to Henrietta.

"Oh dear," she said, dismayed, "I don't believe the kettle can have been boiling."

"It's quite all right," said Henrietta. "Go and get that holster, Gerda."

Gerda hesitated and then went out of the room. Henrietta leaned forward and put her arms on the table and her head down on them. She was so tired, so dreadfully tired . . . But it was nearly done now. Gerda would be safe—as John had wanted her to be safe.

She sat up, pushed the hair off her forehead and drew the teacup toward her. Then at a sound in the doorway she looked up, thinking that Gerda had been quite quick for once.

But it was Hercule Poirot who stood in the doorway. "The front door was open," he remarked as he advanced to the table, "so I took the liberty of walking in."

"You!" said Henrietta. "How did you get here?"

"When you left The Hollow so suddenly, naturally I knew where you would go. I hired a fast car and came straight here."

"I see." Henrietta sighed. "You would."

"You should not drink that tea," said Poirot taking the cup from her and replacing it on the tray. "Tea that has not been made with boiling water is not good to drink."

"Does a little thing like boiling water really matter?"

Poirot said gently, "Everything matters."

THERE was a sound behind him and Gerda came into the room. She had a workbag in her hands. Her eyes went from Poirot's face to Henrietta's.

Henrietta said quickly, "I'm afraid, Gerda, I'm rather a suspicious character. Monsieur Poirot seems to have been shadowing me. He thinks that I killed John—but he can't prove it."

She spoke slowly and deliberately. So long as Gerda did not give herself away—

Gerda said vaguely, "I'm so sorry. Will you have some tea, Monsieur Poirot?"

"No, thank you, Madame."

Gerda sat down behind the tray. She began to talk in her apologetic way.

"I'm so sorry that everybody is out. My sister and the children have all gone for a picnic. I didn't feel very well, so they left me behind."

"I am sorry, Madame."

Gerda lifted a teacup and drank.

"It is all so very worrying. Everything is so worrying. . . . You see, John always arranged *everything* and now John is gone . . ." Her voice trailed off. "Now John is gone . . ." Her gaze, piteous, bewildered, went from one to the other.

"I don't know what to do without John. John looked after me . . . He took care of me. Now he is gone, everything is gone . . . And the children—they ask me questions and I can't answer them properly. I don't know what to say to Terry. He keeps saying 'Why was Father killed?' Someday, of course, he will find out why . . . Terry always has to *know*. What puzzles me is that he always asks *why*, not *who!*"

Gerda leaned back in her chair. Her lips were very blue. She said stiffly. "I feel—not very well—if only John—John—"

Poirot came round the table to her and eased her sideways down in the chair. Her head dropped forward. He bent and lifted her eyelid. Then he straightened up.

"An easy and comparatively painless death."

Henrietta stared at him.

"Heart? No." Her mind leaped forward. "Something in the tea . . . Something she put there herself. She chose that way out?"

Poirot shook his head gently. "Oh, no, it was meant for *you*. It was in *your* teacup."

"For *me?*" Henrietta's voice was incredulous. "But I was trying to help her."

"That did not matter. Have you not seen a dog caught in a trap? It sets its teeth into anyone who touches it She saw only that you knew her secret and so you too must die."

Henrietta said slowly, "And you made me put the cup back on the tray—you meant—you meant *her*—"

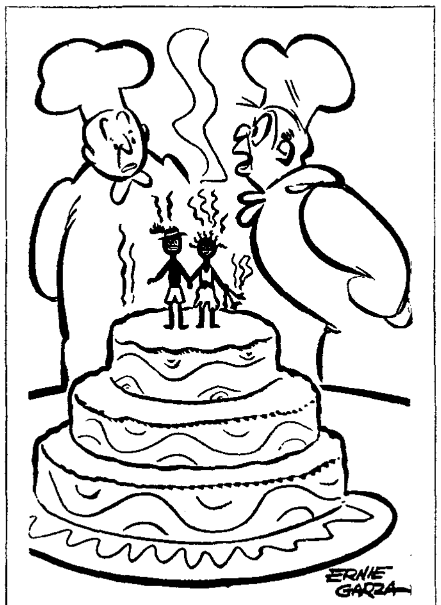
Poirot interrupted her quietly.

"No, no, Mademoiselle. I did not *know* that there was anything in your teacup. I only knew that there *might* be. And when the cup was on the tray it was an even chance if she drank from that or the other—if you call it chance. I say myself that an end such as this is merciful. For her—and for two innocent children . . ."

He said gently to Henrietta, "You are very tired, are you not?"

She nodded. She asked him, "When did you guess?"

"I do not know exactly. The scene was set; I felt that from the first. But I did not realize for a long time that it was set *by Gerda Christow*—that her attitude was stagy because she was, actually, acting a part. I was puzzled by the simplicity and at the same time the complexity. I recognized fairly soon that it was your ingenuity that I was fighting against, and that you were being aided and abetted by your relations as soon as they understood what you wanted done!" He paused and added, "Why did *you* want it done?"



"You're supposed to bake the cake first—then put the bride and groom dolls on!"

COLLIER'S ERNIE GARZA

"Because John asked me to! That's what he meant when he said 'Henrietta.' It was all there in that one word. He was asking me to protect Gerda. You see, he loved Gerda . . . I think he loved Gerda much better than he ever knew he did. Better than Veronica Cray—better than me. Gerda *belonged* to him, and John liked things that belonged to him . . . He knew that if anyone could protect Gerda from the consequences of what she'd done, I could— And he knew that I would do anything he wanted, because I loved him."

"And you started at once," said Poirot grimly.

"Yes, the first thing I could think of was to get the revolver away from her and drop it in the pool. When I discovered later that he had been shot with a different gun, I went out to look for it, and naturally found it at once because I knew just the sort of place Gerda would have put it—I was only a minute or two ahead of Inspector Grange's men."

She paused and then went on:

"I kept it with me in that satchel bag of mine until I could take it up to London, right after the first inquest. Then I hid it in the studio until I could bring it back, and put it where the police would find it."

"You hid it in the clay horse," murmured Poirot.

"How did you know? Yes. That first evening back in London I put it in a sponge bag and wired the armature round it and then slapped up the clay model round it. I knew the police would search my studio, but after all, they couldn't very well destroy an artist's masterpiece, could they? What made you know where it was?"

"The fact that you chose to model a horse. The horse of Troy was the unconscious association in your mind. But the fingerprints— How did you manage the fingerprints of someone who had not previously been connected with the case?"

"An old blind man who sells matches in the street. I went out to him directly I got back to London—while Midge Hardcastle was in the studio, as a matter of fact. He didn't know what it was I asked him to hold for a moment while I got out some money to pay for the matches I was buying."

Poirot looked at her for a moment.

"*C'est formidable!*" he murmured. "You are one of the best antagonists, Mademoiselle, that I have ever had."

"It's been dreadfully tiring always trying to keep one move ahead of *you!*"

"I know. I began to realize the truth as soon as I saw that the pattern was always designed not to implicate any one person but to implicate *everyone*—other than Gerda Christow. Every indication always pointed *away* from her. You deliberately planted Yggdrasill to catch my attention and bring yourself under suspicion. You hid the gun until you could get misleading prints on it, then you made it easy for the police to find it . . . Lady Angkatell, who knew perfectly what you were doing, amused herself by leading poor Inspector Grange in one direction after another: David, Edward, herself.

"Yes, there is only one thing to do if you want to clear a person from suspicion who is actually guilty. You must suggest guilt elsewhere but never localize it. That is why every clue *looked* promising and then petered out and ended in nothing."

Henrietta looked at the figure huddled in the chair. She said, "Poor Gerda."

"Is that what you have felt all along?"

"I think so . . . Gerda loved John terribly—but she didn't want to love him for what he was. She built up a pedestal for him and attributed every splendid and noble and unselfish characteristic to him. And if you cast down an idol, *there's nothing left . . .*" She paused and then went on. "But John was something much finer than an idol on a pedestal. He was a real living vital human being. He was generous and warm and alive, and he was a great doctor—yes, a *great* doctor! And he's dead, and the world has lost a very great man. And I have lost the only man I shall ever love . . ."

POIROT put his hand gently on her shoulder. He said, "But you are of those who can live with a sword in their hearts—who can go on and smile—"

Henrietta looked up at him. Her lips twisted into a bitter smile. "That's a little melodramatic, isn't it?"

"It is because I am a foreigner and I like to use fine words."

Henrietta said suddenly, "You have been very kind to me. . . ."

"That is because I have admired you always very much."

"Monsieur Poirot, what are we going to do? About Gerda, I mean."

Poirot drew the raffia workbag toward him. He turned out its contents, scraps of brown suède and other colored leathers. There were three pieces of thick shiny brown leather. Poirot fitted them together.

"The holster. I take this. And poor Madame Christow, she was overwrought, her husband's death was too much for her. It will be brought in that she took her life whilst of unsound mind—"

Henrietta said slowly, "And no one will ever know what really happened?"

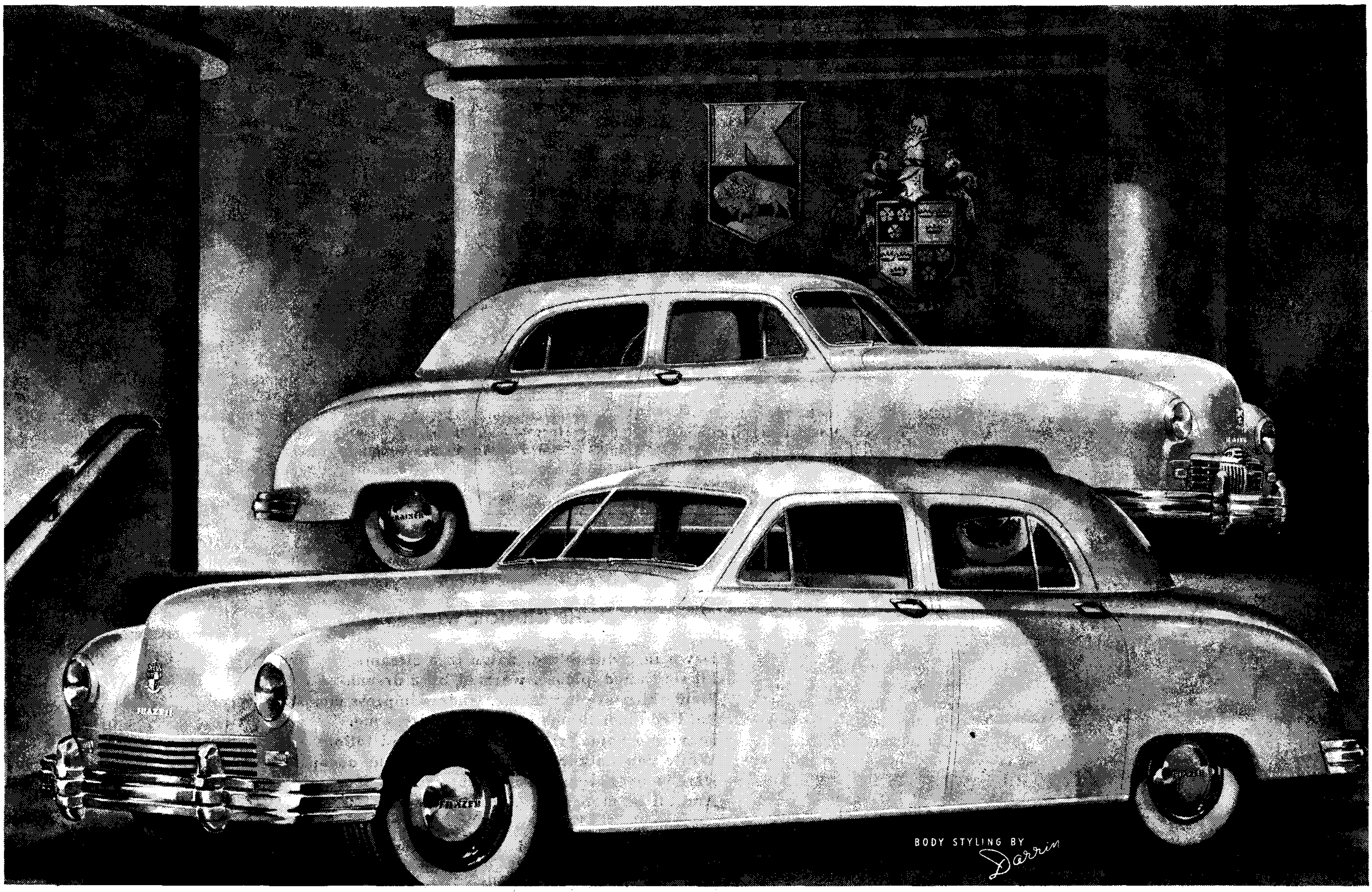
"I think one person will know. Dr. Christow's son. I think that one day he will come to me and ask me for the truth."

"But you won't tell him," cried Henrietta.

"Yes, I shall tell him."

"Oh, *no!*"

"You do not understand. To you it is



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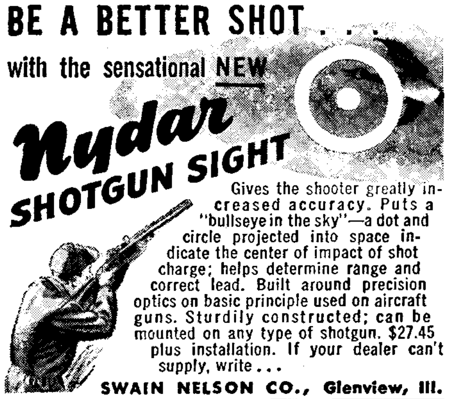

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unbearable that anyone should be hurt. But to some minds there is something more unbearable still—not to *know*. You heard that poor woman just a little while ago say 'Terry always has to *know* . . .' To the scientific mind, truth comes first. Truth, however bitter, can be accepted, and woven into a design for living."

Henrietta got up. "Do you want me here, or had I better go?"

"It would be better if you went, I think."

She nodded. Then she said, more to herself than to him, "Where shall I go? What shall I do—without John?"

"You are speaking like Gerda Christow. You will know where to go and what to do."

"Shall I? I'm so tired, M. Poirot, so tired. . . ."

He said gently, "Go, my child. Your place is with the living. I will stay here with the dead . . ."

AS SHE drove toward London, the two phrases echoed through Henrietta's mind. "What shall I do? Where shall I go? . . ."

For the last few weeks she had been strung up, excited, never relaxing for a moment. She had had a task to perform—a task laid on her by John. But now that was over—had she failed or succeeded? One could look at it either way . . . But however one looked at it, the task was over. And she experienced the terrible weariness of reaction.

Her mind went back to the words she had spoken to Edward that night on the terrace—the night of John's death—the night when she had gone along to the pool and into the pavilion and had deliberately, by the light of a match, drawn Yggdrasill upon the iron table. Purposeful, planning—not yet able to sit down and mourn—mourn for her dead. "I should like," she had said to Edward, "to grieve for John . . ."

But she had not dared to relax then—not dared to let sorrow take command over her . . .

But now she could grieve . . . Now she had all the time there was . . . She said under her breath, "John . . . John . . ."

Bitterness and black rebellion broke over her . . . She thought: I wish I'd drunk that cup of tea . . .

Driving the car soothed her, gave her strength for the moment . . . But soon she would be in London. Soon she would put the car in the garage and go along to the empty studio . . . Empty, since John would never sit there again bullying her, being angry with her, loving her more than he wanted to love her, telling her eagerly about Ridgeway's Disease—about his triumphs and despairs, about Mrs. Crabtree and St. Christopher's . . .

And suddenly, with a lifting of the dark pall that lay over her mind, she thought: Of course. That's where I will go. To St. Christopher's.

LYING in her narrow hospital bed, old Mrs. Crabtree peered up at her visitor out of rheumy twinkling eyes.

She was exactly as John had described her, and Henrietta felt a sudden warmth, a lifting of the spirit. This was real—this would last! Here, for a little space, she had found John again . . .

"The pore doctor. Orful, ain't it?" Mrs. Crabtree was saying. There was relish in her voice as well as regret, for Mrs. Crabtree loved life; and sudden deaths, particularly murders or deaths in childbed, were the richest parts of the tapestry of life. "Getting 'imself bumped off like that! Turned my stomach right over it did, when I 'eard. I read all about it in the papers. Nurse let me 'ave all she could get 'old of—reely nice about it, she was. There was pictures and everythink . . . That swimming pool and all. 'Is wife leaving the inquest, pore thing, and that Lady Angkatell what the swimming pool belonged to! Lots of pictures. Real mystery the 'ole thing, weren't it?"

Henrietta was not repelled by her ghoulish enjoyment. She liked it because she knew that John himself would have liked it. If he had to die he would much prefer Mrs. Crabtree to get a kick out of it, than to sniff and shed tears.

"All I 'ope is that they catch 'ooever done it and 'ang 'im," continued Mrs. Crabtree vindictively. "They don't 'ave 'angings in public like they used to once—more's the pity. I've always thought I'd like to go to an 'anging . . . And I'd go double quick if you understand me, to see 'ooever killed the doctor 'anged! Real wicked, 'e must 'ave been. Why, the doctor was one in a thousand! Ever so clever, 'e was! And a nice way with 'im! Got you laughing whether you wanted to or not. The things 'e used to say sometimes! I'd 'ave done anythink for the doctor, I would!"

"Yes," said Henrietta. "He was a very clever man. He was a great man."

"Think the world of 'im in the 'orspital, they do! All them nurses. *And* 'is patients! Always felt you were going to get well when 'e'd been along."

"So you are going to get well," said Henrietta.

The shrewd eyes clouded for a moment.

THE INDOOR WIFE

Dawn in a duckblind, dawn in a stream;
I'll stay abed, please, warmed by a dream.
Plaid shirts are handsome, waders impress me,
But I've nicer things in which to dress me.
Leave me home with my powders and lotions
While you stalk the woods and trawl the oceans.
Here is my bargain: You shoot or hook it
And I'll be more than glad to cook it.

Take me out dancing; I won't fall down.
Take me to beaches; I'll swim, not drown.
Ply me with drinks and I'll be able
To equal you at, not under, the table.
Take me to theaters or games without fear
But when a-hunting, go solo, my dear.
Anywhere else is companionate fun
But you're on your own with rod and gun.

—PHYLLIS WRIGHT

"I'm not so sure about that, ducks. I've got that mealy-mouthed young fellow with the spectacles now. Quite different to Doctor Christow. Never a laugh! 'E was a one, Doctor Christow was—always up to 'is jokes! Given me some orful times, 'e 'as, with this treatment of 'is. 'I carn't stand any more of it, Doctor,' I'd say to him and, 'Yes, you can, Mrs. Crabtree,' 'e'd say to me. 'You're tough, you are. You can take it. Going to make medical 'istory, you and I are.' And he'd jolly you along like. Do anythink for the doctor, I would 'ave! Expected a lot of you, 'e did, but you felt you couldn't let him down, if you know what I mean."

"I know," said Henrietta.

The little sharp eyes peered at her.

"Excuse me, dearie, you're not the doctor's wife by any chance?"

"No," said Henrietta, "I'm just a friend."

"*I* see," said Mrs. Crabtree.

Henrietta thought that she did see.

"What made you come along if you don't mind me arsking?"

"The doctor used to talk to me a lot about you—and about his new treatment. I wanted to see how you were."

"I'm slipping back—that's what I'm doing."

Henrietta cried, "But you mustn't slip back! You've got to get well."

Mrs. Crabtree grinned. "*I* don't want to peg out, don't you think it!"

"Well, fight then! Dr. Christow said you were a fighter."

"Did 'e now?" Mrs. Crabtree lay still a minute, then she said slowly, "'Ooever shot 'im it's a wicked shame! There aren't many of 'is sort. . . ."

We shall not see his like again . . . the words passed through Henrietta's mind. Mrs. Crabtree was regarding her keenly.

"Keep your chin up, dearie," she said. She added, "'E 'ad a nice funeral, I 'ope."

"He had a lovely funeral," said Henrietta obligingly.

"Ar! Wish I could of gorn to it!"

Mrs. Crabtree sighed. "Be going to me own funeral next, I expect."

"No," cried Henrietta. "You mustn't let go. You said just now that Dr. Christow told you that you and he were going to make medical history. Well, you've got to carry on by yourself. The treatment's just the same. You've got to have the guts for two—you've got to make medical history by yourself—for him."

Mrs. Crabtree looked at her for a moment or two.

"Sounds a bit grand! I'll do my best, ducks. Carn't say more than that."

Henrietta got up and took her hand.

"Goodby. I'll come and see you again if I may."

"Yes, do. It'll do me good to talk about the doctor a bit." The bawdy twinkle came into her eye again. "Proper man in every kind of way, Doctor Christow."

"Yes," said Henrietta. "He was . . ."

The old woman said, "Don't fret, ducks—what's gorn's gorn. You can't 'ave it back . . ."

Mrs. Crabtree and Hercule Poirot, Henrietta thought, expressed the same idea in different language. . . .

SHE drove back to Chelsea, put away the car in the garage and walked slowly to the studio.

Now, she thought, it has come. The moment I have been dreading—the moment when I am alone . . . Now I can put it off no longer . . . Now grief is here with me.

What had she said to Edward? "I should like to grieve for John . . ."

She dropped down on a chair and pushed back the hair from her face.

Alone—empty . . . destitute . . . This awful emptiness.

The tears pricked at her eyes, flowed slowly down her cheeks.

Grief, she thought, grief for John . . .

Oh, John—John . . .

Remembering—remembering . . . His voice, sharp with pain:

If I were dead, the first thing you'd do, with the tears streaming down your face would be to start modeling some damn' mourning woman or some figure of grief.

She stirred uneasily . . . Why had that thought come into her head?

Grief. . . . Grief. . . . A veiled figure . . . its outline barely perceptible—its head cowled . . .

She could see the lines of it—tall, elongated . . . its sorrow hidden, revealed only by the long mournful lines of the drapery . . . Sorrow, emerging from clear transparent alabaster.

"If I were dead . . ."

And suddenly bitterness came over her full-tide. She thought: *That's what I am!* John was right. I cannot love—I cannot mourn—not with the whole of me . . .

It's Midge, it's people like Midge who are the salt of the earth.

Midge and Edward at Ainswick . . . That was reality—strength—warmth.

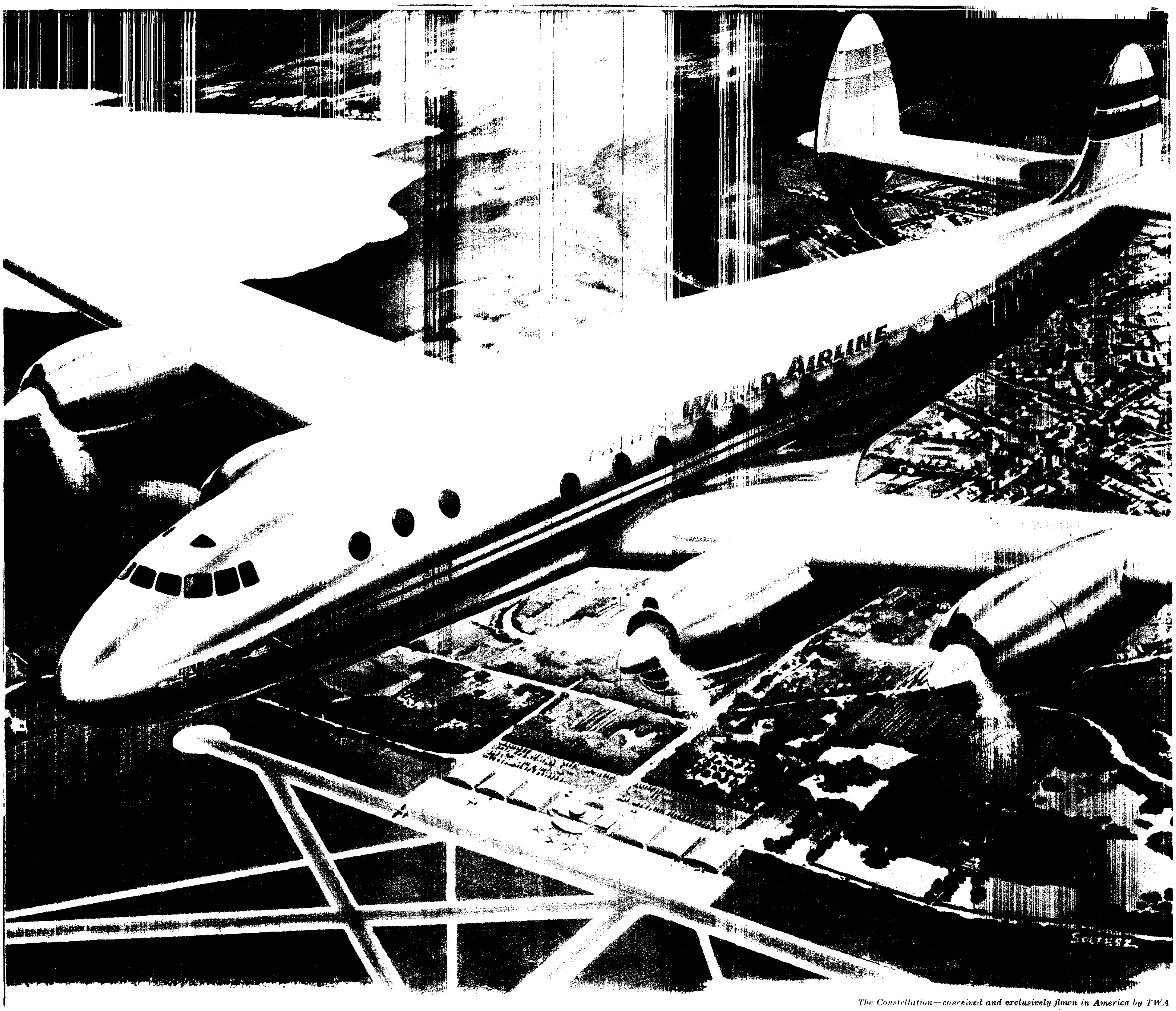
But I, she thought, am not a whole person. I belong not to myself, but to something outside me . . .

I cannot grieve for my dead . . .

Instead I must take my grief and make it into a figure of alabaster . . . *Exhibit Number 58, Grief, Alabaster—Miss Henrietta Savernake* . . .

She said under her breath, "John, forgive me . . . forgive me . . . for what I can't help doing . . ."

THE END



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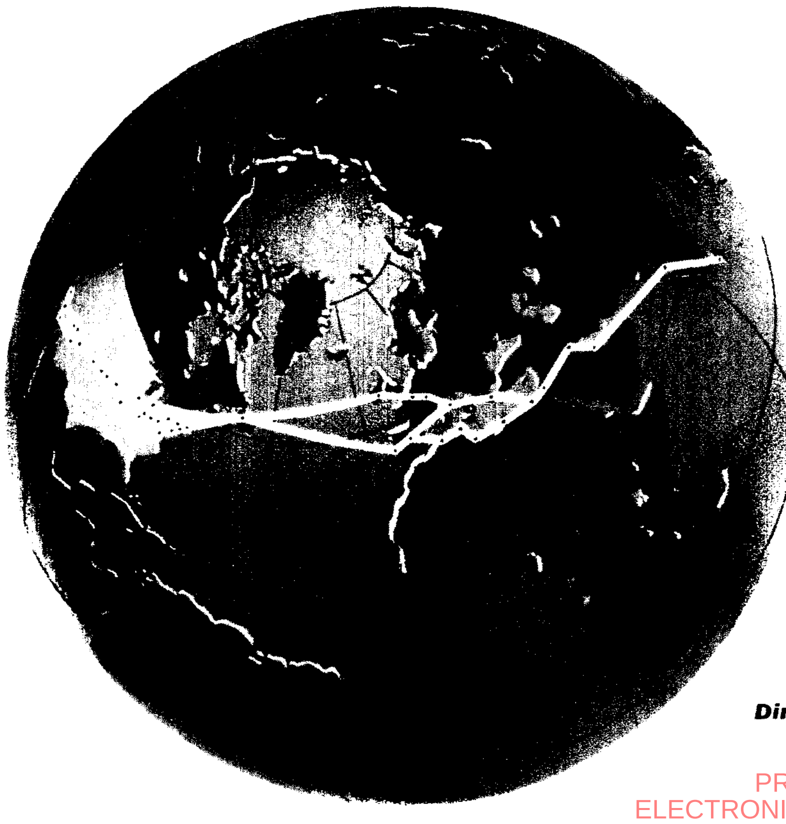

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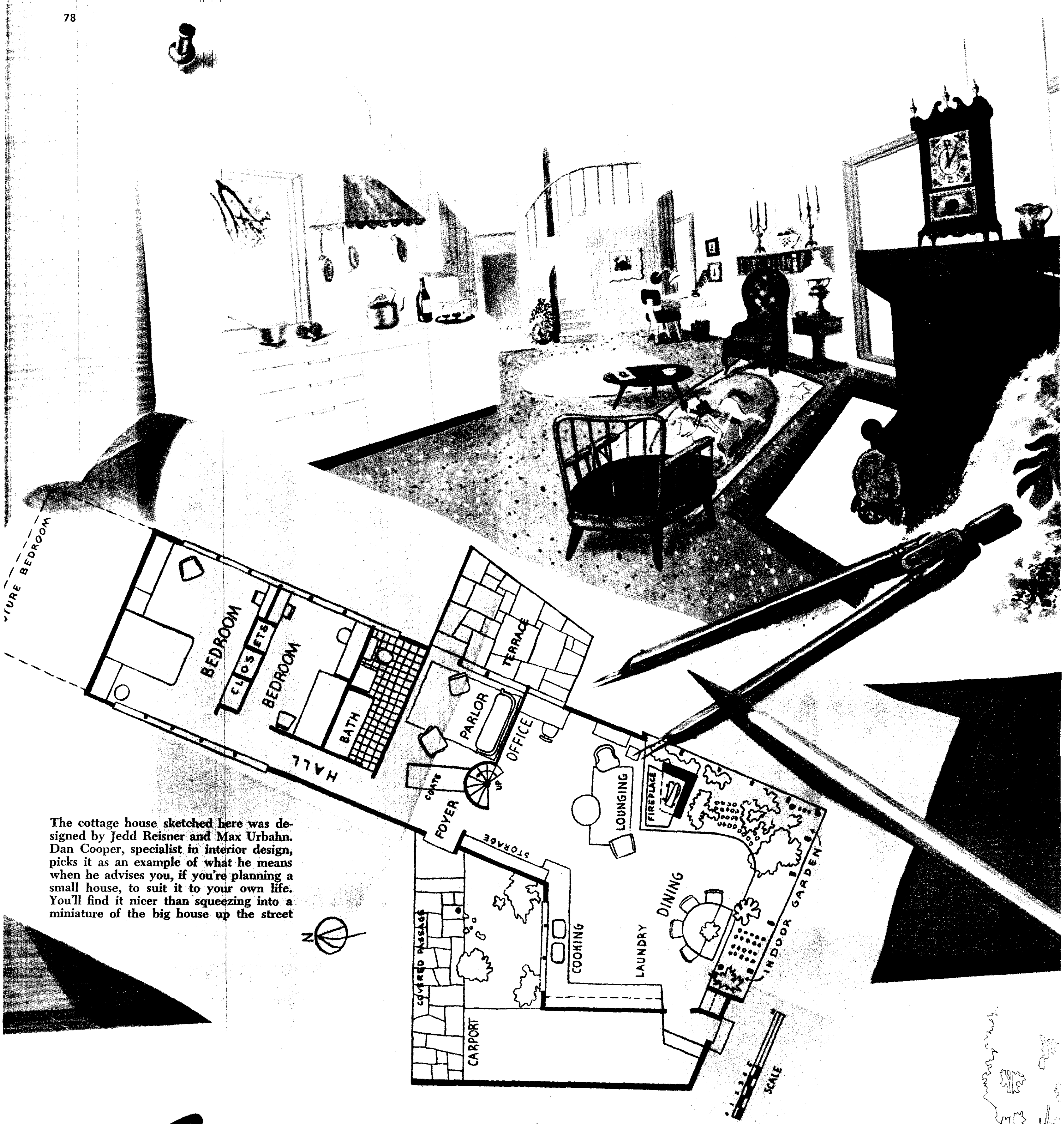
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COOKING
LAUNDRY
COVERED PASSAGE
CARPORT
N
SCALE

The cottage house sketched here was designed by Jedd Reisner and Max Urbahn. Dan Cooper, specialist in interior design, picks it as an example of what he means when he advises you, if you're planning a small house, to suit it to your own life. You'll find it nicer than squeezing into a miniature of the big house up the street

Cottage for You

BY DAN COOPER

DRAWING BY HOMER HILL

homer hill

The kitchen has always been the most popular room in the house, so why not be practical and build your home around it? Here is an invitation to sensible, comfortable living.

THE domestic worker in this country seems to be doomed to extinction as was the passenger pigeon. As a result more and more people in every income group are moving into small homes which the housewife can manage by herself or with a minimum of help. In no field have modern ideas been more fertile and more helpful than in designing and planning for the cottage home.

Back in the early days of simplicity in this country, the big old kitchens in farmhouses and villages were the center of the family life. From paring knife to dishpan, the production of three meals a day for a family will take a big slice out of any housewife's time. There is no reason why she should spend her most active waking hours shut up in a little space apparently designed for a dining-car chef, and as coldly white and sanitary as a hospital lavatory.

Turn the kitchen back into a room where Father can sit and read his paper while his wife finishes her job, where the children can do their homework, where the baby's pen can stand in the corner, and the busy mother can hold all the strands of her life in her hands at one time. She will even have a comfortable and inviting place to sit down and read or rest during the odd quarter hours which occur occasionally of waiting for something to finish boiling or baking.

The accompanying illustration is of such a room, in a house designed by Jedd Reisner and Max Urbahn. The room is one of the best and most ingenious along these lines, and is included to show what can be done. You can see from the floor plan that the cooking area is confined to one corner and looks out toward the front door so that the housewife can see what visitors or tradesmen are approaching. The dining table, which is of a good size with comfortable seats, is accessible to the stove, and yet the family sit facing the indoor garden, which has been built into the corner window, and which is practically a greenhouse on a small scale. Here in early spring, seedlings for the garden can be started. The fireplace, open on two sides, is built into a corner of this area, and projects into the room, dividing it into two sections each different in character. The back of the chimney provides additional warmth for the plants.

In front of the fireplace is a comfortable seating arrangement—not of stuffy upholstery which might absorb kitchen odor, yet inviting enough with a lamp and a shelf of books to encourage idleness and companionability. Beyond it there is a desk by a window where the children can do their homework or the housewife her accounts and her planning. The end wall is made by the circular staircase going up to the attic where the children can have their bedrooms or a playroom. The ceiling of this room should be high, if the budget of the owners will permit, in order to insure good ventilation. It is more than a kitchen, it is the true *living core* of the house.

There is a small formal parlor beyond the staircase wall where visitors who are not on intimate terms with the family can be entertained. A grown-up daughter might have a date with a beau there, or someone else who felt like seeking privacy and seclusion might find it. It is no longer, however, the important room. The master bedroom should be on beyond, and the children on the same floor or in the attic, whichever is found to be the most inexpensive place to put them at the time of construction.

The walls of this room could be painted in a cheerful color, or they could be of plywood, which a good workman could install for himself. The latter might cost more at the beginning, but would have the advantage of never needing to be renewed or done over. The pots and pans could hang on the wall as they do in French provincial kitchens, and a few shelves with bright edgings could hold the everyday dishes near the table where they will be easy to take down.

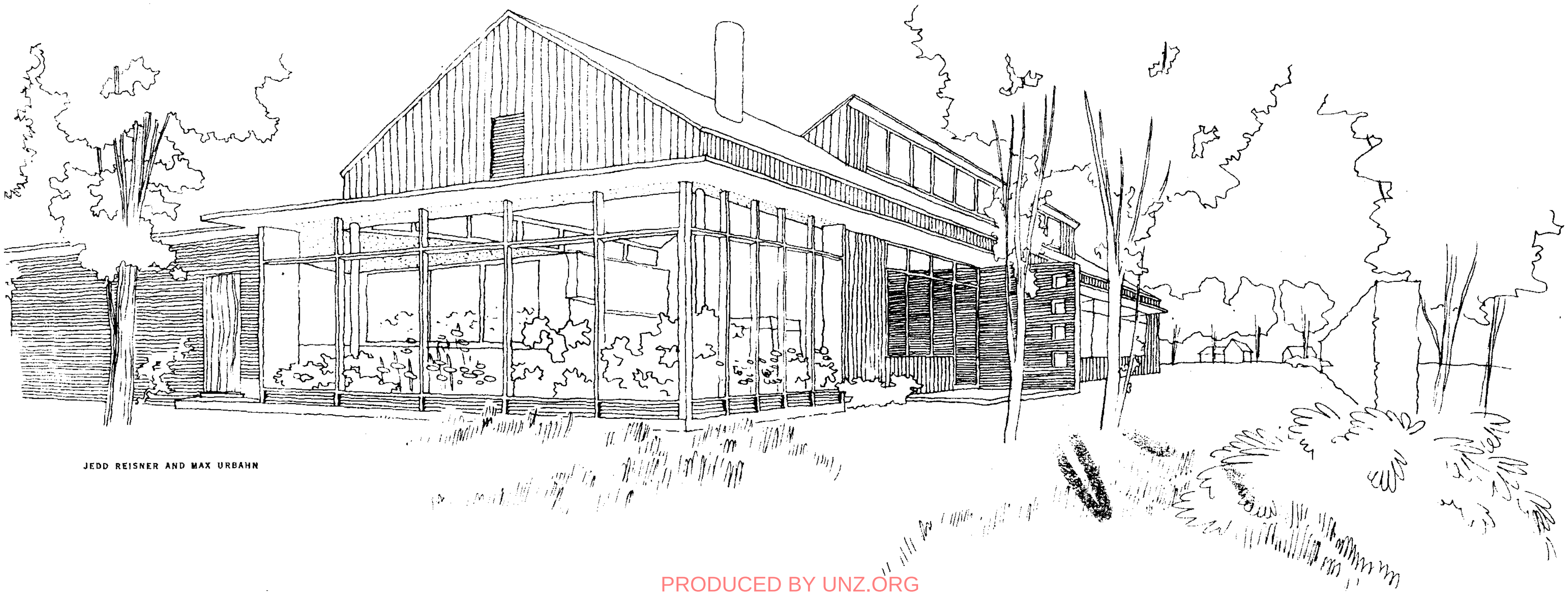
A Place for Everything

Everything in such a room or such a house should be planned for the maximum of convenience and labor saving. And when you are thinking things out, *make a place for everything.* In this way you will not find yourself, after you have moved in, with a mechanical orange squeezer which you will have to hold in your lap, or with Junior's scooter for which there is no niche except behind the front door.

The fact is that a home is a dangerous place. You think that you are safe there, but you are not. The National Security Council reports that between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day sixteen times as many Americans were killed or injured in their homes as on all the battle fronts. And they list as the leading cause of these accidents, DISORDER.

The same council has planned a housekeeping closet, which will hold everything from the vacuum cleaner to the oilcan. You can write for a blueprint of this, and need never again be cracked on the head by the dustpan when you are reaching for a can of scouring powder. Never again need you take all your things off a shelf in order to secure the bottle of furniture polish behind them. Neatness is attractive in any home, but in a small home it is ESSENTIAL.

When you decorate and select the furniture for your cottage, remember that the little house more than any other


JEDD REISNER AND MAX URBAHN

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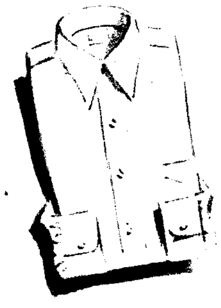

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needs to achieve the dignity of complete integrity, the simplicity and usefulness which is the essence of the modern idea. If you buy few things, you should judge everything according to its fitness, and not according to mistaken ideas of what looks successful or a little fancier than the home two doors down the street. A limited budget is no reason for having bad taste.

In selecting wall colors, the use of one color throughout will increase the sense of space. If this seems too monotonous, select soft colors which blend, and avoid sharp contrasts which shock the eye and jar the nerves when they are too much on top of one another.

Color can and should be very personal, but it should be used with knowledge and restraint. Don't go overboard for blue just because you like it, nor let your emotions carry you off on billowing clouds of pink. A household of nervous temperaments should not be overfurnished with color. The fewer colors and the calmer the effect, the happier the people will be. The introvert might be helped by more brilliant color; on the other hand, if he is too pronounced a type the bright result might make him retire more deeply into the dim recesses of his cozy shell. As a rule the extrovert, the entertainer, the greeter needs a lot of color.

Geography has much to do with the use of color. The lush quality of hot climates would best be contrasted by large masses or backgrounds of cool simple color such as white, gray, pale lemon yellow. Against these masses a wonderful effect can be obtained by the contrasting of a few small objects in brilliant crimson, emerald green, bright blue, orange, bright yellow. These can be moved about for variety, or taken away altogether according to taste.

In colder northern climates, the reverse is true, although in half quantity. The background color can be warmer, although again this should be subject to individual temperament, and the touches of contrast can be larger. In the tropics, a sofa pillow might be crimson, whereas in the North the whole chair could well be. On a cold and snowy night such a chair would warm you mentally and physically. On the other hand in the Mojave Desert, even a crimson pillow would make one expire with the heat on sight. And so it goes inside and outside the house. If you have a favorite chair in your living room, try protective coloring, something very neutral for its cover, in order to preserve it for yourself. Guests will instinctively select something brighter.

When you come to the furniture, if your budget is short, do not try impatiently to get everything at once. Short budgets need disciplined buying more than long ones. Try to have each item so well made and of such quality that it will last as long as its owner. Few people realize how little it takes to start housekeeping—or how much fun it is to add a little at a time. But by this method you have the excitement of collecting over the years, and your home has always the freshness of something new.

Never buy sets of furniture. They give an effect of killing monotony, and all the more in a small home where a bedroom suite or a living-room suite would mean that you were condemned to look at only one kind of thing for the rest of your life. If you can afford only one good upholstered piece at a time, buy only one, and cover it with a strong neutral material so that it will stay covered as long as you want to use it. Homespuns are wonderful for this purpose.

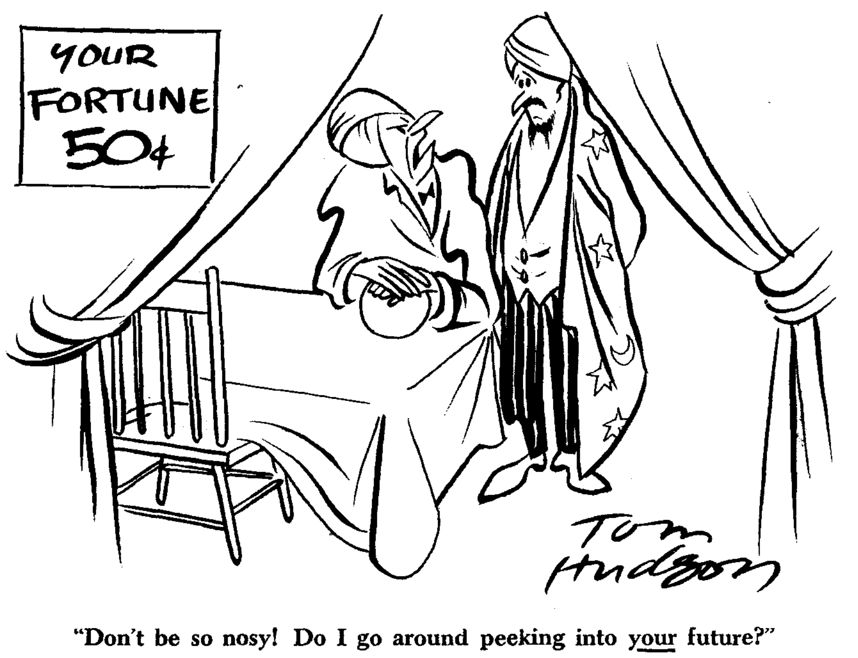
Select honest fabrics for upholstery and for drapery, not fabrics which are cheap imitations of more expensive goods. Monk's cloth or theatrical gauze will make you more effective curtains than poor roller reproductions of chintz originally designed for hand manufacture with wood blocks. And the monk's cloth will cost half as much. If you choose such a simple, heavy, but inexpensive material you can get more, and your curtains will not look skimpy—one of the worst and most common faults of cheaper draperies. The curtains will not have to be lined, they hang well, clean easily, and you will never tire of them.

Use Discrimination in Buying

Avoid "bargains." Nothing is so expensive in the long run, for if an object is marked down, it is usually because there is something wrong with it. The more one looks around as one collects item by item, the keener grows the knowledge and appreciation of what one is buying. There are so many things which cost nothing except a keen eye, but which will make a beautiful effect in a room—for example, a piece of pink quartz rock, an interesting shell, a gray and ocean-washed root of a tree of wondrous form. Naked branches cleverly arranged will pinch-hit for expensive flowers. They can be just as beautiful, and will be more interesting, because not everyone has imagination to use them.

Above all, avoid reproductions. Avoid the ghastly imitations of more expensive stuff, and aim at a sturdy simplicity. If anyone in your family can use a hammer, the best thing of all would be to make a lot of things yourselves. In that way your pieces would have real individuality. Almost anyone can build shelves, toy or linen chests, stools, etc. Or you can buy well-made and sturdy unfinished furniture and paint it yourself. Look for well-joined corners and smoothly running drawers, and stay away from things that look as if they had been tacked together.

Do not be afraid to improvise. An orange crate covered with a yard of plaid gingham makes a more appealing, if temporary, side



"Don't be so nosy! Do I go around peeking into your future?"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

Should a girl tell her parents everything?

MUM'S THE WORD when you're *afraid* to tell the truth. That's why, for a while, I'd never let on to Dad when I needed a laxative. That terrible-tasting stuff he used to make me take was so high-powered that it would just about floor me! I certainly was glad when he found out for himself that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO STRONG!*

BEING "CAGEY" didn't work, either, when Mother decided that I ought to try one of those insipid-tasting "sissy" laxatives! No matter how hard I'd try to conceal the fact, Mother *always knew* when I needed something. It was only after I convinced her that the stuff wasn't giving me proper relief, that she finally agreed that

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It is not bad economy in the long run to spend all your money on a very few lovely things, and cobble up any other necessities out of inexpensive materials which can later be thrown away without regret. Your extravagance will warm your heart every time you look at them, and your home will be all the more attractive because it has very little in it.

Empty spaces are delightful in a cottage home. Clutter is your worst enemy. A word of warning: Since your space is small, buy small furniture and keep everything in scale. Massive stuff will be out of place, and will end by making you feel like jumping out of the window.

Since the small home is likely to be fairly close to others in the same category, I should like to make a few suggestions about the striking effects which can be produced by a unified use of color and planting.

Some Federal Housing projects, for war and other workers, have recently proved that by very simple means such colonies can be made really attractive. Government color experts traveled widely over the country studying the most effective colors to use on the exteriors of houses. The four colors finally settled on were as old as America itself. They were: white, like the villages of New England; red, like the New England barns; gray, like the weather-beaten cottages in fishing villages; and a soft yellow, like many old houses in Virginia. The red and white were sharp and fresh, the gray and yellow softened the effect.

The gray, white and yellow were used in these war-workers' towns in alternating blocks with the red for occasional accents. The garbage disposers and the signposts, for example, were painted a bright red so that they would be conspicuous and therefore used. The very simple planting was planned to contrast with the houses—yellow flowers in front of white, white flowers in front of yellow, pink in front of gray.

The workmen were given a list of nine varieties for which the seed packets altogether would not cost more than forty-five cents. There were sweet alyssum and forget-me-nots for early spring. There were petunias, of course, in white and pink, and marigolds, four o'clocks, zinnias, and dwarf phlox. For vines there were morning glories, and moon vines, the white flowers of which are beautiful at night.

What has been said about workers' colonies is equally true for homes in small towns, suburbs and other communities. So long as green things continue to grow out of the earth nothing on top of it need be wholly ugly. There was a little town in the Southwest so hideous that people hated to go there to shop until a woman with vision talked everyone into planting Cherokee roses. These grew in the grateful way flowers have, and now when their yellow buds all open at once, visitors come for miles to admire the beauty of them.

Something To Come Home To

Sweden, a country wise in the humanities, understands these simple things better than we do. On the outskirts of Stockholm there are cottage colonies which are a joy to see, although they are no larger or more elaborate than those in other countries. They are white and solid, and their charm lies in their planting, for they are literally smothered in flowers. Every house has a postage-stamp garden of its own in which flowers and vegetables alternate, but that is not enough. There are plants along window shelves, there are pots full of growing things hung against the walls and beside the doors, there are even flowers growing on the roofs. The inhabitants of these houses have an interest to come home to. They have a creative outlet for their leisure hours.

But this may seem like a digression from that cottage which we were so happily furnishing, with even more care for integrity and value than we would use in a larger house. I firmly believe that the promotion of initiative in the individual home is as important. Although people have a natural tendency to go on living in the same old rut, they can be blasted out of it if improvement is made visible to them. If the cottage dweller will consistently be true to his circumstances, instead of trying to imitate in a cheap form a more expensive way of living, he will find that the little home has advantages which a palace cannot give.

THE END

The Horsehair Trunk

Continued from page 46

who knew him best wondered how so malignant a citizen, such a confirmed and studied misanthrope as Marius could possibly change into anything worse than he was. Some said that typhoid always burned the temper from the toughest steel and that Marius' mind had been left a dark and twisted thing. At prayer meeting on Wednesday nights the wives used to watch Marius' young wife and wonder how she endured her cross. She was such a pretty thing.

ONE afternoon in September, as he dozed on the bulging leather couch of his office, Marius decided to try it again. The secret, he knew, lay somewhere on the brink of sleep. If a man knew that—any man—he would know what Marius did. It wasn't more than a minute later that Marius knew that all he would have to do to leave his body was to get up from the couch. Presently he was standing there, staring down at his heavy, middle-aged figure sunk deep into the cracked leather of the couch, the jowls of the face under the close-cropped mustache sagging deep in sleep, the heart above his heavy gold watch chain beating solidly in its breast.

I'm not dead, he thought, delighted. But here is my soul—my damned, immortal soul standing looking at its body!

It was as simple as shedding a shoe. Marius smiled to himself, remembering his old partner Charlie Cunningham and how they had used to spend long hours in the office, in this very room, arguing about death and atheism and the whither of the soul. If Charlie were still alive, Marius thought, I would win from him a quart of the best Kentucky bourbon in the county. As it was, no one would ever know. He would keep his secret even from Mary Ann, especially from Mary Ann, who would go to her grave with the superstitious belief that Marius had died for a moment, that for an instant fate had favored her; that she had been so close to happiness, to freedom from him forever. She would never know. Still, it would be fun to use as a trick, a practical joke to set fools like his wife at their wits' edge. If only he could *move* things. If only the filmy substance of his soul could grasp a tumbler and send it shattering at Mary Ann's feet on the kitchen floor some morning. Or tweak a copy boy's nose. Or snatch a cigar from the teeth of Judge John Robert Gants as he strolled home some quiet evening from the fall session of the district court.

Well, it was, after all, a matter of will, Marius decided. It was his own powerful and indomitable will that had made the trick possible in the first place. He walked to the edge of his desk and grasped at the letter opener on the dirty, ancient blotter. His fingers were like wisps of fog that blew through a screen door. He tried again, willing it with all his power, grasping again and again at the small brass dagger until at last it moved a fraction of an inch. A little more. On the next try it lifted four inches in the air and hung for a second on its point before it dropped. Marius

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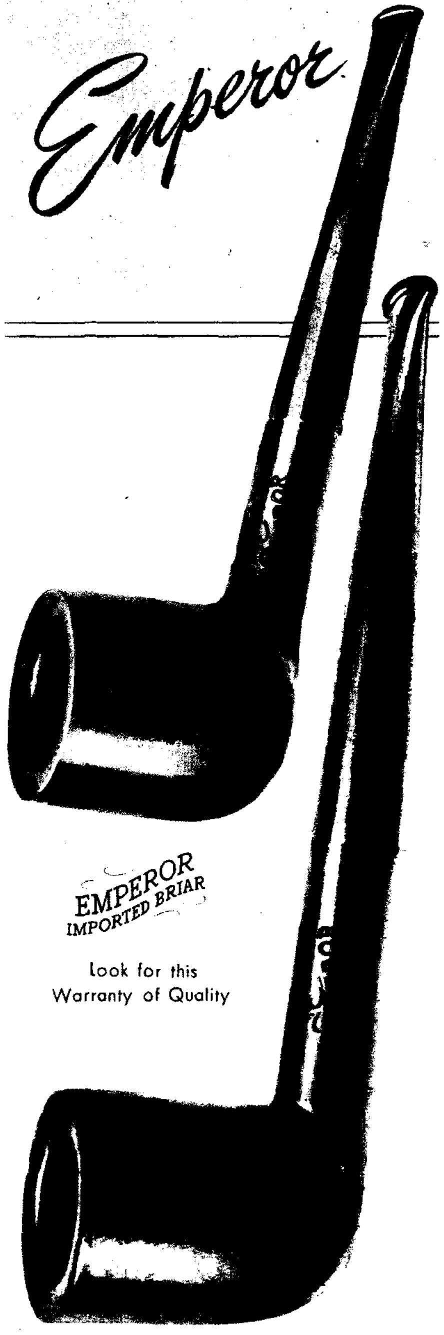

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spent the rest of the afternoon practicing until at last he could lift the letter opener in his fist, fingers tight around the haft, the thumb pressing the cold blade tightly, and drive it through the blotter so deeply that it bit into the wood of the desk beneath.

Marius giggled in spite of himself and hurried around the office picking things up like a pleased child. He lifted a tumbler off the dusty water cooler and stared laughing at it, hanging there in the middle of nothing. At that moment he heard the copy boy coming for the proofs of the morning editorials and Marius flitted quickly back into the cloak of his flesh. Nor was he a moment too soon. Just as he opened his eyes, the door opened and he heard the glass shatter on the floor.

"I'm going to take a nap before supper, Mary Ann," Marius said that evening, hanging his black hat carefully on the elkhorn hatrack.

"Very well," said Mary Ann. He watched her young, unhappy figure disappearing into the gloom of the kitchen and he smiled to himself again, thinking what a fool she was, his wife. He could scarcely wait to get to the davenport and stretch out in the cool, dark parlor with his head on the beaded pillow.

Now, thought Marius. Now.

And in a moment he had risen from his body and hurried out into the hallway, struggling to suppress the laughter that would tell her he was coming. He could already anticipate her white, stricken face when the pepper pot pulled firmly from between her fingers cut a clean figure eight in the air before it crashed against the ceiling.

He heard her voice and was puzzled.

"You must go," she was murmuring. "You mustn't ever come here when he's home. I've told you that before, Jim. What would you do if he woke up and found you here!"

Then Marius, as he rushed into the kitchen, saw her bending through the doorway into the dusk with the saucepan of greens clutched in her white knuckles.

"What would you do? You must go!"

Marius rushed to her side, careful not to touch her, careful not to let either of them know he was there, listening, looking, flaming hatred growing slowly inside him.

THE man was young and dark and well built and clean-looking. He leaned against the half-open screen door, holding Mary Ann's free hand between his own. His round, dark face bent to hers, and she smiled with a tenderness and passion that Marius had never seen before.

"I know," the man said. "I know all that. But I just can't stand it no more, Mary Ann. I just can't stand it thinking about him beating you up that time. He might do it again, Mary Ann. He might! He's worse, they say, since he had the fever. Crazy, I think. I've heard them say he's crazy."

"Yes. Yes. You must go away now, though," she was whispering frantically, looking back over her shoulder through Marius' dark face. "We'll have time to talk it all over again, Jim. I—I know I'm going to leave him but— Don't rush me into things, Jim dear. Don't make me do it till I'm clear with myself."

"Why not now?" came the whisper. "Why not tonight? We can take a steamboat to Lou'ville and you'll never have to put up with him again. You'll be shed of him forever, honey. Look! I've got two tickets for Lou'ville right here in my pocket on the Nancy B. Turner. My God, Mary Ann, don't make me suffer like this—lyin' abed nights dreaming about him comin' at you with his cane and beatin' you—maybe killin' you!"

The woman grew silent and her face softened as she watched the fireflies dart their zigzags of cold light under the low trees along the street. She opened her mouth, closed it, and stood biting her lip hard. Then she reached up and pulled his face down to hers, seeking his mouth.

"All right," she whispered then. "All right. I'll do it! Now go! Quick!"

"Meet me at the wharf at nine," he said. "Tell him that you're going to prayer meeting. He'll never suspicion anything. Then we can be together without all this sneakin' around. Oh, honey, if you ever knew how much I—"

The words were smeared in her kiss as he pulled her down through the half-open door and held her.

"All right. All right," she gasped. "Now go! Please!"

And he walked away, his heels ringing boldly on the bricks, lighting a cigarette, the match arching like a shooting star into the darkness of the shrubs. Mary Ann stood stiff for a moment in the shadow of the porch vines, her large eyes full of tears, and the saucepan of greens grown cold in her hands. Marius drew back to let her pass. He stood then and watched her for a moment before he hurried back into the parlor and lay down again within his flesh and bone in time to be called for supper.

CAPTAIN JOE ALEXANDER of the Nancy B. Turner was not curious that Marius should want a ticket for Louisville. He remembered years later that he had thought nothing strange about it at the time. It was less than two months till the elections and there was a big Democratic convention there.

Everyone had heard of Marius Lindsay and the power he and his Daily Argus held over the choices of the people. But Captain Alexander did remember thinking it strange that Marius should insist on seeing the passenger list of the Nancy B. that night and that he should ask particularly after a man named Jim. Smith, Marius had said, but there was no Smith. There was a Jim though, a furniture salesman from Wheeling: Jim O'Toole, who had reserved two staterooms, No. 3 and No. 4.

"What do you think of the Presidential chances this term, Mr. Lindsay?" Captain Alexander had said. And Marius had looked absent for a moment (the captain had never failed to recount that detail) and then said that it would be Cleveland, that the Republicans were done forever.

Captain Alexander had remembered that conversation and the manner of its delivery years later and it had become part of the tale that rivermen told in wharf boats and water-street saloons from Pittsburgh to Cairo long after that night had woven itself into legend.

Then Marius had asked for Stateroom No. 5, and that had been part of the legend, too, for it was next to the room that was to be occupied by Jim O'Toole, the furniture salesman from Wheeling.

"Say nothing," said Marius, before he disappeared down the stairway from the captain's cabin, "to anyone about my being aboard this boat tonight. My trip to Louisville is connected with the approaching election and is, of necessity, confidential."

"Certainly, sir," said the captain, and he listened as Marius made his way awkwardly down the gilded staircase, lugging his small horsehair trunk under his arm. Presently the door to Marius' stateroom snapped shut and the bolt fell to.

At nine o'clock sharp, two rockaway buggies rattled down the brick pavement of Water Street and met at the wharf. A man jumped from one, and a woman from the other.

"You say he wasn't home when you left," the man was whispering as he helped the woman down the rocky cobbles, the two carpetbags tucked under his arms.

"No. But it's all right," Mary Ann said. "He always goes down to the office this time of night to help set up the morning edition."

"You reckon he suspicions anything?"

The woman laughed, a low, sad laugh. "He always suspicions everybody," she said. "Marius has the kind of a mind that always suspicions; and the kind of life he leads, I guess he has to. But I don't think he knows about us—tonight. I don't think he ever *knew* about us—ever."

They hurried up the gangplank together. The water lapped and gurgled against the wharf, and off over the river, lightning

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scratched the dark rim of mountains like the sudden flare of a kitchen match.

"I'm Jim O'Toole," Jim said to Captain Alexander, handing him the tickets. "This is my wife—"

Mary Ann bit her lip and clutched the strap of her carpetbag till her knuckles showed through the flesh.

"—she has the stateroom next to mine. Is everything in order?"

"Right, sir," said Captain Alexander, wondering in what strange ways the destinies of this furniture salesman and his wife were meshed with the life of Marius Lindsay.

They tiptoed down the worn carpet of the narrow, white hallway, counting the numbers on the long, monotonous row of doors to either side.

"Good night, dear," said Jim, glancing unhappily at the Negro porter dozing on the split-bottom chair under the swinging oil lantern by the door. "Good night, Mary Ann. Tomorrow we'll be on our way. Tomorrow you'll be shed of Marius forever."

MARIUS lay in his bunk, listening as the deep-throated whistle shook the quiet valley three times. Then he lay smiling and relaxed as the great drive shafts tensed and plunged once forward and backward, gathering into their dark, heavy rhythm as the paddles bit the black water. The Nancy B. Turner moved heavily away into the thick current and headed downstream for the Devil's Elbow and the open river. Marius was stiff. He had lain for nearly four hours waiting to hear the voices. Every sound had been as clear to him as the tick of his heavy watch in his vest pocket. He had heard the dry, rasping racket of the green frogs along the shore and the low, occasional words of boys fishing in their skiffs down the shore under the willows.

Then he had stiffened as he heard Mary Ann's excited murmur suddenly just outside his stateroom door and the voice of the man answering her, comforting her. Lightning flashed and flickered out again over the Ohio hills and lit the river for one clear moment. Marius saw all of his stateroom etched suddenly in silver from the open porthole. The mirror, washstand, bowl and pitcher. The horsehair trunk beside him on the floor. Thunder rumbled in the dark and Marius smiled to himself, secure again in the secret darkness, thinking how easy it would be, wondering why no one had thought of such a thing before. Except for the heavy pounding rhythm of the drive shafts and the chatter of the drinking glass against the washbowl as the boat shuddered through the water, everything was still. The Negro porter dozed in his chair under the lantern by the stateroom door. Once Marius thought he heard the lovers' voices in the next room, but he knew then that it was the laughter of the cooks down in the galley.

Softly he rose and slipped past the sleeping porter, making his way for the white-painted handrail at the head of the stairway. Once Marius laughed aloud to himself as he realized that there was no need to tiptoe with no earthly substance there to make a sound. He crept down the narrow stairway to the galley. The Negro cooks bent around the long wooden table eating their supper. Marius slid his long shadow along the wall toward the row of kitchen knives lying, freshly washed and honed, on the zinc table by the pump. For a moment, he hovered over them, dallying, with his finger in his mouth, like a child before an assortment of equally tempting sweets, before he chose the longest of them all, and the sharpest, a knife that would sheer the ham clean from a hog with one quick upward sweep. There was, he realized suddenly, the problem of getting the knife past human eyes even if he himself was invisible. The cooks laughed then at some joke one of them had made and all of them bent forward, their heads in a dark circle of merriment over their plates.

In that instant Marius swept the knife soundlessly from the zinc table and darted into the gloomy companionway. The Negro porter was asleep still, and Marius laughed to himself to imagine the man's horror at seeing the butcher knife, its razor edge flashing bright in the dull light, inching itself along the wall. But it was a joke he could not afford. He bent at last and slipped the knife cautiously along the threadbare rug under the little ventilation space beneath the stateroom door; and then, rising, so full of hate that he was half afraid he might shine forth in the darkness, Marius passed through the door and picked the knife up quickly again in his hand.

Off down the Ohio the thunder throbbed again. Marius stepped carefully across the worn rug toward the sleeping body on the bunk. He felt so gay and light he almost laughed aloud. In a moment it would be over and there would be one full-throated cry, and Mary Ann would come beating on the locked door. And when she saw her lover . . .

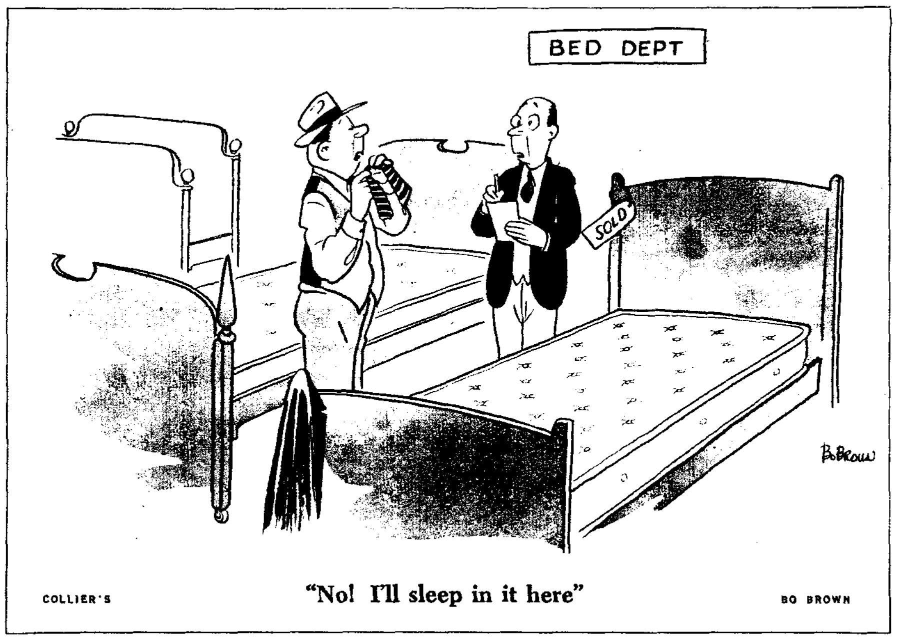
WITH an impatient gesture, Marius lifted the knife and felt quickly for the sleeping, pulsing throat. The flesh was warm and living under his fingers as he held it taut for the one quick stroke. His arm flashed. It was done. Marius, fainting with excitement, leaned in the darkness to brace himself. His hand came to rest on the harsh, rough surface of the horsehair trunk.

"My God!" screamed Marius. "My God!"

And at his cry the laughing murmur in the galley grew still and there was a sharp scrape of a chair outside the stateroom door.

"The wrong room!" screamed Marius. "The wrong room!" And he clawed with fingers of smoke at the jetting fountain of his own blood.

THE END



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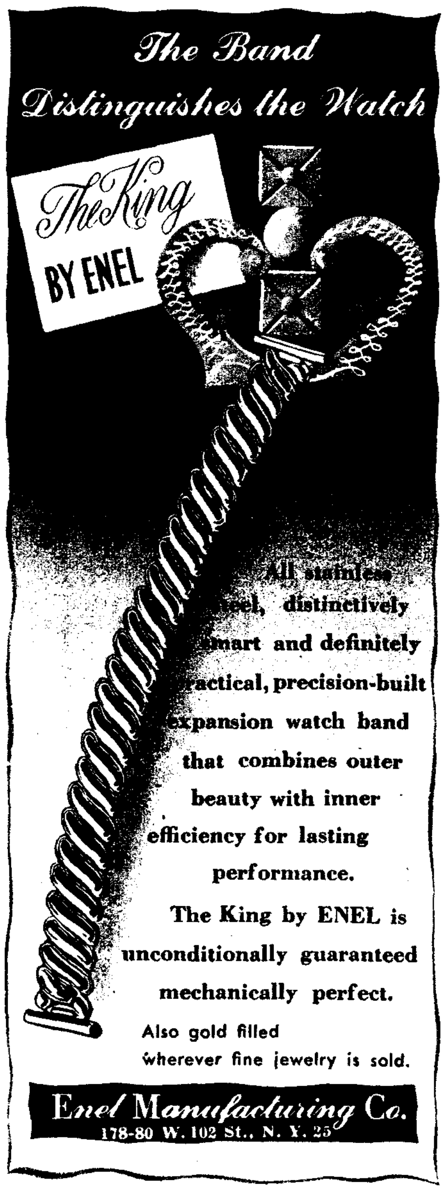

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Continued from page 18

"I said hors d'œuvres are such a commonplace to a couple of high livers like Bea and Pete Beatty that they'll probably be relieved not to have to face them for once," Ted said. "What did you say?"

"I said I also forgot the liquor," Connie said and, as she clutched at the squirming baby, "Two, *please.*"

"You forgot the liquor?" Ted Forrest said. *"Also?"*

"I'm sorry," Connie said. "Tessie didn't show up, so I had to clean the apartment myself, and the grocery called to say they couldn't get the rib roast I ordered, so I had to wheel Two all the way over to Sixth Avenue for the meat, and when the order was finally delivered, they left out the peas and the butter, so I had to dress the baby all over again and go down and get them. I'm sorry, darling, it's been hell's own day. It was stupid of me to forget, but I did, and it's almost six now and Bea said they'd be here at seven. Please, darling, would you?"

"Sure," Ted Forrest said carefully. "Of course," he said, watching his words, because that was the trick they had both learned during the seven months that they had sweated it out on Wisconsin Avenue in Washington, waiting for his discharge points to reach the critical score and for their friends the Beattys to find them a place in New York, and during the one month since they had come back to the city that they thought of as their home. "I'll go," Ted Forrest said. It was a simple trick, really, the trick they had both learned without comparing notes, without once mentioning aloud that they had learned it, the trick that only one of them at a time could lose control. The big question was: How much longer would it work? Eight months was a long time. "What shall I get?"

"Rum, I guess," Connie said, patting Two dry in her arms. "Pete drinks Cuba Libres, and Bea—I don't remember any more—but she used to, and I think she still does. Anyway, the grocery sent the Coke, so all we need is the rum."

"All right," Ted said.

"And something for hors d'œuvres?" Connie said, backing into the bathroom. "While you're out?"

"Hors d'œuvres," Ted said and then, in an even voice: "Why the hell do we need hors d'œuvres?"

"Please," Connie said from the bathroom. "It's the first time we've had anybody to dinner since we got back to New York. It's the first time we've entertained in oh, God, Ted, I don't know how long." She reappeared in the bathroom doorway, rubbing Two's damp hair with a corner of the towel. "Let's do it right, darling," Connie said. "This first time, Ted, this once, let's make it the way it used to be."

"All right," Ted Forrest said. "I'll get stuff for hors d'œuvres."

CONNIE went back into the bathroom and Ted went to the closet for his hat and, as he put it on, he looked around, at the dirty gray-and-blue imitation hooked rug, at the round mirror from which the quicksilver was flaking away, at the maple chairs that matched neither the drop-leaf table nor each other, at the lamps with crooked parchment shades and incredible designs, at the ash trays on which you couldn't rest a cigarette. It was quite a layout, and in a way, meaning that it was better than sleeping in the park, they probably *were* lucky to be in it; but Ted Forrest wondered how some things for hors d'œuvres, even some beautiful things for the best hors d'œuvres in all the world, could make it, whatever "it" was, like it used to be.

"Smoked salmon or anchovies, something like that," Connie called from the bathroom. "We have cheese and crackers, dear."

"All right," Ted Forrest said. "Be back in a few minutes."

He wasn't, of course. Dorkin's Liquor Store was on University Place, a ten-minute walk from West Eleventh Street, and when Ted Forrest got there all they had was Jamaica rum, an excellent product that would scarcely have been lethal to Bea and Pete Beatty, but Ted Forrest remembered that the Beattys preferred Cuban rum. So he walked over to Ziegler's on Sixth Avenue and bought two bottles of Cuban rum and two bottles of rye, not because he was looking forward to this evening, but because Ted Forrest knew he had no reason to dislike Bea and Pete Beatty and, even though he didn't feel lucky, Ted Forrest, knew he was. Damned lucky. He had come through three years of Army life and eighteen months of the toughest fighting in the Pacific, including Okinawa, without a scratch.

ALONG with a number of others who had been in it too long, he was hauled out of the line, finally, and sent to a soft berth in Washington for a rest. Even in Washington his luck held because, while he was resting, the Japs quit and, only seven months after he came back from Okinawa, he was discharged; the day he returned to New York as a civilian, a month ago, the firm gave him his old job plus a brand-new office and secretary and a substantial raise. And, when thousands of people in this city and others couldn't find a place to live, Bea and Pete Beatty managed to locate this apartment for him and Connie and Two.

Oh, Ted was lucky—so damned lucky that he didn't seem to have room in his head to remember two simple errands, and he had to trudge all the way back from Sixth Avenue to the grocery store on University Place for the things for hors d'œuvres. He bought three tins of anchovies and some awful-looking smoked herring wrapped in Cellophane. All the way back up University Place and across Eleventh Street the conviction grew on Ted Forrest that it would have been wiser if he had not changed his shirt after he came home from the office but had waited until he finished this unscheduled shopping. His collar was wet when he put his key in the lock and, the moment he opened the door, he remembered something else about the Beattys: when Bea Beatty said they would come at seven she meant a quarter to seven.

"We'd like to subscribe to your very efficient shopping service," Pete Beatty said heartily as Connie took the packages out of her husband's hands. "Look at all the goodies this guy bought," Pete Beatty said. "How are you, fella?"

"I'm swell," Ted Forrest said, reminding himself that Pete Beatty was his friend, or had been, back in the days when Ted Forrest wasn't so damned lucky but knew where he and Connie stood. "Good to see you, Pete," he said. "Hi, Bea. Thanks, no," he said, holding the parcels away from her. "I can manage."

"Where were you all this time?" Connie said.

Ted Forrest explained where he had been, in detail, while he put the packages in the kitchen; and then he saw Pete Beatty take a pull at his glass.

"What are you all drinking?" Ted Forrest said.

"Vermouth and bitters," Bea said from the kitchen, where she was helping Connie look at the rib roast.

"Good drink," Pete Beatty said. "You ought to try it, old man."

It seemed the Beattys had given up Cuba Libres in 1944, after Rome fell, as a protest against the Franco government which, according to a girl with whom Bea had served on a committee for refugee relief, depended on the sale of rum as its chief source of revenue.

"I found a whole bottle of vermouth in the broom closet," Connie said, coming out of the kitchen. "It's really a very good

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drink," she said. "Do have one, darling."

"All right," said Ted Forrest, who hated vermouth unless it was mixed with gin and who had been saving this bottle of good French vermouth for Martinis. "The rum won't spoil, but maybe we better eat those smoked herring things."

"I'm afraid there won't be time for hors d'œuvres," Connie said, looking a little frightened even though Bea Beatty had told her several times over the phone, since they had come back to New York, and now in person, as she looked around the apartment, that Connie was really a very lucky girl. "I haven't cooked a rib roast in so long that I misjudged the time, darling, and Bea says it's just about ready."

"Let's eat, then," Ted Forrest said, and he finished the vermouth and bitters he did not want. "I'm hungry."

BEA had been wrong about the rib roast and it was not cooked enough, but nobody noticed, or rather, nobody said anything about it, because Pete Beatty was a successful insurance broker who liked to talk and knew how to keep a conversation going, and his wife Bea shared this talent, as well as his taste in liquor. Pete, who had commuted to Washington two days a week all through the war to act as a consultant without pay to the OPA, told some funny stories about his experiences and said the apartment was kind of cute, crowded but compact, and it would see them through until the labor situation straightened itself out and the material shortage eased up and the contractors started building again. And then, unexpectedly and vigorously, he slapped Ted Forrest on the back and said by God, it was swell to have the war over and be sitting at a dinner table with old friends again.

"Darling, would you serve the salad?" Connie said; and Ted Forrest, remembering the high-spirited, laughing girl he had met and loved and married in 1942, four months after he went into the Army, looked away quickly, away from his wife's uncertain, timid, frightened frown. "The same plates, I think, don't you?" Connie said.

"Of course the same plates," said Bea, who had a cook and a maid and a nurse for the two youngest Beattys in the three-story house on East Forty-eighth Street that she and Pete had bought and remodeled before the war. "It saves all that silly dishwashing."

Ted served the salad, dropping only a few pieces of romaine, which Bea retrieved laughingly as she passed the plates. Bea ate her salad with an excess of refinement, because she was from Wilkes-Barre and had gone to Swarthmore and she had always been slightly in awe of Connie, who came from Grosse Pointe and had gone to Sarah Lawrence; and she volubly admired the Spode place plates, which were stacked on the one maple chair that was not in use, and she said now that Two was seventeen months old it was high time Connie and Ted got started on another baby because Gesell and Illg, and all the other books, too, as a matter of fact, said that if you allowed too much time to go by after the birth of the first child, the arrival of the second baby might prove a traumatic experience for the older one.

"I'm afraid all we have for dessert is canned peaches," Connie said hastily. "Do you mind?"

"Mind?" Bea said. "We adore them. Don't we, Pete?"

"We sure do," Pete said. "Let me tell you something, you kids." Pete Beatty was two years older than Ted Forrest, who had celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday under fire on Okinawa. "There's an awful lot of snobbery goes on about canned food. I love canned fruit and I love big families, so let's have those peaches and you two kids hurry up and do what Bea says about that second baby."

Pete slapped Ted Forrest on the back again, and Bea laughed; and Connie, blushing furiously, served the canned peaches and started to talk quickly. She traced the history of the eight Spode place plates that had been casualties of the last three years, from the first two that broke in the fiberboard bungalow on the outskirts of Fort Sill in 1942 when Ted was at OCS, to the eighth that shattered in Washington the day they learned that Ted's discharge points had reached the critical score. Bea tried to take the conversation away from her and bring it back to Gesell and Illg's theories about having babies as close together as possible, but Connie recaptured it firmly with an account of the people who had lived in the apartment house on Wisconsin Avenue, during the months she had waited there while Ted was in the Pacific. They were screwballs—every one of them—except Colonel Coyle, who had been something important in G-2 in the Pentagon and very nice.

"Lieutenant Colonel Coyle," Ted Forrest said. "He wasn't a full colonel."

"Yes, well, lieutenant colonel, then," Connie said with sudden defiance. "But he was very nice."

"What's the difference?" Bea said.

Connie explained the difference between a lieutenant colonel and a full colonel, describing the insignia, and then she told how Lieutenant Colonel Coyle, who had the small apartment across the hall and who used to drop in every now and then, after he came home from the Pentagon, to have a drink and play with Two, announced to Connie one day that he was flying to Okinawa on a quick mission as an observer and he'd be glad to look up Ted for her because he knew how worried Connie was. Connie had been overwhelmed with gratitude because she had not heard from Ted for almost two weeks and you know what it was like during those Okinawa days, when the casualty lists in the papers were growing longer every day. Worry wasn't the word for it. Colonel Coyle, well, all right, *Lieutenant* Colonel Coyle, had taken Ted's serial number and a picture of him that Connie had snapped herself, shortly after Ted got his gold bar at Fort Sill; and believe it or not, ten days later Lieutenant Colonel Coyle was back in Washington and not only had he seen Ted, but he had brought with him a note that Ted had scrawled under fire on the biscuit wrapper from a package of C-rations.

"How darling of him," Bea said. "Now you and I will wash, Connie, and Ted and Pete can dry."

CONNIE said don't be silly, she'd stack the dishes and Tessie would come in tomorrow morning to do them. Bea wanted to know if Connie was sure, or was she just saying it to spare their feelings, because really, you know, Pete and Bea loved to wash dishes, and Connie said no, seriously, she really meant it. So the girls stacked the dishes while Ted folded back the drop-leaf table and Pete Beatty told him about the terms of the new policy his company was offering to veterans who wanted to convert their Army insurance to straight life. Bea got out the glasses and the ice, and Connie tiptoed into the bedroom to make sure Two was asleep and then went back into the kitchen.

"Oh, God," Connie said from the kitchen, and Ted, listening to Pete Beatty explain the finer points of the annuity versus the twenty-payment life, felt his neck begin to stiffen as he waited for his wife to finish the phrase of three inseparable words, and Connie finished it. "Ted," she said.

"What's the matter?" Ted Forrest said as Connie came out of the kitchen, carrying one of the bottles of rye he had lugged halfway across town before dinner, and he added, aloud, "Now!"

"There's no soda," Connie said. "I'm sorry, darling, but they forgot to send it."

Bea and Pete Beatty said forget it, they liked their rye just as well with plain water, but Ted Forrest pushed himself up out of the maple chair and, without a word, went to the closet for his hat. Bea said no, really, and Pete said they weren't kidding, and then they both said but honestly, they *did* like it just as well with plain water.

"I won't be long," Ted Forrest said

evenly. "I'm getting very good at this."

He did not slam the door and he heard the telephone begin to ring and, when he reached the second-floor landing, he heard Connie calling after him. But Ted Forrest kept right on going, down the stairs and out into the street and across to Fifth Avenue, where the drugstore on the corner of Eighth Street had plenty of ginger ale, but they were sorry, they were all out of soda. Ted Forrest said never mind and walked over to University Place, where the drugstores were closed, and then he went up to Fourteenth Street. He finally found a drugstore that was open and a clerk who was sorry, he didn't have any splits, but the ice chest was full of quarts, how many did he want?

"All you can spare," Ted Forrest said and, when there were a dozen bottles on the counter, the clerk said, "That enough?"

"That's enough," Ted Forrest said, and the clerk put the bottles in a paper bag. By the time he reached West Eleventh Street, Ted Forrest's arms were aching, and when he stumbled against the door on the fourth floor, the collar of his shirt was wet again and he couldn't reach his key. He bumped the door several times and finally it was opened by Pete Beatty and Connie.

"Holy smoke," Pete said, taking the heavy bag from him, and Connie said, "Darling, where were you all this time?"

TED FORREST started to tell them, in detail, and then he saw the handsome, middle-aged man in uniform, sitting next to Bea on the studio couch, under the round mirror from which the quicksilver was flaking away.

"Hello, there," the man in uniform said, and he stood up and came forward with his hand outstretched. "Haven't seen you in a long time, have I?"

"You remember Colonel Coyle," Connie said. "Don't you, darling?"

"Yes, of course," Ted Forrest said, wishing his arms didn't ache so much, and angry with himself because his breath was coming so fast. "How are you?"

"Colonel Coyle called just as you went out," Connie said, flushed wih excitement and talking quickly. "I yelled after you, but you didn't hear me, darling. He's passing through town, on his way from Montreal to Washington, and he thought he'd look us up and, well, here he is. He can't stay very long because he's catching the midnight train from Penn Station, but isn't it wonderful, darling?"

"It's sensational," Ted Forrest said. "I thought G-2 always traveled by plane."

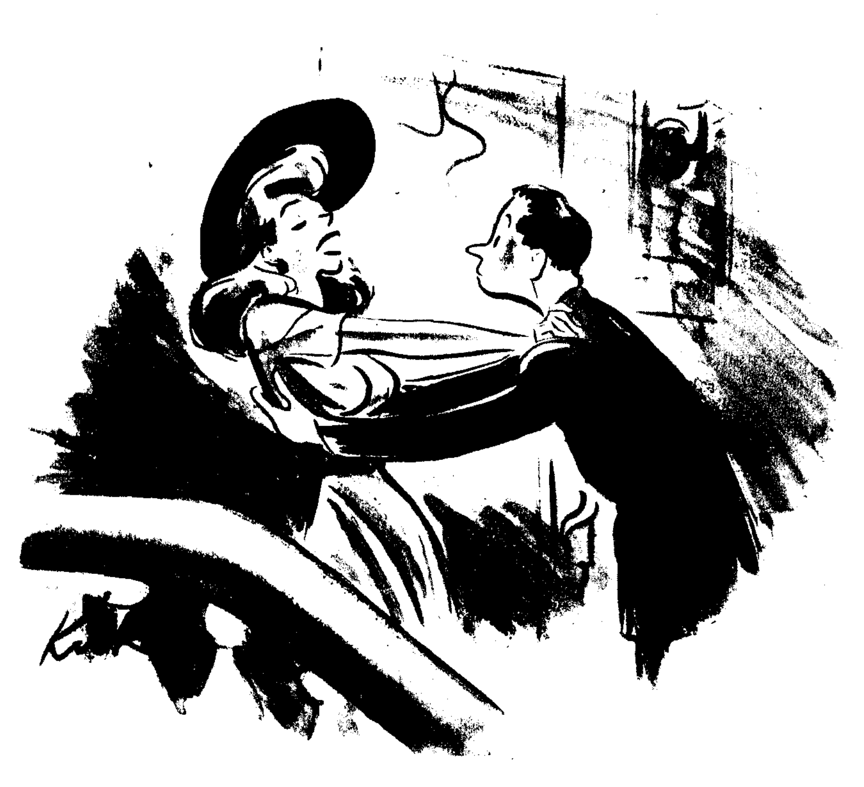
"Not any more, son," Lieutenant Colonel Coyle said with a laugh. "The good old days are over, my boy. There's a peace on." He laughed a little harder and Pete Beatty joined him; and then Bea, who shared her husband's sense of humor along with his conversational talent and his taste in liquor, started to laugh, too. "How does it feel to be just plain mister again, Lieutenant?"

"I don't know," Ted Forrest said. "I haven't got used to the idea that the good old days are over yet." Lieutenant Colonel Coyle blinked slightly and the Beattys' laughter simmered down to a tentative smile and Connie bit her lip and Ted Forrest said, "Isn't anybody drinking?"

CONNIE said quickly, "We were waiting for the soda," and went out to the kitchen with Bea to make the drinks. Bea brought them in fast, one at a time, so there were no really awkward pauses, and finally they were all settled on the maple chairs and the studio couch, so close to one another in the small room that their knees almost touched. "Isn't this nice?" Connie said.

Lieutenant Colonel Coyle, who was Regular Army and, since leaving the Point twenty years ago, had always lived in small, compact, impersonal dwellings, looked around approvingly and said it was swell; and Connie, who had not meant the apartment at all, apparently decided that this was a safer topic. She told Lieutenant Colonel Coyle how sweet the Beattys had been to get the apartment for them, and the Beattys said nonsense, it hadn't been anything at all, and Ted Forrest sipped his drink and watched Lieutenant Colonel Coyle. He was handsome, all right, in a meaningless sort of way, a man of middle years in a tailored uniform, with regular features and a ruddy complexion and graying temples and a face that four decades of comfortable bachelor existence and no thought of any consequence had left almost completely unlined. He drank his rye and soda neatly, tipping his head back and raising the glass high at regular intervals, as though he were timing his sips by an invisible metronome and clipping a measured amount out of the glass with each swallow—just so much to a mouthful, no more, no less; and when he took the glass from his mouth, his lips came together in a thin, protective line so there would be no droppings down the front of his beribboned tunic.

He listened to Pete Beatty's stories of his



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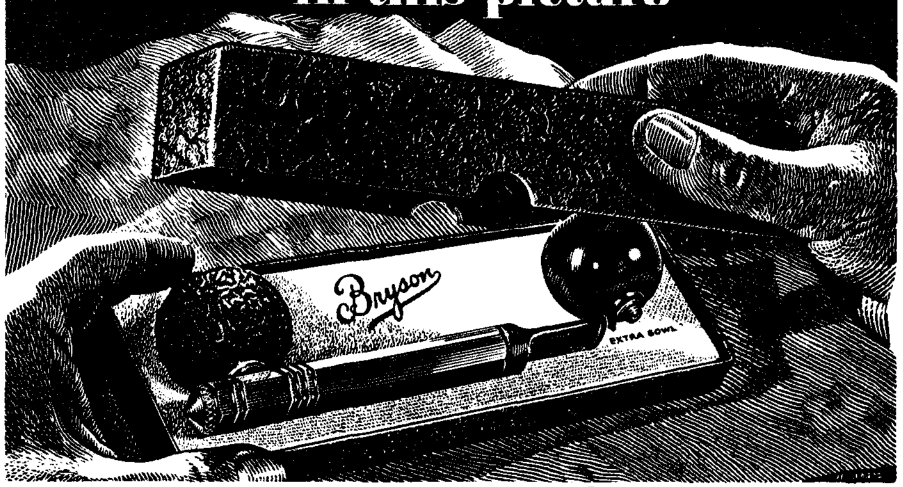

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days as a consultant to the OPA with an expression that, if Ted had not had three years of experience with Regular Army officers, he might have interpreted as indicating eager, intelligent, appreciative interest; and Pete Beatty obviously interpreted Lieutenant Colonel Coyle's expression that way or Pete would have shut up after the second story. In the middle of the third story, Pete paused to freshen his drink, and that was the end of his career as a raconteur for the evening. Lieutenant Colonel Coyle took over, without raising his voice or changing his expression or moving his position on the studio couch. He told them how much pleasure it had given him to watch young Two grow in Washington and he said he could see, from the peep into the bedroom that Connie had allowed him while Ted was out rounding up the soda, that the process had not stopped since the Forrests had come north to New York. Quite a lad, that youngster, quite a lad!

Lieutenant Colonel Coyle wanted them to believe him when he said that nothing in all his long Army career had given him so much pleasure as that quick mission to Okinawa because, in addition to the important data he was able to pick up and bring back to G-2 in the Pentagon, it had enabled him to meet the father of that wonderful youngster and the husband of their charming hostess, and to bring back to the wife waiting so anxiously in Washington the good news that the man she loved was safe.

"I wouldn't have been," Ted Forrest said. "If you'd stayed on Okinawa much longer."

RAISING the glass for a measured sip, Lieutenant Colonel Coyle's arm stopped halfway to the thin lips, and the unlined face looked startled; and the Beattys, both together, blinked rapidly.

"Ted," Connie said, her voice rising. "Darling."

"I'm glad you got so much pleasure out of that quick mission," Ted Forrest said, speaking calmly, sticking to the rules of the trick he and Connie had learned during the past eight months. "Because I didn't, and neither did the twenty or so guys around me who were all that was left of my outfit."

"Oh, God," Connie said and this time the back of Ted Forrest's neck did not get stiff as he waited for her to finish the three-word phrase. "Ted."

"I beg your pardon?" Lieutenant Colonel Coyle said as he returned the glass, unsipped, to his thigh. "I don't think I follow you."

"You wouldn't," Ted Forrest said. "What do you think we were doing with our faces in that dirt? Getting the second half of a suntan?" Ted Forrest turned slightly on his maple chair, so that he was addressing Bea and Pete Beatty, who did not look at all anxious to become his exclusive audience. "The Japs had us pinned down along Kakazu Ridge and we'd stripped off every piece of insignia, every button, every belt buckle, anything shiny that could gleam in the sun and draw fire; and right smack in the middle of it, when we were dug in up to our armpits and taking a breather, this chairborne commando, here," Ted Forrest jerked his thumb at Lieutenant Colonel Coyle, and Bea and Pete Beatty flinched uncomfortably, "he comes waltzing up with those damned silver maple leaves pinned all over him, on his shoulders, his collar, his helmet, every place but his damn' fool nose. He's shining like a Christmas tree in the sunlight, and he starts stalking around looking for me with a snapshot in his hand, to tell me everything is great in Washington.

Next thing you know, he's drawn all the fire from the pillboxes up ahead down on us again. We knocked him flat and dug him in, but it was too late. Those damned silver maple leaves stuck all over him had given the Japs our range. Just to get rid of him I scribbled a note on the biscuit wrapper from a can of C-rations, and a couple of guys took him and crawled back with him and got him the hell out of the way. It took us half a day to get worked into a new position, and I'd rather not think how many casualties we suffered because of this brief-case warrior's visit. If he'd stuck around much longer, you never would have had to go to the trouble of finding us this apartment and the colonel, here, he wouldn't be sitting here lapping up our rye, or anybody else's, either."

Bea and Pete Beatty squirmed and turned away and looked at each other and then at Connie, who wasn't looking at anybody. Ted Forrest took a long pull at his drink. Lieutenant Colonel Coyle's handsome, empty face seemed to contract and grow smaller as he set his glass down on the floor and pushed himself up from the studio couch.

"Well," he said in a thin voice. "I didn't realize you felt that way about it." He looked around the small room for his hat, which was sitting on top of the Spode place plates on the unused maple chair, and he said, "I looked you up on Okinawa because Mrs. Forrest asked me to, and I came here tonight because I thought I was visiting friends."

"While you're making all those explanations," Ted Forrest said, "I'd like to know how you knew where we're living. We're not listed in the phone book yet."

"Look here, son," Lieutenant Colonel Coyle said, forgetting there was a peace on and remembering his rank. "Mrs. Forrest gave me this address before you left Washington a month ago, and told me to call you if I came through."

"She did, eh?" Ted Forrest said, wishing he were not saying it, because it was not witty and it sounded nasty; and even though neither he nor Connie knew what had been wrong between them for eight months, since he had come back from Okinawa, both of them knew it was not that. Ted Forrest knew Connie had been faithful to him and, as he felt the baffling tension that had been mounting for eight months begin to gather in a tight, dangerous knot—the tension that had nothing to do with Lieutenant Colonel Coyle or any other man because there *was* no other man—Ted Forrest also knew that the next few minutes were going to be bad. "She did, eh?" he said, repeating the words he was unable to keep back. "She told you to call, did she?"

"She certainly did," Lieutenant Colonel Coyle said. "And if you're implying—"

"Oh, God," Connie said. "Ted."

"I'm not implying anything," Ted Forrest said, and he set his own glass down with care. "I just want you to know I haven't liked you from the moment I heard about you and I like you even less now, and if you will kindly get the hell out of here and go back to the Pentagon and stay there, it will make me very happy."

"Why, you," Lieutenant Colonel Coyle said, and then he made a mistake. Probably for the first time since he was graduated from the Point, he forgot his rank. "You little whelp," Lieutenant Colonel Coyle said.

IT WAS such a funny word that Ted Forrest, moving upward and sideways at the same time—upward to get into position and sideways to avoid Lieutenant Colonel Coyle's fist—thought he was going to laugh, and he hesitated for a moment. This was bad, but not fatal, and Ted Forrest caught the blow on his shoulder. Then Lieutenant Colonel Coyle made his second mistake.

Without pausing to adjust his stance he swung again, and Ted Forrest, whose arms still ached from lugging a dozen quart bottles of soda halfway across town but who was twelve years younger, really laughed, quite hard, and he threw a short right from a fairly difficult position and clipped Lieutenant Colonel Coyle neatly on the side of the head. The older man fell, striking the unused maple chair with his elbow, and the four Spode place plates broke on the dirty gray-and-blue imitation hooked rug with almost no noise at all. Pete Beatty said, "Holy smoke," and Bea made a sucking sound, in two syllables, and Connie started to cry. The Beattys moved toward Lieutenant Colonel Coyle, but he made a curious movement with his left hand, as though he

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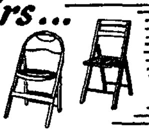

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were waving them back, and they stopped. Lieutenant Colonel Coyle groped among the pieces of Spode, found his hat without looking, stood up, put the hat on his well-shaped head and, after a short glance around the small combination living room, dining room and extra bedroom, he walked to the door, shaking his shoulders back into place in the well-cut tunic. He went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Well," Pete Beatty said; and then, when nobody broke the long, trembling pause, he slapped his thigh quite suddenly and started to laugh. "Did you see the way he—?" The rest of Pete Beatty's sentence was lost in a convulsion of giggles. "Holy smoke," Pete Beatty said, shooting the words out in a desperate gasp, between spasms of uncontrolled hilarity, "I'll bet he's rushing down to the Pentagon to see if he can still get you court-martialed. Bea," he said, looking and sounding as though he had just sold the largest group insurance policy in the history of his company, "I think these kids want to be alone. Let's get going."

BEA said, "Of course," and, because she was not really as obtuse or foolish as she sometimes acted when she was in the presence of someone who came from Grosse Pointe and had gone to Sarah Lawrence, Bea Beatty started to laugh, too, just as hard as her husband, whose sense of humor she shared. "It's late."

She took her coat and Pete's hat from the closet, and both Bea and Pete looked at Connie, who was lying on the studio couch, face down.

"I'll walk you to the corner," Ted Forrest said, surprised because, even though his breath was still coming fast, his voice was even. "There's usually a taxi at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh."

"Don't be a dope," Pete Beatty said with a broad smile. "You stay with the little woman. We'll find a cab."

"No, that's all right," Ted Forrest said, aware all at once that he liked Pete Beatty enormously, had always liked him, and Bea, too, yet wishing that he were not suddenly conscious of his duties as a host. He couldn't wait for them to go, but he couldn't trust them to go alone. "I'll take you to the corner," he said.

They started down the stairs but, on the first-floor landing, Ted Forrest couldn't stand it any longer.

"You don't mind if I don't go any further, do you?" he said.

Bea and Pete Beatty shook their heads, very fast and in silence, as though they didn't want to break a spell.

Ted said, "It was swell seeing you. I'll call you at the office tomorrow, Pete. Good night, Bea."

Ted Forrest waited impatiently on the landing until he heard them open the street door below him. Finally, with a grunt of relief, he turned and started up the stairs, moving fast but not as fast as he wanted to move; and then, as the sense of homecoming, walled up and waiting for eight long months, broke through at last in a great, heaving wave, the excitement took him completely and he was running. Ted Forrest pushed open the apartment door, slapping it open with both hands. He kicked the door shut, and Connie looked up from the studio couch. She blinked several times and then, with a quick brush of her hand, she wiped the tears across her cheek, wiped them away; and she stood up and ran forward, and they met in the middle of the ten-by-twelve room that was not really large enough to fulfill any of the three important housekeeping functions for which it was being used and, until the labor situation straightened itself out and the material shortage eased up and the contractors started building again, would have to continue being used. But now the room was large enough, more than large enough, for a husband and a wife.

"Oh, God," Connie said, laughing so hard that her chin bounced up and down on his shoulder, laughing the way the girl he had met and loved and married in 1942, four months after he went into the Army, used to laugh; and the phrase of three inseparable words was separated at last. "Oh, God," Connie said, "darling."

"Listen," Ted Forrest said, holding her tighter, not because he wanted to control his own laughter, but because, for the first time in eight months, he felt as lucky as everybody said he was. "Listen," Ted Forrest said. "It's—"

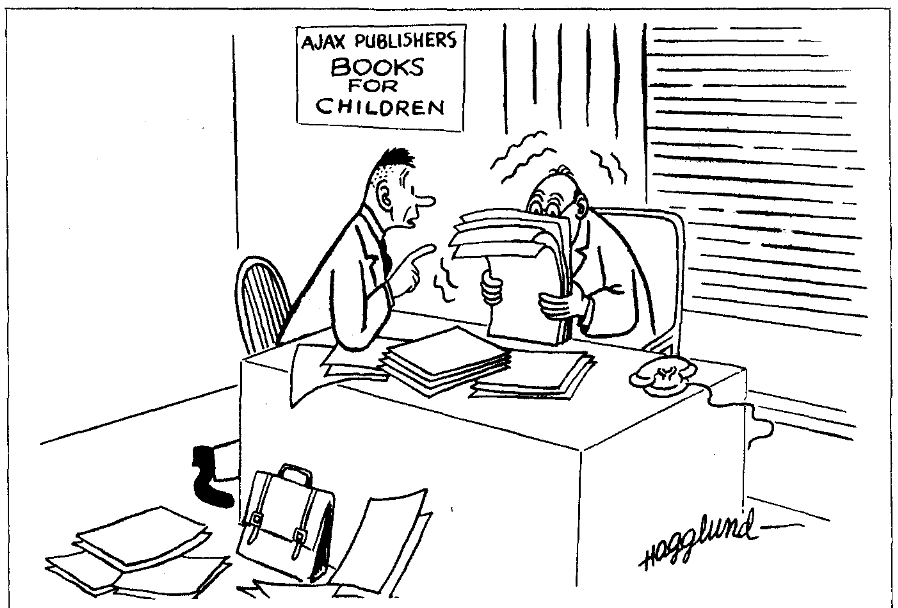
HE STOPPED. He couldn't say the words. Not the words that meant he had never suspected her, because he never had, and Connie knew he never had. No, he couldn't say the words because there were no words. Ted Forrest didn't know any words for this new and aching sense of freedom, this release from the baffling tension that had held them, gripped tight and apart, strangers frozen on opposite sides of an invisible space that had moved between them and which, no matter how hard they had tried for eight months, they had been powerless to cross.

"I know," Connie said and, still holding each other hard, they sat down on the studio couch, together. "It's," Connie said. "Darling, it's—"

She stopped, too. She couldn't find the words, either, and they both stopped laughing, again together, and held each other harder. The words didn't matter. The words didn't matter any more than the hors d'œuvres and the badly cooked rib roast and the fragments of Spode and Lieutenant Colonel Coyle.

Now it was all right. Now it, whatever "it" was, after eight terrifying months, now it was the way it used to be.

THE END



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COLLIER'S IRV HAGGLUND

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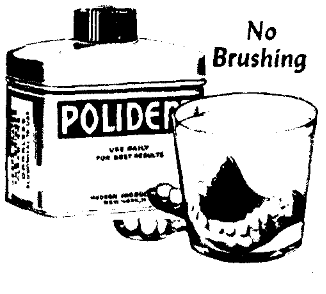

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The Week's Mail

TO COLLIER'S

Dear Editor:

Collier's for April 13th contains an illustrated story by Jane Eads on Washington Playground. The article is timely in that it appears in your magazine the same week that the National Emergency Food Program is being launched all over the nation by the same government whose bigwigs and hungry bums consume enormous amounts of food and waste still more at such sprees. Must we countryfolk make the *only* sacrifices in order to conserve food?

B. F. Sterling
Marion Center, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Though it is very depressing, both reading and pictures, one should be grateful to you for publishing Washington Playground.

May God help a country that is run by glamor boys at a continuous night club!

Rudolph Ericsson
Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Editor:

The article entitled Washington Playground thoroughly disgusted me. Do the foreign diplomats know that their countrymen are starving? Why do they feed the already overfed Americans? Why do they not use the money for supplies to their *own* needy?

Your magazine is really "tops" with me. I enjoy it all. My favorite writer is Walter Davenport. My ambition—to meet him!

Mrs. H. C. Sohl
Plainfield, N. J.

Dear Editor:

In your article Our Army *Is* Undemocratic by Joel W. Westbrook, in the May 4th issue, the ex-captain's attempt to prove that our Army must of necessity be undemocratic if it is to be efficient fails completely to justify, in terms of efficiency, the existence of undemocratic practices within our Army. Actually Mr. Westbrook is unfair. He has built up a "straw man," which he claims is *the* "case for a democratic army," and then he tears this "case" down. He either just didn't know or purposely overlooked the basic arguments in favor of a democratic army and therefore is guilty of misrepresentation.

Having participated in North Africa, Sicily and Italy as a rifleman in the 1st and 3d Ranger Battalions and in the Pacific in the Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns as a YANK correspondent I feel qualified to express myself as an advocate of a democratic army. In Mr. Westbrook's words those advocating a democratic army plan an organization without officers, without noncoms, without actual rank identification, without saluting, etc. Actually a democratic army demands the existence of an alert, intelligent, and educated staff of officers. We also want a standard of excellence which would permeate the whole structure of the Army. Democracy is no idealist term. It can and has existed in armies.

Justin Gray
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Since reading your suggestion that everyone make it a point to see Hitler Lives, I have been avidly watching for it in the local movie theater.

It was my privilege to see it last Saturday. It is my belief—and that voiced by numerous friends who saw it—that some short movie feature of this nature should be shown everywhere in the country at least once every three months as a warning to the rising generation of what may be in store for them.

Katherine Styer Hurst
Coronado, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Your editorial, Officers and Men, in your March 9, 1946, edition is splendid. Officers have made mistakes in this and many other wars but, up to now, the method of selecting officers is good. Let those who want better officers offer better methods of selecting them.

Captain, Air Corps
(Name withheld by request)
Alpino, Texas.

Dear Editor:

On behalf of Branch 1690, The Local Letter Carriers' Union, we wish to thank you for your fine editorial in the April 13th issue of Collier's, entitled Real Labor Statesmanship.

We agree that every pay raise inevitably forces up prices, creating a vicious circle, ending only in inflation. If the OPA could only force prices down steadily, we would not even ask for a raise. We feel that the OPA has not been tough enough.

Arthur D. Carroll
Secretary, 1690
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the article Truman's Troubled Year by Frank Gervasi. I must congratulate you and Mr. Gervasi for giving us readers such an article. It is about time someone was in sympathy with the President and his burdens. He is only human and cannot perform miracles.

Miss Joanne Warnke
Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

By all means, Collier's should print more articles like Politics Is People, supposedly by Edward J. Kelly, Mayor of Chicago. It was far better than any cartoons the magazine has yet offered.

Harold W. Phillips
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Thank the editor who wrote the More Stars for the Flag editorial in the February 9th issue. Alaskans will vote on statehood at the fall election next October.

If you and all other citizens of the United States will pound into the heads of Army, Air and Navy brass the great need of immediately establishing and equipping military and naval defenses in this northwesternmost area of Alaska, no enemy of our country will ever again capture and occupy any section of Alaska.

George R. Goshaw
Shishmaref, Alaska.

Dear Editor:

As a physician recently returned from the Armed Forces of the United States overseas, I should like to express my appreciation for your editorial comment in the March 23d issue of Collier's magazine. It is very gratifying to find a magazine such as yours actually advocating payment of medical bills.

Everet H. Wood, M.D.
Auburn, N. Y.

"The railroad runs right through my store!"

"What I mean is this: the railroad connects my store . . . and my business . . . with every other town and city in the whole country.

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American railroads are working to improve still further their essential service to the nation's people, to expand their partnership with the nation's business. The vast amount of new equipment and facilities required will be bought with railroad money, without federal, state, or municipal aid. For the railroads, like other local business, are self-supporting—neither asking nor expecting financial aid from other taxpayers. Safe, dependable, inexpensive—the railroads continue to be the backbone of America's transportation service.

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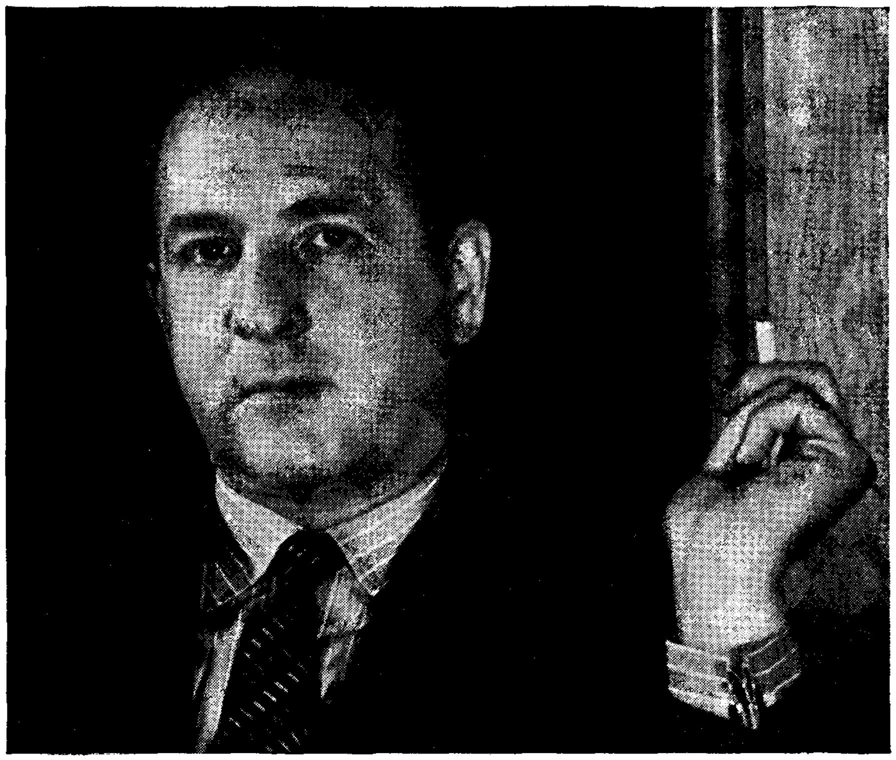

MOLLY NOYES

Dan Cooper

The Week's Work

TWELVE years ago Dan Cooper, author of Cottage for You, p. 78, got very sick and tired of decorating the homes of the wealthy in the style of Louis XVI, of the Italian Renaissance, of the Tudors.

His had been a lucrative business, and in many ways pleasant. His decorating jobs ran to $50,000 and up, and he chased around Europe hunting exactly the right Louis XVI sofa for the palatial Long Island establishment of the retired industrialist to whom price was no object. He had crossed the Atlantic 32 times in ten years, and he traveled by car in every European country from the Mediterranean to Finland.

Then one day in 1934, he set out to see this country, touring from Michigan to Louisiana, to California, to Vermont, and back to New York again.

"What I saw made me doubly sure," he says, "that it was foolishness to try to graft the architecture and furnishings of other centuries and other countries onto our American way of living.

The only kind of decorating Cooper would do from now on would be original and functional and rigorously American. His new work caught on—but again he was serving the wealthy, for each piece had to be custom-made.

"So I set a new goal for myself," he says, "to bring down the price of good furnishings. The only way is through mass production. We've done pretty well with decorative fabrics, but it is harder with furniture."

Cooper says Collier's gave him his first opportunity to appeal to the general public, when he was commissioned to do the interiors for Collier's House of Ideas. This house was shown on top of a Rockefeller Center building in 1940, and was described in several issues of the magazine.

His current project is decorating one of the tiny apartments in a barracks which has been converted into living quarters for New York veterans. "I would advise these young couples to buy only two costly items: a double-bed-sized mattress and springs of the best quality and a good sofa. Let everything else be temporary: officers' canvas chairs from the Army store, and things made out of boards—tables and benches and shelves. Never mind drawers. Gay the place up with paint and inexpensive fabrics and doodads from the dime store, and it will look fine."

The article in this week's Collier's is an excerpt from Cooper's book, Inside Your Home, a Farrar & Straus publication.

This week's cover: Vernon Grant's coal-barge-with-bathing-beauty painting is his 22d cover for Collier's, and like most of his work it has the flavor of humor about it. His flair for humor is, perhaps, an outgrowth of his experience as a Chautauqua performer with a "chalk talk" act. He improvised the speech that went with his funny pictures and learned what amuses the public.

Grant was born in a one-room sod house in South Dakota, 75 miles from the nearest town, and was, he says, practically raised in the saddle. His first art teacher was another sod-house homesteader, although she was a graduate of the Chicago Art Institute. He started with her when he was six years old, and never thereafter had any ambition except to be an artist. During the war he toured the European Theater with the USO, sketching wounded soldiers. . . . A. P.

Vernon Grant

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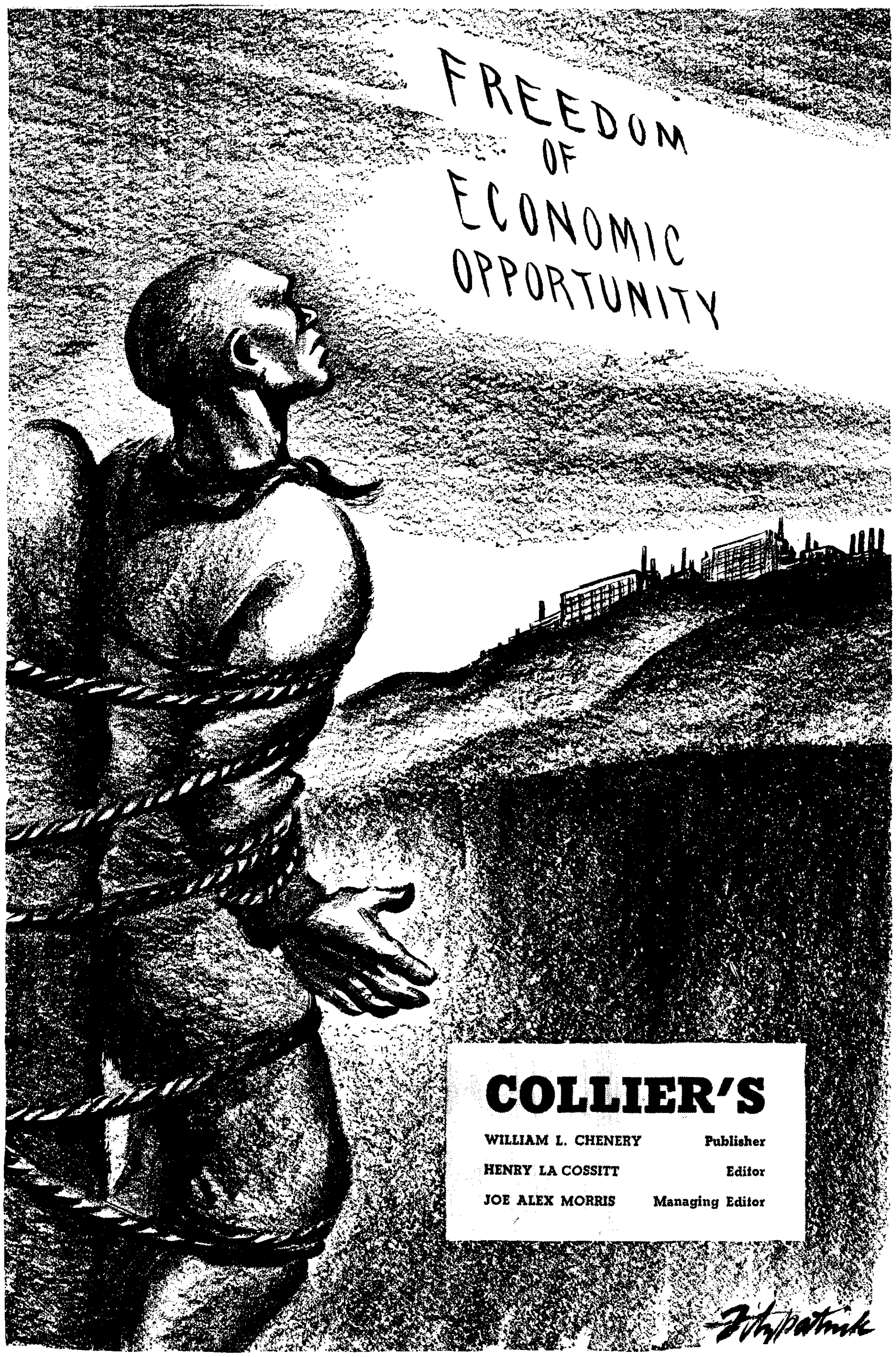

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
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JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

THE "SOCIAL EQUALITY" BOGY

SPEAKING of the recent Columbia, Tennessee, race explosion and of the continuing threats of race riots in various cities, we'd like to pay a few disrespects to the talk that goes around about how Negroes in the United States are on fire with desire for social equality with whites.

According to the best book we've yet seen on the American Negro question in all its phases, this is simply not true.

The book is Black Metropolis, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., New York, 1945, 809 pages, 39 charts and diagrams, $5). Any person or group interested in race frictions would be well advised, we think, to have this book constantly at hand. It is an exhaustive sociologic study of Chicago's famous Black Belt, in the vicinity of Washington Park, and it is a gold mine of information.

From numerous firsthand investigations and interviews, these authors are convinced that virtually no American Negroes want to horn into white people's parties, clubs or homes. The writers of Black Metropolis find no mass desire for intermarriage without legal or social impediments.

They explain that the Negroes in this country have their own social life, and all the clubs, lodges, church organizations and class distinctions that go with it. They don't need to muscle into any other racial group's social setup—and they don't want white people muscling into theirs.

What do the colored people want, then? What is the basic cause of the ferment that undoubtedly exists among them these days?

What the great bulk of them want is equality of economic opportunity. Translating that high-toned phrase into plain English, they want to be as free as white men to join any labor union; they want an equal crack with white workers at all the jobs available; they want to get out and stay out of the "last hired, first fired" category which they have inhabited since the Civil War.

All this rings true to us. It follows that the further we can extend economic equality to the Negroes the less tense our racial situation should become, and the faster the "social equality" bogy can be deflated. Let's just center our attack on the economic aspect of the race problem in this country. The solving of that part of the problem should almost automatically solve all the rest of it.

MEXICAN BASEBALL RAIDS

PRESUMABLY every U.S. person who follows baseball at all has heard of the recent raids on U.S. ball clubs by the Mexican League. It is a story that has its humors, though our baseball magnates don't see anything in it to laugh about.

In brief, the facts are that the Señores Bernardo and Jorge Pasquel, bosses of the Mexican League, have been beckoning U.S. ballplayers south of the border with promises of better salaries; that some of our boys have responded to the Pasquels' enticements; and that up to this writing no welching or double-crossing by the Pasquels has been reported. They are well-heeled Mexican businessmen who apparently have a sincere ambition to make Mexico more baseball-minded. The Mexican League includes such cities as Mexico City, Tampico, Torreón, and Monterrey.

The raids have stirred up furious discussion in U.S. baseball circles. Not all the talk, by any means, is sympathetic to the U.S. baseball kingpins whose clubs the Pasquels have raided like a couple of non-shooting Pancho Villas.

Some of the talk runs that our baseball leaders have had this coming to them for a long time. They are accused by some of the more outspoken sports writers of having habitually manipulated their players as if the players were so many peons.

Underpayment of all but a few highly publicized baseball stars is charged by these same finger-pointers. It is further alleged that the customary contract in U.S. professional baseball is a slave document which makes any lawyer who reads it laugh like a horse. Some of our most picturesque and popular ball club managers and presidents are described by some people as out-and-out Scrooges where the hired help is concerned—the hired help without which these gents could put on no shows.

Our suggestion to the leaders of U.S. baseball would be to explode all this unkind talk if they can, by issuing a few detailed statements of salaries paid and a clear explanation of the customary baseball contract . . . or if there is some truth in this unkind talk, our suggestion would be that the boys clean house, pronto. The Mexicans are coming; and it may be a good thing for U.S. baseball that they are.

TIME TO BROADEN SOCIAL SECURITY

THE country is booming along, to the surprise and maybe the grief of wartime prophets of a swift postwar economic earthquake. How long this prosperity will last nobody knows, but it looks fairly durable, in view of the enormous demand for war-delayed consumer goods.

Such a period looks like an ideal time to broaden the Social Security Act; specifically, the SSA's old age pension and unemployment insurance provisions.

Some 44,000,000 persons are now covered by the SSA. Not covered by it—"exempt" is the polite term used—are between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 farm workers, 2,250,000 domestic servants, some 10,000,000 self-employed farmers and small business people, and a considerable number of sailors and employees of religious and charitable organizations.

These "exempt" persons are no more exempt than the rest of us from losing jobs and growing old. The reason why they were "exempted" in the first place was that a lot of members of Congress were afraid of the farm, housewife, etc., vote.

Social Security has now proved a success. In time of prosperity we ought to hedge against depression, as we should have learned by now. One of the very best ways to do that would be to bring the "exempt" groups into the SSA setup now, so as to enlarge to maximum size this economic cushion against the next economic crash.